

THE
MEMOIRS
OF A
Young Lady of Quality,
A
PLATONIST.

VOL. II.

*Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.*



L O N D O N:
Printed for R. BALDWIN in *Pater-noster-Row*.

M D C C L V I.

MEMOIRS

Young Lady of Quality

PLINIST



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Printed for R. Baldwin in Pall-mall 1801.
M DCC LXXI



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PART V.



THE Marquis *de Breville* was no sooner retired, but my Mother and I began to reason about the prodigious Alteration his unexpected Arrival was likely to occasion. I extolled his Constancy, Probity, and the Agreeableness of his Person, with such high Encomiums, that Madam *de St. Preuil*, who before seemed undetermined about this intended Marriage, resolved at once. She

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told me, for Fear any Accident should intervene, through a Delay, she was determined to conclude it out of Hand. I was overjoyed to find her in this Disposition, and did my utmost to promote it. I talked to her about the Magnificence she might procure, with the immense Fortune the Marquis was ready to lay at her Feet. This delightful Prospect, flattered her Hopes; and the more she thought of it, the more she was transported with the Idea. I plainly discovered, the vast Riches her Lover had brought from the *Indies*, made as strong an Impression upon her now, as his Merit had done formerly.

My Mother retired to Bed after a light Supper; during which, both she and I were very thoughtful; the Servants being present, prevented our talking freely together. As for myself, I was no sooner alone, but a thousand Reflections crowded into my Mind. I conceived great Hopes (from the vast Augmentation there would soon be in my Fortune) Madam *de St. Preuil* would not insist so strenuously for my Marriage with the Marquis *de Sberling* as she had done. It would not now be an advantageous Match, neither did it appear, when my Mother insisted so much on keeping her Word, that the Marquis *de Breville* gave her the least Encouragement. This Opinion contributed greatly to my Repose; for, in short, whatever

Young Lady of Quality. 3

ever Esteem I had for the Marquis *de Sberling*, it was not sufficient to induce me to make an Alliance with him for Life. I had no sort of Inclination for his Person; I did not feel that eager Desire young People frequently have to be married; on the contrary, the more seriously I thought of that eternal Engagement, the more inconsistent it appeared with the Happiness of this Life, which I believed the chief Motive that ought to determine us. I had heard of so many Examples of unfortunate young Women, whose ill Fate I looked upon as a piece of Prudence to avoid. I apprehended very well, one ought to have a Station in Life, that it was improper for a young Person to keep House, and live independently; but as my Notions did not carry me so far, as to consider of Death's depriving me of those who gave me Life, I reasoned only about the present, and concluded it was wiser to submit to a tender Mother, I knew, than to be subjected to a Husband, who, the Day after I was married, quitting the Part of a Lover, which he had acted only to gain his Ends, might throw off the Mask, and by his capricious Humour, or surly Behaviour, make me for ever repent falling into such a Dilemma; and the not taking Warning by so many Examples, as daily prove, how much we risk when we are not wise enough to make a proper Use of them.

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I went to Bed, my Head crowded with these Reflections. I had never been so happy to find a Confident I could unbosom my Heart to. The Girl my Mother gave me for my Servant, upon our first coming to her new House, never pleased me. She behaved like one who thought herself a Woman of Consequence, which displeased me the Moment I saw her; she was, indeed, careful enough in her Business, but then her Submission seem'd painful; as if, what she did was through Constraint, merely because she was obliged to it. Her last Service was with a foreign Princess, who was ruined by a too violent Passion for Play, and obliged to lessen her Retinue. My Servant, being only her third Woman, was dismissed one of the first. It is a very great Mistake, to hire Domestics into one's House, that have served in superior Families; imagining truly, they do us a Favour by condescending to live with us; and, vain of the chimerical Honour of having lived in better Houses than ours, endure with Impatience the Disgrace of degenerating, by obeying Masters they fancy so much below those they served before.

The next Morning, I was no sooner awake, but a Servant came to inform me, a young Woman desired Leave to speak with me; whom I ordered to be brought up. I could not recollect her Name at first Sight,
but

but the Moment she mentioned Mrs. *Severin*, I embraced her with great Friendship. Besides the Civilities I received from her Mother while we were Neighbours, I took a great Liking to *Juliet*, as I mentioned before; I remembered also her Request at Parting, that I would permit her to come and see me, wanting to communicate a Secret, she said, of the greatest Importance to herself, but to be kept inviolably from the Knowledge of her Mother. Since the Evening I last saw her, my Time had been taken up with Affairs of so much greater Consequence, this Circumstance was entirely out of my Head. To make her an Amends, I shewed her the more Respect, as she appeared to have very good Sense, the Truth of which I was soon after thoroughly convinced of.

To get rid of my Servant (whose inquisitive Disposition made her at that Time very assiduous, in preparing what was necessary to dress my Head) I ordered her to go and make Coffee. As soon as the Coast was clear, *Juliet* threw herself about my Knees, kissing my Hands, imploring my Protection; and to commiserate her Condition, adding, that no one ever had more Cause to complain. After desiring her to rise, and sit down upon my Bed-side, I assured her, whatever was in my Power she might depend upon. She redoubled her Caresses and

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Acknowledgments, and then went on as follows :

No sooner had I the Use of my Reason, but I perceived, Miss, to my great Mortification, that my Mother could not endure me. For two Years together, I was unable to find out the Cause of her Aversion, which daily increas'd. One Day, having treated me worse than usual, my Father accidentally coming in, saw me all in Tears, and asked her, if she would never leave off persecuting me with her ill Usage, and at the same Time, shew such an excessive Fondness for her other Children, who, in my Opinion, said he, are on no Account half so deserving. This was not the Way to pacify Mrs. *Severin*. She told him plainly, to mind his own Business ; if she had taken an Aversion to me, it proceeded from the Preference he always shew'd me to my other Sisters ; that his particular Regard for me was such, he sometimes used her ill on my Account, which she resented, and should therefore make my Sisters an Amends for the little Friendship he shewed them, which was but Justice. I judged, by this Discourse, my Father did not think it proper to take up the Cudgels again, either to make Peace, or me more easy, and that I must be miserable so long as I continued to live with my Mother. Though I was now but eleven Years of Age ; this Reflection made such an Impression upon me,

me, I resolved to be as perfect as possible in my Business (being Apprentice at that Time to a Lace-mender) and by that Means qualify myself for some Lady's Service, and thereby get released from those Ills I daily endured. Determined on this Scheme, I applied myself so assiduously to my Work, that at two Years End, every-body assured me I understood the Business as well as my Mistress, who was esteemed the best in *Paris*. My Mother commended me much, but did not treat me one jot better; on the contrary, jealous of every Syllable she heard mentioned in my Behalf, which she thought took from my Sisters, who knew nothing, and whose bad Character was no Secret; I found myself more hardly used than ever. To her Ill-treatment, she added a Design of reaping an Advantage by my Talents, and therefore, obliged me to work from Morning to Night, without Intermision, and when the Ill-will she bore me, would sometimes make her suggest I might have done more, she treated me with the utmost Rigor. Seeing myself thus miserable, I despaired, especially since my Sisters were grown up, who could not forgive the Preference shewn to me by Strangers, who resorted to our House, which made them carry their Hatred to such a Pitch, they even abused me, in Imitation of my Mother. I thought twenty Times of running away, and seeking an Asylum

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less cruel; but the Representations of my Father, who continued privately to shew me great Marks of Kindness, and comforted me as much as he could under my Affliction, prevented me. He promised to talk roundly to my Mother, and in Case he did not succeed, would himself enquire out some Place where I might live more agreeably. With these Hopes, I had Recourse to Patience. My Father, attempting to bring my Mother to Reason, was very ill received, when he pretended to take upon him the Authority of Master, being unable to support a Part so contrary to the Mildness of his natural Temper. I proved a Victim to this Attempt, it occasioned my being abused, not only by Mrs. *Severin*, but by her Daughters also, who accused me of giving my Father the bad Advice he had followed. After having exhausted all their Reproaches, (to which I made no Reply, but by my Tears) they held a Consultation about me, and came to the following Resolution (*viz*) that whereas I grew every Day more and more coquettish, which consequently occasioned the Preference that was paid to me, I should be confined in the next Room, and not permitted to come out, and expose myself before Strangers; by this Method we shall be at Ease, added my elder Sister, and may have some Hopes of getting Husbands; for while this sly Gipsy is in our Way, her
Allurements

Allurements will intice from us those gallants we might stand a Chance of engaging.

This Scheme was highly approved by my Mother, and directly put in Execution. When my Father came home to Supper, he enquired for me. My Mother informed him what she had done, and the Reasons which induced her to it. Mr. *Severin*, who had been taking a Bottle with his Friends, and was grown Pot-valiant, began to talk big, and came immediately and released me from my Confinement; then, looking furiously at my Sisters, with a great Oath said, if they ever used me ill again, he would make them repent it; adding (which caused them to cry for Madness) that the Devil surely must have possesst them (pardon the Expression, Miss) for such ugly Creatures as they were to imagine any Body would be stupid enough to marry them, or prefer them to me, who was a thousand Times more deserving. You must think, continued poor *Juliet*, my Mother would not let a Discourse she thought so monstrous drop. She was all Fire and Faggot, accused me of being an egregious Coquette, and vented the greatest Part of her Ill nature upon me. While she continued talking, my Father let her proceed, only now and then, at the close of a Sentence, gave her some little Relief by a pathetic Curse or two; but, unfortunately for her, in the Transport of

her Passion, she struck me: Mr. *Severin*, who that Day did not understand Raillery, instantly snatched up the Tongs, and fell upon my Sisters, with such Fury, as set them a squalling most horribly. My Mother, running to their Assistance, found herself unluckily engaged in the Battle; and no sooner felt the Blows, but she joined in the Out-cry, or rather augmented it; but that was not all, finding a Candlestick ready at Hand, she was for repelling Force with Force. My Father, who began to be tired with Beating, at this Outrage, renew'd the Fight with fresh Vigour, and dealt about his Blows too and fro most manfully; at last, their Squeeling and Squalling, grew so loud, it was heard in the Street. The Watch was called, and the Commissary, who lived but about four Doors from our Lodging, being informed Murder was committing in our Apartment, repair'd immediately, with his Mirmidons at his Heels, and appeared in the Midst of us, when we least expected him. Unable, for more than a Quarter of an Hour, to discover what the Matter was, Father, Mother, Sisters, all speaking together: Tired at last with this Confusion, and seeing me stuck up in a Corner crying, without saying a Word, he came up to me, and ordered all the rest to keep silent, desiring me, with a good deal of Concern, to relate what had passed. My Mother would
have

have interrupted the Commissary, fearing, no Doubt, my Report would not be much in her Favour; but this Magistrate, whom I at first took to be very mild, with a stern Countenance, bid her hold her Tongue, saying, it did not become her to prate, with that bloody Candlestick in her Hand, which proved plainly her vile Behaviour had occasioned that Disturbance which was given to the Neighbours. After this Reprimand, which was uttered with such Authority and Resolution, it quite confounded my Mother, he renewed his Request to me. I had been too much confined all the Day to be very circumspect in my Relation. I told him very plainly all my Sufferings, and the cruel Treatment I indured from my Mother and Sisters from Day to Day, for above five Years past, without relating the particular Circumstances. After I had finished my Complaint, the Commissary, turning to Mrs. *Severin*, said, you are a very wicked Woman; you have hitherto done all in your Power to destroy your Daughter. She need be as modest, and as sensible as she is, not to follow her own Inclination, which if she did, no-body could blame her. I forewarn you, the first Time you attempt to treat her ill, I will inform the Lieutenant *de Police*, who shall take proper Care of you; and further, if I ever hear, that those little Monkeys (pointing at my Sisters) dare be-

have to their Sister as they have done, I will provide them a Habitation, where it shall be absolutely out of their Power to do any more Mischief. With Respect to you, Sir, added he, directing his Discourse to my Father, you will do very right in continuing to protect Miss your Daughter; but as it is neither lawful, or decent, for you to be a Judge in your own Cause, and as it will not likewise be of any Use to you, come directly to me, if you should have Occasion, and I will put you into a Method how to reduce such a wicked Wife to Reason. After this Exhortation, which I thought very equitable, the Commissary retired. My Mother, was so confounded with his Menaces, and so mad against this Protector Heaven had sent to my Relief, she made Signs to my Sisters to follow her into the next Room, where they locked themselves in. As for my Father, he placed himself at the Table, not having supped before, and obliged me to keep him Company. Though I was afraid of their returning again, yet I was easier, imagining after what had happened, I should lead a more quiet Life, at least for some Time. The next Day, my Mother and Sisters, looked very shy upon me, and allowed me to do as I pleased, but I made no bad Use of this Indifference; and, because they should have no Reason to reproach me, I followed my Work closer if possible

possible than I had done before. But, this Tranquillity was not of any long Duration. My Father, having a hurry of Business, was obliged to take an Assistant, and who should it be but *M. de la Palisse*, whom you saw at our Lodgings, Miss, continued *Juliet*, that Night you did us the Honour to sup with us. It was my Misfortune to please him, who fancying himself very important, imagined he had nothing more to do but declare his Mind, and I should undoubtedly listen to him. He was mistaken, his swaggering Airs, and awkward Affectation of the *Petit-Maitre*, were far from my Taste; both the one and the other made me insensibly have a very great Aversion to him, which I very soon gave him to understand. My Mother and Sisters, were at first greatly exasperated at the Preference this Assistant shewed to me, whom they looked upon a very advantageous Match, as he was a good Artist; but they no sooner perceived how greatly I disliked him, than they took a Method to be revenged of me, and no doubt, to make me as miserable as they could, told my Father the Regard *M. de la Palisse* had for me, who finding himself interested in such an Alliance, was the first who insisted upon it. This was our Situation the first Time I had the Honour to see you. Mr. and Mrs. *Severin* gave their Consent, and *M. de la Palisse* agreed to it. Thus was I disposed of,

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of, and the latter End of the Winter the Marriage was to be solemnized.

Despairing at a Disposition so contrary to my Inclination, I used my utmost Endeavours to dissuade my Father from joining me to a Man, I had an invincible Antipathy to, in whom I every Day found some essential Defect or other, which could not avoid making me extremely unhappy. Far from being softened by my Tears, he lost all his former Tenderness for me, and has ever since treated me with the utmost Severity. Not knowing where to fly for Succour in so deplorable a Situation, I recollected the Kindness I mentioned before, which the Commissary had shewn me. I waited upon him therefore the first convenient Opportunity, and the Moment I was admitted to his Presence, I threw myself at his Feet, and implored his Assistance. He raised me up, promising to do me all the Service in his Power; but, upon my enforming him my Errand, he said he could do nothing for me; that his Jurisdiction did not empower him to interfere with Regard to a Father and Mother's disposing of their Daughter. He thought, at first, I only came to complain of my Mother's Ill-usage; in that Case, he would have interposed his Authority as a Magistrate; but could not pretend to meddle in an Affair out of his Sphere.

Unable

Unable to find Consolation any where, I insensibly fell into such a Langor, you would have pitied me, which was highly pleasing to my Mother and Sisters, who judging how greatly my Wedding-day would distress me, pressed to have it concluded a Month sooner than it was intended. Hearing, Yesterday, by meer Accident, they had procured a Dispensation, and that my Marriage was fixed for the Day after To-morrow, I resolved with myself what to do. This Morning early, I left the House, on Pretence of going to Mass, though my real Intent was to come and prostrate myself at your Feet, and beg to be concealed here, determined, if my Tears could not prevail, never to return, and run the hazard of so deplorable a Dilemma.

Juliet finished her Tale with shedding many Tears, and casting herself again at my Feet. I raised her up, and promised to go immediately to my Mother, and give her an Account of the Misfortunes she had been relating, and engaged to procure Leave for her to live with me; and the better to succeed, I would at the same Time declare the Antipathy I had to my Woman. The Moment I was dressed, I went to *Madam de St. Preuil's* Apartment, and left *Juliet* in mine: Without giving me Time to speak, my Mother said, she was about to send for me; that she had just received a Billet from the Marquis

quis *de Breville*, with a noble Present of *India* Silks; and that Yesterday's Conversation had discomposed him. As he is out of Order, and cannot come abroad, we will spend the Day with him, which I presume you have no Objection to. I doubt not the Resolutions I have taken (which I intend to impart to him) will give him great Joy, and contribute to the restoring of his Health. I acknowledge, it was cruel in me to seem doubtful at first; I'll venture a Wager, he has taken the Thing to Heart, and that is the real Cause of his Indisposition. After I had made a proper Answer to this Discourse, I began then to speak about *Juliet*, but my Mother would not as yet listen to me; she wanted to admire the Marquis's Present, which she might well call noble; it consisted of several Pieces of Damask, and Satten, most charmingly wrought with gold and silver Flowers, in a most admirable Taste, there was sufficient to make many Gowns, and we entertained ourselves greatly in hanging them on our Arms, admiring the Beauty and Richness of them. To this Piece of Gallantry was added a very large Hamper with Coffee, Sweetmeats, &c. As I found my Mother disposed to send an Answer to the Marquis *de Breville*, I took hold of that Opportunity at last, to talk to her about *Juliet*, whose Story I abridged in as few Words as I could. I had all the Reason
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in the World to be satisfied with her Answer. She did not only allow me to send away my Woman, and take this Girl, but gave me an absolute Power, for the Time to come, over every Thing which concerned myself, and not live with her, she said, as if she was a strict Mother, but as if she had no other Quality but that of a first Friend. No one could be more sensibly touched with such uncommon Goodness, which I testified in the strongest Terms of Gratitude. Madam de St. Preuil call'd me Simpleton, and said, she had as much Pleasure in promoting my Satisfaction, as if she received it herself, and ended this obliging Discourse with telling me to bring *Juliet* to her; when I had dismissed the Girl I did not like; that she was prepossessed in her Favour, from her History; and on that Consideration she assured me, she would also protect her.

However well-pleased with the News I was going to communicate to Miss *Severin*, I could not tell how myself to discharge the Girl whose Place she was to supply; I therefore ordered *Saugeon* to do it, who I observed received the Orders with Pleasure. She to be sure had some secret Reason for Dislike, because she was herself naturally good.

Juliet was transported with Joy, upon finding I should keep her with me. After having made her sincerest Acknowledgments, she desired to know if I did not think it adviseable

adviseable to write her Father Word, that they might have nothing to reproach her with from that Quarter. I answered, I would consent to it after she had seen *Madam de St. Preuil*, but not before, for fear her Parents should come and force her away from the House; as their first Resentment was to be feared, it was not prudent therefore to take such a Step until some Days were past. *Juliet*, very sensible of the Justness of this obliging Fear, thanked me for it. I presented her the next Moment to *Madam de St. Preuil*, who approved her. She made her repeat the Story, assured her she might make herself easy, but not disclose where she was, and promised sending to her Father and Mother the first convenient Day, and having them talked to.

It being a Holy-day, I went to Mass. Coming out of the Church, as I was stepping into the Coach, I heard a Cry of Watch, and saw a Crowd of People. As soon as the Coach was turned, I discovered three Men fighting most furiously. At first, I looked another Way, frightened at the Danger I saw a very genteel young Man in, the other two pressing upon him in a very extraordinary Manner; upon casting my Eyes on him again, I was strangely moved, though ignorant of the Cause. What did I not conjecture, when I beheld one of my Brothers! Instead of crying out, or fainting away,

away, as perhaps would have been the Case of many a one in my Situation, I jumped out of the Coach, and ran precipitately to the Place where they were fighting. The Villains, who attacked my Brother, were so furiously intent, they never perceived me. I came behind and seized the most dangerous by the Arm, and held him fast, notwithstanding all his struggling and tossing about to disengage himself. During this Interval *St. Clair* (for it was he) encouraged by what I had done, made so resolute a Thrust at his Antagonist, he pierced him through, and laid him flat at his Feet. He whose Arm I held (assisted I was it is true by two or three People, whom my Example encouraged) no sooner saw his Second down, but he gave a sudden Spring, with all his Force at once, and escaped from us. I was afraid he would have fallen upon my Brother again, whose fighting had very much weakened him, as I had no room to doubt a few Minutes after. But this Coward, instead of rallying again, ran away as fast as his Legs could carry him. Are you wounded, cry'd I, running to *St. Clair*, his Legs staggering under him? Let me, said he, be carried to your Coach—send for a Surgeon immediately—I can stand no longer. It was high Time, for he was no sooner in the Coach, but he fainted away.

That

That Morning my Mother and I went to different Churches to Mass, I was therefore alone. It being nearer our House than my Brothers, I carried him to ours. You will easily imagine the Concern my Mother must be in, when she came to be informed what had befallen a Son she always loved so tenderly: They laid him on a spare Bed, and used all possible Means to bring him to himself, but in vain. Madam *de St. Preuil* shrieked aloud, and was quite in Despair. For my Part, I was so overwhelmed, I cannot express it. *Juliet*, always full of Zeal, shewed an extraordinary Concern on this Occasion; she vanished on a sudden like Lightning, and returning in a Moment with a Spoon and a Flaggon in her Hand, wrenched open *St. Clair's* Teeth, and made him swallow down an aromatic Cordial, of her Father's Composition, which had the desired Effect in a few Minutes. My Brother opened his Eyes, making Signs of his being better. While Madam *de St. Preuil* was expressing the Bitterness of her Affliction, the Surgeon appeared. He obliged every Body to leave the Room, except two Footmen, and began to undress him. He discovered two very deep Wounds, one in the Belly, and the other in the Thigh. After he had probed and dressed them, and was going away, he assured us they were not mortal, and he should

should infallibly cure them. However great my Mother's Desire and mine to know the Cause of this shocking Adventure, it was impossible to have it cleared up now, as none of my Brother's Servants were in the House; we had therefore no Likelihood of any Information but from himself; and the Surgeon had positively ordered, that no one should enter his room, or speak to him till he came again——We took Care not to contradict those Orders——besides, he had left a Pupil he brought along with him, to whom he gave the same Directions, so important did he think it. The Assurance the Surgeon gave my Mother, that *St. Clair* was in no Danger, was Matter of great Consolation to us.——Being denied Admittance into his Room, we directly sat down to Dinner, and agreed (as we could not visit him till the next Day) to call upon the Marquis *de Bréville*, according to our former Scheme.

The Servants were beginning to take away, when M. *de St. Preuil* (who had been just informed of my Brother's Affair) came to enquire how he did. After we had given him an Account, he lift up his Eyes to Heaven with great Thankfulness, that his Life was preserved, which, he said, it was thought morally impossible to save, after the hazardous Enterprize he had been engaged in, which added he, I am but this Moment informed

informed of. My Mother, whose Curiosity was alarmed at this Discourse, asked my Brother the Occasion of it. I am not Master enough of the Facts, replied he, to give you a very particular Detail—All I know of the Matter is, that *St. Clair* was excessively fond of a very pretty Girl, called *Suzane des Roches*, belonging to the Comic-Opera. About four Days ago, he went to her Lodgings, and behold, the Furniture was taken down, and his Mistress gone. After a very strict and fruitless Search, which every-body thought would have distracted him, he this Day saw her passing by in the Marquis *de Forcin's* Coach. Enraged at this Man, whom he judged to have ravished his Mistress from him, he turned about his Chariot, ordering his Coachman to drive across and stop his Rivals Equipage. In the mean Time, darting out of his own, ran to the Door of *Forcin's*, opened it, and bid *Suzane* come out. This poor Girl, to all Appearance, had left him against her Will, and would have flown into his Arms, but *Forcin* gave her a Blow, and thrust her back into the Coach, seeing at the same Time my Brother with his Sword drawn, came out with his Friend *Blondimart*, giving Orders to his Servants, to carry away *Suzane*, and not suffer any one to speak to her. *St. Clair*, before he attacked his Antagonist, unwilling to lose Sight of his Prey, was on the
the

the other Hand giving Orders to his Coachman, and a Footman that followed him, not to lose Sight of his Mistress, charging one of them to remain near the House she should be carried to, and the other to come directly and tell him. After these reciprocal Precautions, the fierce Rivals fell to Fighting. While the Battle continued doubtful, *Blondimart* was only a Spectator; but, upon my Brother's beating his Adversary's Sword out of his Hand, *Blondimart* drew up in his Place; but my Brother gave him so warm a Reception, he soon made him retreat, and drove him quite into the Street, where you saw them. *Forcin* having procured another Sword (his own being broke by a Fall on the Pavement thirty Yards from him) returned to the Charge, and was such a Paltroun as to suffer *Blondimart* to second him; who out of Revenge for several Wounds received about the Face, as I was told, appeared the most exasperated to destroy my Brother. Had it not been for the happy Boldness of my Sister, my Brother must have been infallibly murdered by these dastardly Wretches. *M. de St. Preuil* added, he received this Account from an Officer belonging to the High Constable, who was informed of the Affair upon the Spot,—unable, he said, to discover the Names of the Combatants, every-body present being ignorant who they were—I have an Interest
in

in discovering the Parties, continued he, but cannot as yet get any Information. I little thought he was enquiring after my Brother, so did not mind his Questions; but as soon as I came Home, *St. Clair's* Footman being returned to make a Report of his Commission, not finding him, was greatly troubled to know where he was, and explained to me the Occasion of the Quarrel. Upon this Information I immediately got into my Coach, and being told which Way my Brother's Equipage turned, suspecting it was here, made the best of my Way.

My Mother was greatly troubled at what she now heard. Judging from the Motives of this Quarrel, it would not rest here, she communicated her Fears to *St. Preuil*, who only laughed. Since my Brother is out of Danger, cry'd he, we have nothing to do but rejoice; this Affair is a meer Bagatel; the most prudent young People, run a risk of being engaged every Day in such Adventures, in a Town like this. If all Mothers were to alarm themselves thus, we should meet with nothing but Women running about complaining of the Follies of Youth.

When *St. Preuil* had finished this fine Discourse (which made my Mother shrug up her Shoulders) he left us. She and I could not forbear being troubled with our Fears, notwithstanding the cool Air he affected

pected before us ; nor could I help distrust-
ing him, and was extremely uneasy the rest
of the Day.

We went immediately after to dress, in
order to pay our intended Visit to the Mar-
quis *de Breville*. *Juliet* acquitted herself ex-
ceeding well in her new Employ, and said
so many agreeable Things in Compliment to
my Person, I could not help being pleased
with the Flattery, and taking it kindly of
her. As I was very desirous of having my
Father see me to Advantage ; I neglected
nothing in my Dress I thought would make
an Addition to my pretended Beauty. At
every new Thing I put on, *Juliet* was in
Admiration, and said, my Dress was great-
ly obliged to me ; that I let my Cloaths off,
not my Cloaths me.

I did not take much Pains at my Toilette.
My Mother spent a good deal more Time
at her's. I was extremely surprized at going
into her Room. If I had seen her in ano-
ther Place, I should have been in some
Doubt, so different was her present Appear-
ance from the every-day Dress I had been so
long used to. For more than ten Years to-
gether she never wore any Jewels. This
Visit certainly prompted her to exert her ut-
most Skill in Dress. She was not a little
delighted at the Surprize I shewed upon my
coming in, and not a little pleased with the
Encomiums I made on her Charms. At

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your Age, replied she, with a Laugh, I might have vied in Beauty with such pretty Girls as you are ; but at this Time of Day it behoves us to be grave, and only take such Compliments kindly. My Mother was now in her fortieth Year. She was tall, had fine large black Eyes, a tender Look, and an infinite Gracetulness diffused over her whole Person—She had the most graceful Address in the World ; and the sweetest Tone of Voice ; so that the gracious Things she said, were doubly flattering and endearing. As she never had but three Children, she still retained a very good Bloom. Add to all this, excellent Teeth, and very fine-turned Limbs, which she knew perfectly well how to use. She was that Day dressed in a white Sattin flowered with Silver ; a Mantille yellow and silver, with a Lace of the same, which heightened the Whiteness of her Skin ; a Necklace of large Pearls, with a Diamond Pear, compleated the Magnificency of her Dress. Her Cap was *English* Point, with a Bunch of yellow Ribbons on the left Side, according to the Mode at that Time, a few Patches, and a little *Spanish* Wool laid on with Art ; made her appear perfectly ravishing.

Since I am got into a strain of drawing Pictures, I think I must venture to give you an Idea of mine. I was at that Time very fair, the Features of my Face pretty delicate ;

delicate; my Eyes black and sprightly; my Eye-brows black; my Mouth small and well-made, with ruby Lips; the Shape of my Face was almost round; though I had a plump fresh Look, I was very slender; I had my Mother's Teeth, and well-turn'd Limbs; and have been flattered with an Opinion, that I move as genteelly. Self-love prompts me to give you one Stroke more of the Pencil, which is, that I have been told I had a Smile was most enchanting wherever I cast it.

The Marquis *de Breville*, who had no Expectation of a Visit from us, my Mother designing to surprize him, seem'd transported with Joy when he saw us enter his Room— There she is herself, as I have seen her look at Fourteen, cry'd he, flying to meet *Madam de St. Preuil* — Charms like your's *Madam*, continued he, (hugging her in his Arms in great Rapture) put Years and Time at Defiance; then retiring some Paces backward, that he might view her more to Advantage, made an Encomium, in which he expressed himself in the most obliging, as well as the most passionate Terms. *Madam de St. Preuil* gave him a very ingenious Reply; but that which compleated the Marquis's Transport, was what she added (*viz*) that he did well to take it kindly of her, because, at the Expiration of the Month, she intended being his, and was come on Pur-

pose to advertise him of it, that he might take his Measures accordingly.—After the Scruples she seemed to have in resolving the Night before, my Father was quite enchanted with this delightful Declaration, and exulted in such ingenuous and such tender Sentiments, on this Occasion, I plainly saw my Mother was touched, and that at this Time her Heart partook of all his former Sorrows.

It was my Turn next.—The Marquis *de Breville* looking upon me, with as much Pleasure as Attention, said to Madam *de St. Preuil*, don't you think a Million of Money with that great Girl, will be a present of some Consequence? Madam *de St. Preuil* took this Opportunity of telling him her Views with Regard to the Marquis *de Sherling*.—He is a very worthy Man reply'd the Marquis *de Breville*, I have been well acquainted both with his Father and him. His Birth is distinguished, and he will be in very ample Circumstances; but, with all these Advantages, it is not necessary my Daughter should like him; as she does not want a Husband to augment her Fortune, I would not advise her to accept of any one, that will not make her perfectly happy. He has always had an Ascendency over the Mother, interrupted Madam *de St. Preuil*, smiling, and I fancy, *Agnes*, he has the same over you. I protest, reply'd I, throw-
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ing myself about the Marquis *de Breville's* Neck, when one has a Father that thinks as mine does, how can a Daughter help adoring him? The Marquis interrupted these Raptures, to inform us, as he was not apprised of our coming, he had invited several of his Friends, all Men of Letters, because he liked not being alone the whole Day, intending not to go abroad. I would gladly be excused receiving of them, but how can I do it, as I have invited them? Madam *de St. Preuil* was of Opinion he should not by any Means alter his Design, but defer till the next Day, to talk about their more serious Affairs. While they were expecting the Company, she informed him of *St. Clair's* Adventure, and the Uneasiness she sustained on that Account. My respectable Father, after pausing a Minute, bid her make herself easy, as nothing had happened since Dinner, he would immediately take so sure a Precaution, without its being known from what Quarter it came, as should oblige *St. Preuil*, *Forcin*, and *Blondimart* to continue quiet. My Mother being desirous of knowing what Method he intended to pursue, he told her, for Answer, only by informing an Officer of the Mareschal's Court, that there had been a Quarrel between such and such People, who would put them all under Arrest, and oblige them to a Reconciliation. My Mother approved of this Overture,

which alleviated the Inquietude she had been under, for Fear of what might happen; but she would not suffer the Marquis *de Breville* to meddle or hazard himself in any Shape whatsoever. She retired into a Closet, which was near, and wrote to the Marquis *de Sberling*, whose Prudence she had experienced. She communicated to him her Apprehensions, and the Method proposed to ease them, and intreated him instantly to proceed as he thought most convenient in that Case for her Quiet. She had hardly finished her Letter before a Servant brought Word M. *Valmaison* was come. You certainly know him by Character, said the Marquis to Madam *de St. Preuil*——He is one of our best Poets, whom, the envious say, has opened to us the Way to Eternity——His Life has been a Piece of Chequer'd-Work; but his Merit has got the Better of his bad Fortune, and with an honourable Title for a Man of Learning, he finds himself settled in his own Country. Just as my Father had said this, M. *Valmaison* entered. He rallied the Marquis *de Breville* very agreeably, upon the charming Solitude he found him in, but not without throwing in several polite Strokes, with Regard to my Mother and me, for which we thanked him. The Conversation began first upon my Father's happy Return, then the Pleasure of seeing his Friends after so long an Absence, and

and the Duties Friendship requires of us on such Occasions. As for my Part, reply'd the Marquis *de Breville*, I have had a little more Experience than most People, with Respect to the Subject we are now upon; I do not readily allow that fine Name of Friend to every Man that seems desirous of bearing it. I have observed, that Men, through Vanity, often make a bad Use of it. An affected Air of doing every Thing for a Friend, often hurts Friendship. Once in my Life I experienced it. Having been absent several Months, on Account of a disagreeable Broil I happened to be in, at my Return to *Paris*, I went to visit a Man, who gave himself the Airs I just now mentioned, which he made a Merit of. I could hardly open my Mouth to tell him the Uneasiness I suffered, and the Perplexity I found myself in, but he rose up, and told me, to have an Opportunity to convince me of his Friendship would make him but too happy, and begged instantly not to be disappointed; the charming Occasion of assisting me to recover my Loss——What shall I say? He seem'd so delighted at the Thoughts of obliging me, and made such pressing Instances, that I would not let any other Friend deprive him of that Happiness, nor even to have a Share of it in any Shape——As I always had a very great Dislike to put any one to Expence, I promised him whatever

he pleased, very sensibly touched at that Time, with those Marks of his Affection. Two Days after, going to see him, not with any View to the Offers he had made me, but to enjoy the Pleasure of visiting a Friend, I took to be so perfectly sincere—I found him so cool and so embarrassed, I judged him to be what he appeared, and all that outside shew of Generosity he had taken such Pains to display, an ingenious Contrivance only to conceal that Avarice which all the World suspects him guilty of; the meer Affectation of a Quality he knows nothing of but the Name. This Article comprehended something too extraordinary for him to stop here, had not Word been brought that *Serville* was come, which interrupted the Conclusion.

My Father understanding my Mother had only a slight Knowledge of him, informed her, he had the Pen of an Angel; that he was a very agreeable Lad in Conversation; and that he kept none but the best Company. All that is true, replied *Valmaison*, only when any ingenious Performance is mentioned, he determines a little too dogmatically, which makes him so ridiculous, all the World laughs at him. In short, added the Poet, we all know him. His own Works don't give him a Right to depreciate other People's; one discovers, 'tis true, some little Conceits, and a pretty
good

good Stile, but that is all; he has no Imagination, and by endeavouring to acquire one, it is observed, he leans too much to the satirical Side; and when he endeavours to introduce a Fact, it is what we call here a meer *Persiflage*.

I am very sure he shews a Want of Genius in every Page, and that he has not sufficient to plan a Work and take in all the Parts; he is also obliged, whenever he comes to vary the Subject, to make a long Pause between the last, and that which is to follow, to give himself Time to think. I must likewise add, that unpardonable Affectation of ridiculing the fair Sex; the weakest of those he has attempted to characterize, has more Sense than ever he had. After this severe Criticism, *Valmaison*, who knew we were not of his Opinion, made us a profound Reverence and retired. I am not surprized, cried the Marquis *de Breville*, when he was gone, at what the Poet has been saying against *Serville*; they are not very good Friends, and you will very soon perceive it. That Instant the Author we had been talking of entered. My coming, said he to us (with a violent Laugh) has drove away *Valmaison*. I am sorry for it. I would have entertained you a little at his Expence. You have then a Quarrel against each other, reply'd the Marquis, pretending to know nothing of the Matter? No otherwise

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otherwise than this, answered *Serville*, he does not approve my Productions, and I think every Thing he has published execrable, that is all. I don't know whether he amuses himself with me or not, but this I will honestly confess, I don't bate him an Ace, whenever I have an Opportunity. He scribbles, and I talk, which is all the Trouble I give myself about him. It is pretty certain, the Liberties *Serville* took with *Valmaison* could not be much to his Advantage; but, Word being brought, more Company was come, it turned the Conversation. As my Father had not Time to inform us the Names and Talents of these new Guests, I took the less Pleasure in their Discourse; however it was not long before I knew several of them; every one in his Way seemed to display a Share of Wit, and all discoursed very sensibly; not one but distinguished himself by saying something that was very agreeable, which however I shall not repeat at present, because, I have a great Variety of much more interesting Incidents to relate. I think the Kind of Facts I am writing far preferable to such Sort of Tales.

The Clock struck seven, and *Madam de St. Preuil* began to think of moving, when one of her Son's Servants came and whispered in her Ear, that the *Marquis de Sberling* waited at her House, having something of
Consequence

Consequence to communicate: We arose immediately, and took our Leaves of the Marquis *de Breville*, to whom my Mother mentioned her Reasons for going home. It was agreed, if the Business which called us away, was of a certain Nature, she would directly send him Word of it; and in case she was not prevented, he should see her To-morrow, and he might order Matters so as to prevent being interrupted as we had been in our Visit to Day.

Though what the Marquis *de Sberling* came to inform my Mother was of Moment, he paused a while to examine us with an extraordinary Attention. You shine like two Stars, Ladies, cryed he! You must certainly have had some mighty Design in Hand to Day, by displaying all those Charms. Madam *de St. Preuil*, whose Inquietude would not suffer him to go on with these vain Compliments, took him directly into her Closet, where, as soon as we were seated, he began in the following Manner.

You had Reason to fear this Morning's Adventure would be attended with bad Consequences; had you been so good that Instant to have advertised me of it, as you did afterwards, I should undoubtedly have foreseen, and possibly prevented what has since happened. The Moment I received the Letter you did me the Honour to write,

I sent for a Man I could depend upon, to take the Method you hinted, as the safest and best Way to prevent any farther Mischief; but, after I had explained the Business to him, and given the proper Instructions, how he was to proceed with the Officers of the Mareschal's Court, he interrupted me, saying, he believed it was too late; for he had just heard, in a Coffee-house, a Story very similar to what I related. As I was not satisfied with this Reply, I ordered him to go to some Place of better Information, where he could be certain he was not imposed upon. In an Hour's Time he returned, and informed me of *M. de St. Preuil's* having been arrested, and carried to the little Chatelet—that he could not discover any Circumstance relating to the Cause of his Imprisonment, only, that there had been a very great Hurly-burly, and that several were wounded. I did not know how to be better satisfied, than by going directly to the Prison; I found your Son alone; in as dirty a dishabille, as if he had lain in the Round-house. He seemed at first ashamed to appear before me in that Condition, but, after I had embraced him, laughing, and assured him, provided he was not wounded, it was a meer Bagatel. No, thank Heaven, replied he in the same Tone. But I am afraid my dear Mother will be very angry, when she comes to know

know the whole Affair. I will appease her, continued I; however, that I may take the surest Method, in order to procure your Liberty, give me a sincere Account of the Cause of your Commitment, and in what Manner every Thing passed.

The Marquis *de Sberling* repeated very near the same Tale my Brother told us in the Morning; the meeting of *Suzane*, and *St. Clair's* Combat with *Forcin* and *Blondismart*. Though *M. de St. Preuil* put on a very calm Countenance when he left us, he was that very Moment meditating how to revenge his Brother's Quarrel, and punish *Forcin* for his cowardly Behaviour. He could not devise a better Way than taking *Suzane* from him, not doubting he would endeavour to prevent it with all his Might, and by that Means should very naturally draw him into a Battle. However, as this Man had behaved so vilely in his Dispute with *St. Clair*, it was proper to act with Precaution; he therefore took two young Gentlemen, his particular Friends, to accompany him, begging them not to interpose, unless *Forcin* should attack him with Numbers, or the Servants attempt to interfere.

The Plan of Operation thus settled, they were conducted by my Brother's Footman to the House where *Suzane* was first lodged, under the Care of two Servants belonging

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to *Forcin*; but *St. Clair's* second Footman, who had always been upon the Scout, informed *M. de St. Preuil*, that *Forcin* removed her about an Hour after; that he followed them, along with the Coachman, whom he had left in Ambush at the Place where *Suzane* was removed to the second Time; and, imagining he should hear from his Master before it was long, remained there, that he might be able to conduct him to the Place where this Girl was secreted, and to prevent his having the Trouble of hunting after her again, and possibly in vain. Unluckily for my Brother, and indeed for us all, this Fellow had been too punctual in his Intelligence. *M. de St. Preuil*, overjoyed at what he called prudent Foresight in this Lakey, ordered to be shewn the House where *Forcin* kept *Suzane*. — He knocked with Authority for more than a Quarter of an Hour to no Purpose. This House was without the Gate *de la Conference*, and had but one more near it, and that at about the Distance of thirty Yards. One of *St. Preuil's* Servants accidentally saw somebody put their Head out of a Garret Window, and whip it back again very quick. He told our young Gentlemen of it, and they fell a knocking again with all their Might and Main, threatening to beat the Door down if not immediately opened. All the Answer they got, was a Tub of
Water

Water on their Heads. *St. Preuil*, enraged at this Affront, was provoked in good Earnest, and observing, about ten Paces off, one of those large Waggon's they bring Hay to *Paris* in, he ordered his Servants to draw it up to the House, and placed it so, that they might get into the Windows of the first Floor without Trouble. *St. Preuil* seeing his Project succeed so well, hollowed for Joy, and was the first that mounted the Machine, and with four Blows of his Fist made the Casement fly in Pieces. For Fear any one should escape, he placed some of the Servants at the Door, and getting upon the Porch, jumped in, found the Apartment open, and was entering it, when *Forcin*, *Blondimart*, and two other young Fellows, appeared to oppose his Entrance, but in vain. *St. Preuil* and his Friends attacked them with such Spirit, they forced the Pass. Whilst my Brother was engaged with *Forcin*, *Forcin's* two Seconds scampered away, and shut themselves into a Room, at the lower End of this Apartment. *St. Clair's* Servants, and one of my Brother's Friends, followed these Cowards (who had abandoned *Forcin*) and broke open the Chamber where they had hid themselves, and came luckily in the nick of Time, when they were obliging *Suzane des Roches* to get out of the Window, having tied the Curtains together, for her to slide down upon the Pavement, which

which was not far off. *M. de St. Preuil's* Friends drove these Fellows out at the Window, as well as those who were helping them; and, having secured the Girl, brought her to my Brother, who, as he had disarmed *Forcin*, by wounding him in the Sword Arm on the first Attack, thought they had nothing more now to do but retire, and take proper Care of *Suzane*, which was sufficient to revenge *St. Clair*, and get the better of *Forcin* entirely. Hitherto every Thing went on marvellously well; the fine Girl was put under the Protection of the two Friends, and a Hackney Coach being called for that Purpose, they immediately set off, and for Fear of any suspicious Rencontre, they directed the Coachman to go about, and enter into *Paris* by another Gate. My Brother was getting into his own Coach to return into the City, when one of his Servants informed him, he spied the Watch, with one of *Forcin's* Footmen, running up towards them. *M. de St. Preuil* was a little confused at first, as he wanted the Assistance of his two Friends, to deliver him from those Scoundrels; but his own, and his Brother's Servants all assured him, though they were not armed, they would support him as long as they were able to stand. *M. de St. Preuil* seeing them provided with Pebble Stones, by Way of Ammunition, thought he should be well seconded,

seconded, and with that view waited very quietly for the coming of the * Escouade.

The Serjeant, who conducted them, perceiving at some Distance he should not have so easy a Capture as he imagined, made a Halt, and talked to his Men, ordering them to fix their Bayonettes to the Ends of their Muskets; M. de St. Preuil posted himself before his Coach, and ordered his People not to stir, until they saw him draw his Sword. The Watch marched up within ten or twelve Paces of M. de St. Preuil, who asked the Serjeant what he wanted; but observing the Soldiers were drawing up, some on his right, and some on his left Hand, with a Design no doubt to seize upon him at once, he drew his Sword, and gave the Signal to the Servants, who let fly upon the Watch such a furious Volley, it made them give Ground, and afterwards run away, unable to withstand the Shower of Stones the Footman discharged upon them without Intermission. My Brother, thought it now a convenient Opportunity to get off, and stepped into his Coach, ordering his Coachman to drive away as fast as he could; but *Forcin* coming up with two or three of his own Servants, reproached the Watch for their Cowardice—they seeing themselves reinforced, returned directly to the Charge;

* The third Part of a Company of Foot.

unluckily for my Brother the Porter could not open the Gates quick enough, so that his Coach was immediately surrounded, and he, in Spite of all his Attempts, hurried away to Prison.

It was in this Manner the Marquis de Sberling related the Affair to us. Finding myself sufficiently instructed by this Information, continued he, I left M. de St. Preuil and went directly to the Minister, who very fortunately happened to be then at Paris. I gave such a Turn to my Tale, he laughed very heartily at the Adventure, especially when I satisfied him nobody was killed, and that poor St. Clair was the only Sacrifice. But, as it was necessary, he said for form Sake, advised me to wait upon the Lieutenant General de Poitiers, and consult with him. I went directly, and found him of the same Opinion with the Minister—we therefore agreed, that instead of being upon the Defensive, it was better to be Complainants; setting forth, that whereas certain Persons, having insulted a Woman, whom we regarded—we therefore opposed them, and that the Watch coming accidentally during the Dispute, arrested M. de St. Preuil, as he was returning to Paris; declaring also he had no other Share in this Adventure, only, as he judged they were using some Violence to this Woman, he drew his Sword in her Defence. This Ma-
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dam, added the Marquis *de Sberling*, is a true State of the Case as Matters now stand, which I came to inform you, and at the same Time to advise you to get immediately into your Coach, and drive directly to the Lieutenant General *de Poitiers*, and engage him to make his Report To-day. If you obtain this Favour, which I don't doubt, knowing from my own Experience, how greatly this Magistrate loves to oblige People of Quality, especially in Affairs of no great Consequence, M. *de St. Preuil* must this Night be discharged. I think it highly important to be as expeditious as possible, for Fear of further Complaints, which would, in Spite of all our Interest, make it a very tedious Affair.

Being already dressed, we got into the Coach directly. Happily for us the Lieutenant General *de Poitiers* was at home, and received us with all imaginable Affability, promising to be with the Minister in an Hour's Time, and infallibly make a Report to him of the Cause in Question. We took our Leaves, well satisfied with his obliging Procedure, intending to wait at the Minister's about the Time the Magistrate would be there. But in the mean Time Madam *de St. Preuil* (whose Passion for the Marquis *de Breville* was now as violent as ever it had been) asked me, if there would be any Harm in going to relieve the Anxiety he must be under

under on Account of my Brothers, for whom he appeared greatly concerned. I guessed her Meaning, and answered her accordingly.

We found my dear Father alone, who seemed transported with the Pleasure of seeing us again, and eagerly asked what was done in my Brother's Affair. After my Mother had satisfied him, he desired to know what Preparations were made for the Wedding——Behold, said she, *de Breville*, our Guide, since you are equally concerned, I must let you know, I have wrote to the grand Vicar, my old Friend, for his Advice; read his Answer; you will there see he has been entirely employed about the Contract, and will send it with the Dispensation, the Moment I desire it; we may therefore, when and where you please, be everlastingly united. To this the Marquis added what was most tender and obliging, which touched my Mother so, she determined on a Consummation of his Bliss as soon as *St. Clair* was well of his Wounds. In fine, they agreed to be married at a Country-Seat of my Father's, about four Leagues from *Paris*, without communicating their Intentions to any one, not even my Brothers, and when it was over, my Mother proposed to give a grand Entertainment, intending to have, besides her own Family, some Relations whose Friendship she regarded; and declare her Marriage the Moment the Desert

came

came upon the Table. The Marquis undertook to have the Writings executed, and to make all the other necessary Preparations for the Ceremony. Every Thing being thus disposed, Madam *de St. Preuil* would have nothing to do but get into her Coach, without giving herself any farther Trouble whatsoever.

How quick the Time passes away in the Company of those we love? The Clock struck Nine before my Mother remembered the Visit she was to make the Minister; we rose up therefore and went directly. No one could be more genteely received—We found the Lieutenant General *de Police* there, which saved us the Trouble of calling upon him a second Time to get the Order for my Brother's Discharge, which was delivered to us; after paying our respectful Compliments of Thanks we drove immediately to the Chatelet. The Marquis *de Sberling*, who accompanied us, and continued to transact the Business of my Brother's Enlargement, would not suffer us to go into a Place, where the Air he said might incommode us. We owned ourselves greatly obliged to him, for both my Mother and myself felt a very strong Repugnance, at the Thoughts of entering so disagreeable a Durance, which we could not get the better of.

My Brother was excessively rejoiced at regaining his Liberty; he confessed himself greatly

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greatly tired of his Situation, and perfectly enchanted to think he was not to remain there all Night. The Marquis had beforehand insisted upon his Word and Honour, to drop his Dispute with *Forcin*, and never more to have their Quarrel called in Question. He promised very sincerely, and engaged to use his Interest with his Brother to do the same. After he had made the Turnkeys a handsome Present to drink, and given the poor Prisoners a Pistole, he came in Haste to us, as you will imagine, and thanked us with all his Heart. The Surgeons pupil, who had the Care of *St. Clair*, told us, upon our Return home, that he was as well as could be expected, and being free from any Fever, his Wounds were no ways dangerous. Upon this favourable Report, we would have gone into his Room, but this punctual Lad opposed our Passage, telling us, he had Orders to the contrary, and that *M. Bisai* (which was the Name of the Master Surgeon) might the next Day (when he would attend himself) do as he thought proper for the Good of the Patient.

We retired into *Madam de St. Preuil's* Apartment to a warm Fire-Side, as Winter was now begun, and the Weather grown cold. Our Dress appeared to more Advantage by Candle-Light, than in the Day-Time. The Marquis took an Opportunity of saying many gallant Things, which you will

will naturally imagine were chiefly addressed to me; he also found a convenient Moment to remind me of his Passion. I was obliged (if I may say so) to hear him; but however complaisant my Behaviour, he had so much good Sense and Penetration, as to know, it was meer Complaisance, and not Inclination. I was at last unable to know what Reply I should make to certain suspicious Reproaches (for my Mother's Dress and mine still stuck in his Stomach, and had given him a strange Fit of Jealousy) when we were told Madam *de Geneval* was at the Door — I ran to meet her, hoping she would relieve me from my perplexing Situation. She told us, having heard of my Brother's Affair, at a House where she was engaged in Play, she left her Game immediately to enquire how he did. After returning our Thanks for her kind Concern, I informed her what had passed; and in my Relation, did not forget to expatiate on the great Friendship the Marquis *de Sberling* had testified on this Occasion. I observed, this Piece of Civility greatly pleased the Marquis, and helped to recover his Good nature, having been a little out of Humour with me before. Madam *de Geneval*, who had taken a great Liking to him, as I found sufficient Reason to believe, said, she could not help acknowledging, how essential she had for some Time thought it was, to have the Marquis in the List of her Friends,

Friends, and that no Person desired more to be in the List of his, adding, that from her first seeing him at our House, she made no Secret of her Happiness in augmenting the Number of his Well-wishers.

The Marquis reply'd to this obliging Compliment, by kissing her Hands, and assuring her, he thought himself but too happy that she was pleased to flatter him with so desirable an Advantage. My Mother interrupted this polite Assault, by proposing a Party at Quadrille—my Brother opposed it, saying, he looked so like an Incendiary, ready to fire a House, that he could not bear to appear any longer in such a Condition. Madam *de Geneval* told him, he looked marvellously well; that determined Air, so like a Warrior just returned from the Field of Battle, was very becoming to him, and that perfect Negligée, served to set off our Dress to greater Advantage. The Marquis caught at the last Words which dropt, to introduce again upon the Carpet, the Motives for our appearing so gay. You have something at Heart, seeing us thus laid forth, reply'd my Mother, smiling — I'll venture a Wager you have already drawn some strange Consequences from it—Upon my word Madam I will not deny it, reply'd the Marquis a little more seriously. It is so very long since I saw you put on these extraordinary Airs, that I know not what to think. But, tell

tell us then frankly, added my Mother, what is really your Opinion——With all my Heart, reply'd the Marquis——I know you have been to visit the Governor of *Pondicherry* to Day, who they say is worth Millions——I am not ignorant, he was formerly a professed admirer of your's——I may perhaps be so foolish as to fancy, being unable to attain the Mother at that Time, he is now trying to make himself an Amends, by endeavouring to gain the Daughter. Behold, Madam, what I guessed to be the Cause of this Visit, and your being thus magnificently dressed —— Now it remains for you, only to answer me with the same Openness if I am mistaken. Should that be the Case, I shall have nothing more to conjecture; but remain in my former Doubts. During this Discourse my Mother gave me a fly Wink, as much as to say, don't you Answer; leave me to manage him—As for that Matter, Marquis, reply'd she, bursting into a loud Laugh, which it may be was not very natural, nobody can guess better than you do; however, there is one Point you are a little Mistaken in, and that I shan't forgive you, unless it was Jealousy occasioned it, which indeed seems the predominant Motive of your Conjecture. For pray now! wherefore would you, by your Suspicion, take from me the Glory of having a faithful Lover, and do him so much Injustice (whom

you say did formerly love me) as to make him prefer my Daughter to me, because she is younger, and you truly like her better than you do me? This is what one may call (interrupted the Marquis) being cruelly revenged. I appeal to you, Madam, added he, addressing his Discourse to Madam *Geneval*, Do you find in the plain Declaration I have made (for I know not how to finesse) that Madam *de St. Preuil* ought to make such a Handle of it, and afterwards draw such Conclusions? Please to hear me, Sir, reply'd our Friend. I must frankly own, I should really, in the like Case, have thought as the Lady did. I am rejoiced that you have condemned him, said my Mother; it will, I hope, make him more cautious in his Doubts another Time; however, to shew I do not bear Malice, and to put him entirely out of his Pain, I sincerely own, there is something in his Suspicions, but it regards me only. You divert yourself very finely at my Expence, Madam, reply'd the Marquis again, with some Confusion; but I deserve it all. Wherefore then would you pretend, continued Madam *de St. Preuil*, he should not think of me for a Wife? Heaven preserve me, Madam, said the Marquis (looking very obligingly at her) from ever having so extravagant an Idea! had I not the Honour to know you mighty well, and was ignorant how far you are from thinking
of

of a second Marriage, I should not only believe it in your Power, I should likewise have no doubt about it's being your Inclination also; but you have had the Goodness to explain yourself so clearly to me on this Subject, it is not possible for me to suspect your having the least Tendency towards Matrimony. A very fine Consequence, truly! interrupted my Mother, as if you ought to have any Dependance on such Sort of Resolutions, especially when they are made by Women, who are very often capricious, and almost always subject to Change. Indeed, Madam (reply'd Madam *de Geneval*, joining in the Conversation) your own Sex is very much obliged to you for your last Remark. More than you imagine, answered my Mother, since by that Means, there is no Woman but may justify her Inconstancy—— However, that the Marquis may remain no longer in doubtful Suspence, with regard to what I said, and to make him entirely easy, I protest in the sincerest Manner in the World, that my Way of Thinking, with respect to the Subject we are now upon, is not only changed, but before it is long, he will see me united to the Man his Suspicions a few Moments since destined for my Daughter's Husband.

This open Declaration of my Mother's, made me stare——greatly surprized, after having agreed to keep her intended Marriage

a profound Secret from all the World, she should disclose it without Reserve. I could not guess the Reason, which as soon as we were alone (seeing me so astonished) she explained. But to return to the Marquis *de Sberling*, whom my Mother had so thoroughly embarrassed, he knew not how to extricate himself.

I have so little Skill in joking, reply'd he (casting his Eyes upon me) I don't know how to give Credit to your's Madam, nor do I desire they should be push'd any farther. One is never too old to learn, and this will serve to convince me, we ought never to attempt diving into the Secrets of our Friends, without their Approbation——You should rather say (interrupted my Mother, giving him a Tap on the Fingers with a Trick of Cards she had been playing with in her Hand during this Conversation) we ought not to think our Friends capable of Dissimulation, when we have such a Regard for them, as to appeal to their Word and Credit.

The Marquis, who was sensible, no doubt, that he had gone too far, made a polite Answer, and fell to dealing about the Cards. The Game was long, and as Madam *de Geneval* spoke but little, while the Conversation I have been just relating lasted, made herself Amends, as well as my Brother, another Way; for during the whole Dispute, they never ceased making Grimaces, giving
me

me to understand how jealous the Marquis was. The Game was not more favourable to him than the Arguments he had ventured to advance, with the Hopes of making my Mother explain herself, to verify his Suspicions. Madam *de Geneval* won twenty Livres; which I was glad of; though as yet unacquainted with her Circumstances, I had Room to suspect she was not quite so easy in them as she deserved.

The Marquis and Madam *de Geneval* stayed Supper, and after Supper went away together. M. *de St. Preuil* was desirous of continuing with us till the next Morning, that he might see the first Dressings taken off *St. Clair's* Wounds, and amused us a long Time with all his Frolicks at *Paris*; but my Mother, finding herself fatigued, sent him away; she and I began afterwards to talk freely to each other. I then told her how astonished I was at the frank Declaration of her intended Marriage with the Marquis *de Breville*; I don't doubt it, said she; well, since you remind me of it, I will tell you the Reason.

The Marquis *de Sberling* has Sense and Experience; had I dissembled with him in good Earnest, he would most infallibly have discovered it, and been more uneasy than ever; he would have tried so many Ways, he must have found by the Marquis *de Breville's* frequent Visits, that a Marriage was

in Agitation. His Love for you increases every Day, and he is become jealous enough to have taken it into his Head, that I had a Mind to marry you privately, without his Knowledge; with this false Prepossession in his Head, he would have been guilty of some very foolish Action; for, to what monstrous Excesses does not Love and Jealousy carry People? These were the Motives induced me to take that Method: Either he thought me in Earnest, which I can hardly believe, or that I was piqued at his imprudent Curiosity, and had a mind to punish him in a jocular Way. Be it which Way it will, I am easy; for if he believes me in Earnest, the Thing naturally drops of Course; and he has too much Discretion, to make a bad Use of my Confidence; if he persuades himself I have been jesting with him, he durst not proceed, and it will give me Pleasure, because it must be very perplexing to him in the End; besides, as he is fearful, I should not like to have him examine me too narrowly; he will not risk the discovering my Secrets.

But what do you imagine *M. de St. Preuil* will think, reply'd I? My Son, continued my Mother, ah my dear *Agnes*! he thinks no more of it already, he looked upon all I then said as a meer joke; but as Matters now stand, I tell you plainly, I am heartily glad I have done it; I shall have less Confusion,

fusion, when I find myself under a Necessity of declaring it publickly, and being thus prevented, they will then make less Wonder about it. Besides, my dear Child, continued my Mother, smiling, Treasure this in your Mind, that however cunning Men may fancy themselves, they are always our Dupes, whenever we have a Mind to give ourselves the Trouble to impose upon them; a little more Knowledge of the World will teach you this, and make you own it; all we have to do, and we are certain of success, is, only to affect with our Eyes an Air of great Sincerity; these are the Oracles they consult; our Tears and Caresses are the Security; and thus have they been cajoled a thousand Times; every Day produces fresh Examples to teach them not to be thus bit, but all in vain; they are born to be subject to all our Caprices, and it often happens the more we are so, the more they Love us.

After this edifying Lesson (which I have since put in Practice more than once, as your Highness will see in the following Part of my History) my Mother dismissed me. I found *Juliet* in my Apartment, waiting for me with a good deal of Impatience. When I first appeared, this amiable Girl came and kissed my Hand, and testified so great a Joy at seeing me, I was moved. I asked her if she was not weary; she brought me out a ban-box with some of my Lace, telling

me, she found it in a very bad Condition; and till it was mended she should not find Time for Weariness——As soon as I was in Bed, she entertained me with a Thousand agreeable Tales. The more I knew her, the more I applauded myself for having made so good an Acquisition.

I rose early the next Morning to enquire after my Brother. *M. Bisai* gave a very good Account of him, assuring us, he would be able to see Company in four Days Time; but till then, he recommended very strongly to us, not to visit him for above one Hour in the twenty four. We presently made Use of this agreeable Permission. As soon as *St. Clair* had satisfied the eager Desire of my Mother to congratulate him, he called very earnestly to thank me for that intrepid Mark I had given him of my Affection, in saving his Life, at the Risk of my own; he protested, he should ever retain a most grateful Remembrance of it, and I might be assured, I that Day acquired a Friend, who would never be wanting, on any Occasion whatsoever, if I required his Assistance. When I left him, *M. de St. Preuil*, in his Turn, went up to him, for he would hear nobody till he had embraced me; he was overjoyed to hear *Forcin* was defeated, and *Suzane* under his Brother's Care. He afterwards lower'd his Voice, and discoursed with him apart a long while. My Mother and I
judged

judged they were talking about his Mistress. When the Subject relates to Love, People never think the Time long, nor never know when to have done.

But, the inexorable M. *Bisai*, looking at the Clock, told us, the Hour he allowed was more than past. We quitted the Chevalier, under an Engagement to come again the next Day at the same Hour. The great Desire he had to get abroad, made him perfectly regular, promising to be very exact in whatever the Surgeon ordered.

Eight Days after, he found himself as well as could be expected, and insisted upon being carried home, for which, he undoubtedly had his private Reasons. My Mother and I used our utmost Endeavours to prevail upon him to continue with us till he was perfectly recovered; but he could not see *Suzane*, of whom he was very fond, as we had great Reason to fear. During this Time, the Marquis *de Breville* saw us every Day, without having his Visits remarked——At least we thought so, because he came in the Evening, when we were generally alone. The ninth Day, which was the Day after *St. Clair* left us, he came before Dinner. Orders were given therefore to tell every Body (be who they would) we were not at home, being engaged about signing the Contract, and making the final Preparations for the Wedding; for which Reason, my Mo-

ther thought proper not to be interrupted. The Marquis *de Sberling*, grew from Day to Day more assiduous and more uneasy; he seemed to deal with a Familiar that informed him of all our Motions; he knew that my Father (though not by that Name) came to us regularly every Day at the same Hour. All that my Mother could say, or do, to encourage him, would not make him hearken to Reason; she was more than once on the Brinks of being in a Passion at his Questions; and telling him plainly, she was Mistress of her own Actions, and not accountable to him for them. Her Gratitude, for the many Services he had done us, restrained her; and nothing else; however, she very artfully hinted it, which made him for the present more upon his Guard.

After Dinner, the Marquis *de Breville* read the Contract, which was drawn according to his own Direction. He acknowledged in them, that my Mother brought him six hundred thousand Livers, and bequeathed as much to me at his Death——In Case of Children by this Marriage, he left my Mother the Enjoyment of all the Residue of his Fortune he should be found possessed of at the Time of his Decease, and out of the Power of such Children to give her any Trouble. He gave one hundred thousand Livers to purchase *M. de St. Preuil* an Employment under the King; and as much to
my

my younger Brother, to purchase a Regiment, or to marry, if he had a Mind to lay down the Order of *Malta*, as it was supposed he would.

Madam *de St. Preuil*, was extremely surprized when she heard the Deeds read, and after returning her thankful Acknowledgments, proportioned to the Consequence of such generous Proceedings, she asked him, how it was possible he could afford to make so many magnificent Presents, which amounted to more than double what was mentioned in the Contract? And this augmented my Mother's Astonishment as well as Gratitude. You are truly worthy (said she to him affectionately) of all the Favours Fortune has heaped upon you; and I have nothing to upbraid her with, but the not doing it sooner; and then I should not have been so unhappy as I have till now; and you yourself also would have had no Cause to complain of those cruel Disappointments in Love. The Marquis, embracing her very passionately, answered, he never should have been rich, had he not loved her. The Arrival of the Attorney interrupted this Testimony of mutual Tenderness, and put a Stop to it, to sign the Contract.

Two Hours after, my Father took his Leave, to go to his Country House, intending to lie there that Night, and get every Thing in Readiness against our Arrival

the next Day, that the Marriage might be solemnized the same Evening.

My Mother and I, began directly to make Preparation for our Departure, intending to stay about three Days. *Juliet*, who guessed, by my Orders, I was making Preparations for a Journey, appeared a little uneasy, and it may be somewhat curious too, but she had so much Discretion, not to shew it openly. I took Compassion upon her, and communicated our Intentions of going the next Day into the Country, giving her a strict Caution, not to mention it to any one.

We supped very early, and parted as soon as it was over, both my Mother and I intending to go to Bed directly, that we might set out early enough in the Morning to get there before Dinner. I was no sooner entered my Chamber, but *Madam de St. Preuil* followed me —— I expected, said she, to have found *Saugeon* here, I have sent to enquire for her all over the House, and she is no where to be found, which gives me a good deal of Concern——*Juliet*, who was present, cast such a look at me, I suspected she knew something of the Matter. I bid her speak. She appeared fearful and confused. My Mother insisted upon knowing the Cause. *Juliet* answered, as she was but a New-comer, she durst not discover, that she had perceived *Mrs. Saugeon* go out almost every

every Evening during Supper-Time, and once by Chance surprized the Marquis *de Sberling* in Discourse with her, having good Reason to suspect he often talked with her in private. This Report opened the Eyes of Madam *de St. Preuil*. By what I can apprehend by all this, cry'd she, my Woman is bribed, and 'tis she has discovered all our Actions. I take it well of you, my dear *Juliet*, continued my Mother, for imparting this to me, and I should have been pleased, had you told it me sooner; do not be afraid of any Thing, with Regard to the Servants; if they blame you for your Fidelity, only inform my Daughter of it, I will turn them all away directly.

After this Promise, *Juliet* being easier in her Mind, talked more freely. She now gave us to understand (by reciting many little Circumstances) that we had not one Domestic to depend upon, except an old Valet de Chambre, and the Servants belonging to the Kitchen. The Marquis *de Sberling* had gained all the rest by his Liberality, and never came to the House, but was discouraging some one or other of them.

Luckily, Madam *de St. Preuil* never disclosed her intended Journey to any one of her People, and deferred packing up a Portmanteau (she designed to carry along with her the next Day) on Account of some Alteration to be made in one of her new *India Silk*

Silk Gowns I before mentioned, but having given Directions about disposing some other little Affairs, we did not doubt but *Saugeon* had drawn such Consequences from it, as she was gone to communicate to the Marquis.

The Information *Juliet* had been giving us of this Girl's Infidelity, and what was naturally to be expected from the Behaviour of the other Domesticcs, *Madam de St. Preuil* was exceedingly piqued. She retired without making the least Mention of her Resolutions; but, as I began to know her a little better, I laughed, telling *Juliet*, though she came last into the House, in all Probability, she would soon find herself one of the oldest Standers in it.

What I foresaw, proved true to a Tittle. My Mother rose the next Morning before Six, and sent for the old Valet de Chamber, whom she knew to be a very trusty Fellow, ordering him to call all the Servants up, and her Woman in the first Place, and direct them to attend in the Anti-chamber—— After she had examined their Accounts, beginning with *Saugeon*, she discharged every one the House, without assigning any Reason why she was obliged to dismiss them. *Saugeon* could not take very patiently what happened to her, and, ignorant who to accuse, twitted poor *Juliet* (whom she suspected to have chattered against her) saying, as she was

was going out, she should find a Time to be revenged of her.

When my Mother had set her House in Order, she sent the old Valet de Chambre to hire a Coach and four Horses. Whilst he was gone, the Mautua-maker having brought home the Gown, *Juliet* packed up the Portmanteau, and performed every Thing she undertook so well, that my Mother told me, smiling, if she loved me less she should certainly rob me of my Woman; having seen how dextrously my Lace was mended, she seemed quite delighted with her. I was exceeding glad to find *Madam de St. Preuil* so well disposed towards *Juliet*; for I was myself attached to her more and more. We set forward exactly at Eight o'Clock; and passed through Port *St. Antoine*, without so much as one single Footman to attend us; that if we had accidentally met any of our Acquaintance on the Road, we were morally sure, our Equipage would deceive them: *Madam de St. Preuil* entertained herself greatly with all the merry Things we said on this Occasion, and appeared, gayer during this little Journey, than I ever saw her before, which was ended in about two Hours and a Half, having gone a full Trot all the Way.

When we arrived, there was nobody to receive us. The Marquis never dreamt of our coming so soon, not expecting us till
Dinner

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Dinner Time. He was extremely surprized upon seeing us enter his Apartment. From his own Window he spied the Coach drive into the first Court, but as he remarked there was no Footman attended, and he knew we kept three, the Equipage too he never saw before, made him very anxious to know who it could be was come to visit him, two of his Witnesses being already there, and the other two were not expected till Supper. Before my Mother seated herself, she told him of the Reformation in her Family, and the not having informed any one of her Journey. He applauded her much, assuring her, she would find she had done very right; that, in his Opinion, nothing was more dangerous, than to retain Servants whose Fidelity one could not depend upon.

The Day passed away in the most agreeable Manner in the World.—The Persons he had invited to spend a few Days with him, (without telling them his private Motives) were, M. *Cbarnaval*, one of the King's Secretaries, who had an Income of sixty thousand Livers *per Annum*, and M. *du Buisson*, Pay-master of the Annuities. He expected two of his old Friends, whose Portraits I shall give you in Time. These were Persons of Quality, of a quite different Stamp from those I just mentioned before; with all which we supped very agreeably.

When

When the Clock struck Twelve, we proceeded to the Chapel, where my Mother and the Marquis *de Breville* were married. Madam *de St. Preuil* ordered me to stand next her while the Ceremony was performing, which I did, without any sort of Affectation; she and I had our Reasons, which it is better to guess at, than for me to explain.

It does not become me to relate the Particulars of a Night, the Marquis *de Breville* had so ardently longed for; to be sure, it must be highly agreeable to one who had suffered so much, by being so many Years deprived of such exalted Happiness. Were it allowable for a young Woman (with Regard to a Mystery she ought to be ignorant of) to draw Conjectures, Madam *de St. Preuil* partook with Pleasure those *Douceurs* which are unknown to me. I observed, she was the next Day remarkably brisk and gay, which appeared to me very singular.

All the Day passed in Double Entendres on this Subject, of which I comprehended very little, tho' the good M. *du Buiffon*, said something that occasioned my Mother to blush——for the future I shall call him by that Name, which he has merited a long time.

The Comte *de Villefarel* was the first Witness, and the Chevalier *de Beauval* his Cousin.

fin, the second. The Comte *de Villefarel* was Lieutenant General of the King's Army; greatly regarded, and of the most agreeable Humour imaginable. In spite of all those Advantages which would have accrued to his Wife by marrying him, she obliged him to quit her. The Adventure is too extraordinary to be passed over in Silence.

—Miss *Davinelle* was Daughter to a Captain of the Guards—The Comte *de Villefarel*, having seen her at a Ball, fell desperately in Love with her, and about a Week after asked her in Marriage. Her Parents, who thought themselves greatly honoured, would not suffer him to languish long. The first Day of the Wedding, after the Ceremony was over, the Bride shut herself up in her Chamber till the Dessert was served, and all the persuasive Arguments her Parents could use, had not Power to prevail upon her to open the Door. Her Father was exceedingly exasperated at so extravagant a Proceeding, and swore, if she obliged him by her Resistance to break open the Door, he would make her repent it. His Menaces did not succeed one Jot better than his Entreaties. The Bridegroom knew not what to conjecture from such a Behaviour, and began perhaps to reproach himself in his own Mind, for being so precipitate in the Affair. However, the Bride's Father would not be defeated, he called for a Hatchet, and

and immediately chopped the Door down. The whole Company being entered the Room, found Madam *de Villefarel* sitting upon her Bed, armed with a Poniard in one Hand, and a Pistol cockt in the other. At this Sight, the Father, the Bridegroom, and every one present stood aghast, quite dismayed, wondering where so extraordinary a Scene would end. After being recovered from his first Surprize, the Comte *de Villefarel* (who was afraid, from the Fury he discovered in the Father's Countenance, the tragical Consequences it might produce) advanced towards his Bride, and asked her, with great Tenderness, what important Reason obliged her to appear thus armed against a Husband that adored her, and Parents that studied nothing but her Happiness? Think not ill of me, I beg Sir, (replied she with a great deal of Sweetness) for a Resolution perpetrated thro' Despair.— If my Father, (in whose Eyes I read the utmost Rage and Resentment) would have hearkened to my Prayers, I should not have occasioned the Chagrin I this Day give you.— Inflexible as he is, he has sacrificed me, when he might have made me happy. I protest sincerely, without any Evasion, my Heart was another's before you ever thought of me, and despairing of M. *Davinelle's* Consent, I pursued what Love had inspired, which was an Intrigue with one who had the

the Power to please.—When my Father commanded me to look on you as my Spouse, with Floods of Tears I represented to him my great Repugnance.—Finding I could not move him, I fell upon my Knees, and informed him I was betrothed to another.—The cruel Man, instead of being moved with my Tears, and plighted Vows, presented the point of his Sword to my Breast, threatening to stab me. I found it impossible to save my Life without promising to follow you to the Altar. The Fear of Death, and being habituated to submit implicitly to the severe Laws of a rigid Father, who always made himself feared, occasioned my Weakness, and forced me to give my Consent to what I had in Abhorrence. I submitted at last, but with an absolute Resolution to die rather than be unfaithful to my first Engagement.—This Pistol, continued she, presenting it to her Husband, shall do me Justice for the first Violence you shall dare to offer, and when I have shot you thro' the Head, this Poniard, plunged in my own Breast, will revenge your Murder.—This my Determination, is unalterable. Now I have told you my Purpose, you know whether you dare attempt to try if I have Resolution to execute it.

The Comte had not the least Inclination to put her to the Trial, nor any Desire to make an Addition to the many Volumes of
 Tragical

Tragical Histories; but wished his Father-in-Law, and the whole Company a good Night; protesting, it would never be his Ambition, to occasion so extravagant a Piece of Heroism.

The Chevalier *de Beauval*, was then about thirty-five, well made, with the finest turned Limbs; tho' not handsome, he had a noble grand Mien, which was very striking, and a Sweetness that prejudiced you agreeably in his Favour.—He talked well, and with so sprightly a Turn, it enobled every Thing he said.—He was a Colonel of Horse, and in the late War, shewed the greatest Marks of Valour.—His Father was a Mareschal of *France*, and in great Favour at Court; and it was not to be doubted, in Case a War should break out again, but he would push his Fortune as far as it was possible.

I very soon remarked, if his good Qualities made him distinguished by me, my Person had also made a strong Impression upon him. While he staid at my Father's, his Eyes were incessantly upon me; and when ever he could steal a convenient Opportunity, was praising my Charms. I vow to your Highness, I could not be displeased with the soft Things he said, it was with so respectful an Air, and with such tender Looks he uttered them; I found, against my Will, a Sort of Pleasure in it. The
Night

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Night before he was to leave us, he try'd so many Ways to speak to me, he at last found a lucky Moment.—My Mother was engaged at Quadrille, the Marquis *de Breuille* gone to give the necessary Orders for our Departure, which was fixed for the next Day, and the rest of the Company were listening to the News the Comte *de Villefarel* had received from *Paris*. I was at a Corner of the Fire, very thoughtful, playing with a Screen.—How powerful is *Cupid's* Empire going to be, said he, casting a Look at me, in which all the Fire of Love was expressed! What Triumphs do I read in those beautiful Eyes! What Conquests—How many Hearts must be enslaved when they appear in the World! Since they already exercise their Power in a Desert! But what do I say! Already, perhaps, more than one Lover sighs and groans in Secret. Happy he, who by his Services, and every Art that has Power to charm, shall be able to render himself acceptable, since the Advantage only of seeing and admiring you, raises in our Breasts something so inexpressibly ravishing.—I should be mightily proud to have as much Wit as you, Sir, reply'd I, laughing, I might then possibly be able to make some Sort of Answer to all these fine Speeches. I had rather have your good Sense, interrupted he, putting his Hand upon his Heart—to hear you but for a Moment, convinces

us,

us, your Thoughts are as bright as your Beauty; and you have not opened your Mouth since I came, without my being in Admiration at every Word: Could I have prophesied that (continued I, looking very seriously at him) I would have been more circumspect, or, at least, thought a little more before I spoke. In whatever Manner you express yourself, reply'd the Chevalier, we are always charmed with what you say, which strikes directly at the Heart. You have a Tone of Voice too, which cannot be heard, but we must feel an Emotion; for my own Part, I am so sensibly touched, should I be deprived the Happiness of seeing you, I must expect to languish out the rest of my Days in Sorrow. Do you know, Chevalier, reply'd I, with a Sort of Emotion (which I endeavoured to hide as much as I could) were I vain, these Compliments would certainly puff up my Self-love very much? But, it seems to me as if you had been used to practice these Kind of flattering Speeches, and, while you remain in the Country, have a Mind to keep your Hand in. — For Heaven's Sake Miss! interrupted *Beauval*, do not turn into Ridicule, the sincerest Passion that ever Man was inspired with; you certainly judge from the Weakness of my Expressions — far from practising, I am entirely unaccustomed to this Sort of Language, and, as this is the only Attempt I ever made,

I cannot

I cannot express what I would say, nor describe what you make me feel, ever since you first kindled this Fire in my Breast. To answer you in your own Stile (said I to him, with an affected Smile, tho' I began to be a little more serious) I vow, if I do give you a trifling Portion of Pain, I am myself no less embarrassed at so unexpected a Declaration, besides, I have so little Experience in these Matters, I am entirely at a Loss how to keep up a Discourse so perfectly new to me; I believe the best Thing I can do therefore, at present, will be to listen no longer to your Flattery, but return my Thanks for the good Opinion you seem to have of me.

Beauval was ready to reply, but some of the Company coming up towards us, we were obliged to make use of the Language of the Eyes; which he practised with so much Art, I easily understood him, and, unhappily for me, I felt a secret Pleasure in it, which made me attentive to the least Expression whether I would or no. This silent Discourse is often more moving than the politest Rhetoric.

My new Lover contrived, when we were sitting down to the Table, to place himself, as it were by Accident, next to me. During the whole Supper, he was perpetually helping me, attentively offering me a Thousand little Civilities, which I could not take unkindly,

unkindly. If I said a Word, he immediately cry'd out, Oh ! that was charmingly said ! I never knew any one display so much Wit. When the Desert came upon the Table, I was obliged to sing ; he was in an extacy all the while. My Looks having two or three Times catch'd his, which I found so full of Love and Fire, I felt such a strange Disorder, it brought the Colour into my Face. When I had done singing, he out did every Body's Commendations ; but, perceiving he was remarked, directly made a Pretence of asking me about my Master, thinking to put some Part of the Encomiums he had lavished upon me to his Account, for having given me so good a Taste ; but the Comte *de Villefarel*, who was an old Stager, and not easily blinded, said to him, Cousin, you would endeavour to cast a Mist before our Eyes, but you are mistaken ; though you have always gloried in your Indifference for the Fair Sex, confess honestly now, are you not disarmed ? Has not Miss *de St. Preuil's* bright Eyes, lower'd that little Pride which used to make you boast, you should never be brought (according to your own Words) to submit to the Folly of being in Love.

The Chevalier, made a very smart Reply to this Attack, and confessed, I had power to punish such a Rebel as he had been, but pretended, so precipitate a Judgment founded

on simple Appearances only, might not be authentic. While every Body was rallying him for his Rashness, in maintaining an Argument against the charming Crime of loving, I secretly applauded myself, for having captivated a Heart I was assured had before been so indifferent. This Prepossession, was, perhaps, of as much Service to my new Lover, as the Agreeableness of his Person, though that had a sovereign Power, sufficient to determine any one in his Favour. When I became better acquainted with the Heart, that did not surprize me. Self-love bears as great a Sway as all the other Passions.

I never before liked sitting long at Table; I used to be prodigiously tired with it; but at this Time, I thought it not too long, tho' the Night was very far advanced; however, as we were to be separated the next Morning, the Gentlemen rose up to take their Leaves. I began to feel myself so greatly interested in whatever concerned the *Chevalier de Beauval*, not to be a little piqued he did not find an Opportunity in the hurry, when every Body were taking their last Farewel, to shew himself more particular to me; but, he no sooner caught me looking at him, as if I thought him remiss in his Devoirs, than he appeared so confounded, I reproached myself for having had the least Suspicion.

With

Young Lady of Quality. 75

With your Highness's Permission, I will finish here my Fifth Part. I have been writing along while, and am not very well. Hitherto, I have spoke of myself but indirectly, you will soon know me better. I am horribly afraid I shall disgrace myself, but you will please to remember your Commands.

End of the Fifth Part.

E 2

PART.

P A R T. VI.

UPON our Return to *Paris*, *Blondel*, the old Valet de Chambre (whose Fidelity *Juliet* had so much commended, and of whose Attachment we were well satisfied) informed us, the Marquis *de Sberling* had called at least thirty different Times at the House himself, and had attempted at the Impossibility of finding out where we were gone. That he offered him thirty Louis d'Ors, to get the Secret out of him; but he always assured the Marquis (for fear of giving Offence) that he was an utter Stranger what was become of us, as well as the Reason for dismissing the Domesticks. The Relation this Valet gave us of the great Impatience the Marquis *de Sberling* had shewn on different Occasions, was highly entertaining, and the more so, because he attempted to mimic him exactly, which was something so ridiculous, we could not forbear laughing very heartily. He added, that M. *de St. Preuil*, had also called several Times, but shewed no sort of Surprize at our Departure, believing we were at Court. With respect to Madam *de Geneval*, she appeared very uneasy, and imagined one of my Mother's
Uncles

Uncles was dead, and that we were gone into *Guyenne* to take Care of his Effects.

Madam *de Breville's* first Care, after she came home, was, to look out for some new Servants, though the next Morning we did not perceive much Difference for want of the old ones. We had in our Neighbourhood a Devotee, who made it her Business to procure Servants; so that instead of six, which we really wanted, she in the Morning brought at least thirty, for us to chuse out of.

Immediately after our Arrival Madam *de Breville* dispatched *Blondel*, to enquire about the Chevalier's Health, who happened to be abroad, which we thought a certain Sign of his Recovery. The House was no sooner in Order, but she sent an Invitation to all those she had the greatest Regard for, to dine with her.

The Moment the Marquis *de Sberling* found by this Invitation we were returned, he came to pay his Respects. The first Thing he asked, after enquiring how we did, was, if he had not some Compliment to make us? You must this Day, answered my Mother, prepare a great many, which I expect out of Friendship. Though this Reply was meerly Words of Course, it nevertheless made such an Impression upon the Marquis, he turned pale, and continued under such Anxiety, till the Secret was disclosed, it was impossible for him (notwithstanding all

his Endeavours) to conceal it——We pretended not to perceive it, that we might avoid all those troublesome Enquiries, we did not think it by any Means proper to enter into, till the Moment we had fixed upon.

I was almost as uneasy in my Mind, as *de Sberling*. I knew the Marquis *de Breville* had invited several of his Friends, but ignorant whether dear *Beauval* was in the List. Your Highness must certainly be greatly surprized at this apparent Change in me; I, who till now was so very indifferent towards the Sex. But the Time approaches which will deprive me of that precious Liberty. In reflecting the Cause of this strange Agitation, I blushed to think the Motive which occasioned it, was the desire I had to see *Beauval* at the Entertainment; fearful of examining myself too narrowly, unwilling to discover I was more sensible than I desired to be. These idle Notions caused me to spend much Time at my Toilette; but how foolish——to take so much Pains to set off my Charms to gain Admiration; was it not a fresh Proof my feeble Heart was already intangled?

The Clock having struck One, I repaired to my Mother's Apartment. Had she observed me narrowly, the Moment I enter'd, she must have perceived my Uneasiness. The first Person I cast my Eyes upon, was the Chevalier *de Beauval*, who that Moment

was

was looking towards the Door. I had no Reason to doubt my being the Cause of that sudden Joy which spread at once over all his Face. However, I endeavour'd to keep myself as much as possible upon the Reserve, that my first Confusion might not be discovered. The many Compliments I was obliged to receive and return, proved of great Use to conceal it; for there was so much Company, it was not the Business of a Moment. After the first Ceremonies were over, I drew my Brother to a Window, to wish him joy of his Recovery—He embraced me very heartily, and spoke to me most obligingly. *Beauval* being intimate with my Brother, took this Opportunity of paying his Respects to me, but, in so strange a Disorder did I still find myself, I am unable to relate what he said to me, or I to him. The Marquis *de Sherling*, who never lost Sight of me, came and whispered in my Ear, that he read his Punishment in my Eyes——He said right, though he understood it wrong; he thought I was either married, or on the Brinks of Matrimony. I saw him turn pale, when the Marquis *de Breville* enter'd—Either his Jealousy, or the false Confidence he had put in the treacherous *Surgeon*, had fixed this Notion so strongly in his Mind, instead of altering his Opinion by what he saw, it served only to confirm it the more.

My Father had agreed with his good Friend the Comte *de Villefarel* he should propose (as soon as the Champaigne was brought) a Health to the new-married Pair, and my Mother undertook the rest—The old Comte was very exact. As soon as the Desert was served, he ordered a Glass to be filled for every one of the Company. I am going to give you a Health, said he, (advancing his Glass) which will surprize ye all, as much as it will rejoice ye. Upon this there was a profound Silence. Not a Person in the Company but suspected some Mystery in this Entertainment, given on Account of the *Incognito* Journey. I observed the Marquis *de Sberling* look'd greatly confused. The Health I propose, is that of the Marquis and Marchioness *de Breville*; I have had the Honour to be one of his Witnesses, along with the Chevalier *de Beauval*, and those two Gentlemen, pointing to Mess. *de Charnaval* and *du Buisson*, who were of the Party—I wish the new-married Pair all the Happiness they merit, and I doubt not every Body here wishes the same.

The Marquis *de Sberling* (who my Brothers and I had observed to appear greatly chagrined till now) rose up, throwing himself half over the Table, to clasp his Glass with the Bride and Bridegroom, saying the politest Things imaginable to them on their Marriage. 'Tis mighty well, Sir, said my Mother

ther to him very pleasantly——Won't you believe me another Time? You have no Reason to complain that I made a Mystery of it to you, nor have my Sons any Cause to reproach me on that Account. As for *St. Clair*, he knows very well what it was hindred my communicating it to him, but *St. Preuil* I imagined would not fail to inform him——I swear, said *St. Clair*, he never opened his Mouth to me——It is very true, Chevalier, reply'd the eldest, it went entirely out of my Head. Every Body laughed at this Answer, and the careless Manner in which it was spoke. This Trifle was passed over to make Way for Affairs of greater Consequence. After the new-married Pair had gone through a Deluge of Compliments, and every Body were advancing to embrace them, *Beaurval*, who thought of nothing but his Amour, moved out of his Place as well as the rest, and very artfully let those that were most pressing pass by him; or to say more properly, made Way for the Relations, and at the same Time, in this Hurry, contrived to slide behind me. Oh! how happy, said he, is that fortunate Couple! nothing can disturb their Quiet; they can indulge without Controul, the Pleasure of telling what they feel for each other, while I, with Fear and Trembling, dare hardly venture to remind you of my Love. In the cruel Condition you have reduced me to, what

do I not apprehend, unless you take some Compassion on me? One Look, beautiful *de St. Preuil*, will do the Business——You are over-heard Sir, interrupted I (observing the Marquis *de Sberling* advancing towards us, who was, no Doubt, uneasy at the Chevalier's Behaviour) avoid talking to me in this Manner, we are observed, and I have good Reasons to be afraid of the Consequences some People will draw from it.

Beauval stopt short, and by a delightful Smile gave me to understand how dear my Advice was to him. I began now to be sensible I had said too much, and, were it possible, would gladly have recalled my Words. I was able to comprehend, after a Moment's Reflection, the Advantages the Chevalier might draw from them, and how could I judge better than from the Joy which shone in his Eyes?

All the Company being returned to the Table again, except my Father, who had his Reasons for thinking it would not be decent to appear for some little Time. My Mother informed them, in a few Words, the Motives that induced her to marry again. I must own, continued she, I have always preserved a very great Esteem for the Marquis *de Breville*, which I believe no one here is ignorant of, yet, notwithstanding this Prepossession, I should have remained a Widow for the Sake of my Children, had it
not

not been for the very great Advantage that will accrue to me and them by this Marriage, which I cannot so well explain to you, added she, as by desiring the *Comte de Villefarel* to read the Settlement I have put into his Hands, with an Intent to make it known to you, as ye are my Relations and most particular Friends, that ye may be satisfied no Person, in my Situation, would have slighted so happy an Opportunity, but acted as I have done.

The *Comte de Villefarel*, without giving any one Time to reply, began to read the Marriage-Contract I mentioned before, and, to give it the greater Weight, proceeded directly to read that Part only which related to the Disposal of his Fortune. He had no sooner ended, but the *Mess. de St. Preuil's*, being the most interested, rose up to testify to my Mother, how sensibly affected they were with so generous a Proceeding, with regard to them, so little expected, and so contrary to the general Practice of the World. This great Obligation would not allow them to wait for their Father-in-Law's Return, to pay their Acknowledgments, but immediately went to seek him. In the mean Time, all the Relations present at the Entertainment, demonstrated to my Mother, how much they rejoiced at her good Fortune. The *Marquis de Sberling* was not behind Hand with any of them in loading her with

Applause, and good Reason he had for so assiduouſly making his Court, as well as uſing his beſt Endeavours to put out of her Mind, the many Occaſions he had given her to complain of his Behaviour.

The Marquis *de Breville* returned between my two Brothers, giving them the ſtrongeſt Affurances of his future Friendſhip, and intreated them never to mention that ſmall Piece of Gallantry, he would have them look upon only as a trifling Wedding-preſent — We roſe from Table to take our Coffee. The Marquis *de Sberling*, who had his particular Views, as I have juſt mentioned, ſeated himſelf next my Father, to whom I remarked, he behaved exceeding complaiſantly. *Beauval*, who perhaps was not quite ſo polite, though full as much in Love, contrived to place himſelf by me, and omitted no Opportunity of giving me the ſtrongeſt Marks imaginable of his Paſſion. I ſhould have acted wiſely, to have avoided, as much as poſſible, thoſe little Devoirs a Lover takes ſuch Delight in, and mine performed ſo agreeably; but, to ſay the Truth, I was already ſo prepoſſeſſed in his Favour, I could not even affect an Indifference. He obſerved I was very fond of a little Lap-dog *Juliet* had juſt brought me, and that *Juliet* was my chief Favourite; he therefore found Means (without being obſerved) of ſaying very civil Things to her. This Girl was

no sooner gone, but he began to pick up some Bits from off the Table (for the Cloth was not taken away) for *Loretta* (which was the Dog's Name) and in pretending to coax *Loretta*, said the tenderest Things in the World to me—I could not help laughing, for *Loretta*, pleased with his affected Fondness, fawn'd upon the Chevalier, though in Reality the good Bits he gave her (which he did not let her want) pleased her better than the Coaxing she thought was meant for her.

Madam *de Geneval*, who was on the other Side of me, soon perceived the Love I had inspired the Chevalier *de Beauval* with. If your Dog, said she (whispering me in the Ear) could speak, and her instinct was perfect enough to discover what passes, she would take it very unkindly of the Chevalier to be used meerly as a Pretence. Vexed at this Remark, I pretended not to understand her. Oh, you little Rogue! said she, tapping me on the Fingers with her Fan. The Chevalier loves you to Madness, and you are not displeased at it. Indeed Madam, reply'd I (a little piqued) you are too hasty in your Conjectures. No, beautiful *Agnes*, if you don't love him, you will very soon, remember what I tell you, only consult your Heart, that will prove what I say. I have had too much Experience to be mistaken. Believe me, it will be in vain to disguise the Thing
to

to me: Come, let me be your Confident; you will never repent it. I was at a Loss for a Reply to this Discourse, which perplexed me more and more. The Situation I see you in, continued she, does not surprize me in the least, I have myself been under the same Dilemma. We may dissemble, if we please, but, sooner or later, we betray ourselves. If when I was younger, I had found as sincere a Friend as I am yours, perhaps, I might have been better off. Some Day or other I'll relate my History, and by that, hope to induce you to have a Confidence in me. In short, I die with a Desire to serve you, and doubt not the Marquis *de Sberling* would do me all the Mischief he could, was he sensible of it; but, besides the loving you with all my Heart, I have other particular Reasons for putting a Spoke in his Wheel.

In pronouncing these last Words, Madam *de Geneval* coloured; her Confusion seemed to have some Resemblance to mine, which touched me, and brought me to myself. If you are in Earnest, tho' I am ignorant from what Cause it should proceed, replied I, be assured, Madam, I will give you my best Assistance. I take you at your Word, replied Madam *de Geneval*, but hift, here is the Comte *de Villefarel* coming, according to Custom, to whisper soft Things in my Ear; we must drop the Subject for the present.

sent.—To-morrow, when you are going to Mass, if you will call and drink Coffee at my House, we will discourse more at large, without any Danger of being disturbed.

The Conversation, which was at first very sprightly, began, after Coffee was over, to flag insensibly, by little and little; Tables were therefore ordered, and we next went to play:—After Play, a Supper, more magnificent than the Dinner (tho' that was very grand) was served up.—At the Desert, a soft Symphony of Musick, accompanied with several agreeable Voices, occasioned a most charming Surprise, and affected every Heart.—For my own Part, my Princess, it was the first Time of my Life, I ever felt I had one; I could not help tasting a secret Pleasure, when I perceived the Musick touched me, which said, or seemed to say in those tender Airs, NOTHING IS MORE DELICIOUS THAN A BLIND OBEDIENCE TO CUPID'S LAWS.

Madam *de Geneval*, who seemed to have an Understanding with *Beauval* (although at that Time, she could hardly be said to have an Acquaintance with him) interpreted, with her usual Vivacity, the expressive Language she read in his Eyes, and by certain mysterious Toasts she gave me, found out the Secret of entertaining me about my Lover, without any one's being able to unriddle her
Ænigmas.

Ænigmas. Dear *Beaurval* followed us with too much Attention, not to apprehend that a Lover was the Subject of our Entertainment, but, as nothing he thought resembled him, foolishly fancied, *Madam de Geneval*, being my Friend, and without Doubt my Confident, she was bringing to my Mind, the Idea of some absent Lover. He no sooner took this Whim into his Head, but the Gaiety which appeared in his Countenance till that Moment, vanished at once, and a frightful Paleness covered all his Face. My too attentive Eyes remarked it that Instant. I made Signs to my Friend, but in such a Manner, I discovered, though against my Will, how much I was concerned at what he seemed to suffer. Formerly the Men (said she to me, leaning to whisper in my Ear) had Sense and Penetration. Love, that reigned in their Hearts, taught them to understand his Language; but how different at this Time of Day; unless you tell your Swain, in plain Terms, I love you, he is void of Comprehension, and one must add to the Language of the Eyes, it is you I mean, Marquis, Chevalier, or whatever he is, without which, they don't apprehend your Discourse is directed to them; very happy too if they have no Suspicion of your playing the Hypocrite with them, and at the same Time like another much better.

I had

I had not skill enough in Love's Myſteries, to unfold the Motives that induced Madam *de Geneval* to entertain me with this Sort of Diſcourſe; but *Beauval*, who ſat next her, without letting a ſingle Word eſcape him, comprehended her perfectly well, as I underſtood afterwards. In ſhort, he found ſo much Reaſon to flatter his Hopes, by applying the Meaning of her Inuendos, the deep Melancholy he was plunged into but the Moment before, diſappeared at once, as his Gaiety had done, and he recovered that ſerene and graceful Air, which was ſo becoming to him—All the Gueſts were in perfect Good-Humour, and we might have continued this Party much longer without any one's taking the leaſt Notice of us; for, as we were more than twenty Perſons at Table, every one had their Converſation apart, and were no ways confuſed with that of their Neighbours.

But, that timorous Diſpoſition, which had not entirely left me, began to be troubleſome, on Account of the Liberty Madam *de Geneval* took in treating ſo delicate an Affair, which was perfectly new to me, eſpecially, as I had not ſettled the Point with myſelf, in regard to the Foundation of my Sentiments—Having by Accident caſt my Eyes upon the Marquis *de Sberling*, and obſerving he remarked me with a particular Attention, I bluſhed. It happened luckily
for,

for me, that Instant one of my Uncles addressed his Discourse to me, which compos'd my Countenance, and it went off in a Moment.

My Mother, observing every Body was idle, and nothing left to amuse them at Table, and perceiving also it began to grow late, rose up, desiring the Guests to walk into her Apartment. The Marquis *de Breville* stopped her, and said, there was one Thing she had concealed from him, which he desired might be unfolded before this good Company. My Mother, who was not apt to be surprized at Trifles, seem'd astonished — You have not, continued my Father (without giving her Time to answer) told me of your grand Gallery, which, they say, is a very elegant Room, and therefore ought to be shewn our best Friends; I accidentally found the Door, and went into it. Indeed, Sir, reply'd Madam *de Breville*, you are mistaken; as I had no Occasion for a larger House than this for my Daughter and myself, I thought of nothing when I hired it, but Convenience, not Grandeur, and it consists of three Apartments only — Oh! as for that, reply'd the Marquis *de Breville*, with a serious Air, you must not think to persuade me that I am mistaken in what I know to be Matter of Fact. I can't imagine what your Reasons are for keeping this a Secret from me; and, to punish you for it,

it, I shall desire all my Friends here present, as Witnesses to the Truth of what I say; and although this is but the first Day I could call it my home, I know the House, Madam, as well as you do. After saying this, he took my Mother by the Hand (who was all over Amazement) and led her up Stairs. The whole Company followed, greatly uneasy at the discussing this Point, and wondering where it would End. As soon as my Mother came upon the top Landing, she could hardly believe her own Eyes, or I either, to find on the left Hand a Pair of folding Doors, which we never saw before. The Marquis turned the Key and opened them; you see, said he, speaking to the Company, I have not imposed upon you; as he was introducing us into a grand Antichamber, which was finely lighted up, and furnished with Chairs and Hangings, quite new, of that handsom gilded Leather that is made in the *Ruë St. Antoine*. When we were all entered, see here, said he, advancing towards another Door, the Gallery I was telling ye of; then stretching forth his Hand towards it, a Pair of folding Doors flew open at once. But, how great was our Admiration, immediately to hear a Dozen Violins, with several other Instruments strike up a favourite Minuet—Every one was perfectly enchanted with this agreeable Surprise,

prize, and well disposed to relish this new Delight.

The Gallery was not only illuminated with a great Number of Crystal Lustres, and a thousand Wax-Lights disposed with the exactest Symmetry, wherever there was Room to admit them; but it was also hung with the most beautiful Carpets, of *India* flower'd Velvet, finely shaded; and the Number of Looking-glasses, which by their Disposition multiplied the Objects a thousand Times, made this Gallery the most delightful Apartment your Imagination can conceive. The Marquis *de Breville* had all his Life piqued himself upon his Taste, and had demonstrated, on many Occasions, that hardly any Man could exceed him.

To explain the Marvellousness of this Adventure, I shall only tell you—My Father having observed, that by opening a Communication into the next House, he could surprize us agreeably with an elegant Ball, went himself (as soon as my Mother and he had fixed upon a Day for the Wedding) and hired this House, which happened to be vacant, and would be otherwise useful to him, and immediately ordered it to be fitted up in the Manner I have just now described—The folding Doors were put up but the Night before we returned from the Country, and being without Servants the best Part of that Day, and my Mother having

no Occasion to go into her first Apartment, which was not used, she had all the Pleasure of the Surprize; but, as I observed before, she purchased it with some Moments Uneasiness. You will easily imagine how transported she must be (as well as the whole Company) at so well contrived a Piece of Gallantry. For my own Part, I could not help exulting with Joy, the Moment I heard the Violins.

My Father interrupted every Body's Encomiums on this Occasion, by taking my Mother out to dance a Minuet, which she performed in the most graceful Manner imaginable, and was most deservedly applauded. Whenever *Beauval* was asked to dance, he always took me, and never failed to whisper Love in my Ear. I protest to your Highness, I don't know whether it was the Joyousness of that Day, which had put me into the highest Spirits, or that the Chevalier had found out the Secret of making his Language familiar to me. I was now no longer so embarrassed as I used to be, but could answer him with much more Freedom. At Break of Day the Marquis *de Breville* took us into a large adjoining Room, not less grandly furnished than the Gallery; here was presented to our Sight a most magnificent Banquet. Notwithstanding our having had so noble a Supper, we fell to with very good Appetites, which our Exercise had given

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given us, and every Body agreed this new
Repast was very apropos.

I observed, that although the Marquis *de Sberling* was particularly assiduous in making his Court to the Marquis and Marchioness *de Breville*, he continually watched my Motions, and had too much Understanding not to perceive the Pains that dear *Beauval* employed to please me. He took an Opportunity, as he was passing by me, with an ill-natured Sneer, to wish me Joy of my new Conquest. I answered very jocosely, and told him, he was very happy in his Conjectures, and generally saw what other People did not.

About Six o'Clock in the Morning, every body took their Leave——Madam *de Geneval*, embracing me, asked if I remembered the Promise I made her. I gave her to understand, as we parted so late, in all Likelihood neither she nor I should rise before Mass that Day; we would therefore put off the Party till the next or some other Day.

I found poor *Juliet* asleep by the Fire-side, so sound, that my coming in did not wake her. Though I had as much Occasion for Rest as she, I made a Scruple of disturbing her in so fine a Sleep, and sat myself down in an Easy-chair near the Fire to ruminate. The Idea of dear *Beauval* was always present; I fancied I saw him that Moment, talking passionately to me of his Love; I
often

often attempted to discard this Phantom of the Mind, but in vain. Tho' I tried to amuse myself with other Thoughts, I could not fix them for a Moment; my former Embarrassment was ever uppermost. In short, I was obliged to submit, I found it very soothing, and it got the better of me in Spite of my Reason.

Feeling in my Pocket for my Patch-box, not caring for the Trouble of going to my Toilette, to take the Pins out of my Cap, I found a Letter, I was very certain I ought not to have in my Pocket, and immediately began to consider how it could happen; I recollected, that in waiting upon one of my Aunts to the Door, I perceived myself squeezed on one Side, and, turning my Head, I met the Chevalier, who bid me Adieu, but never imagined he had made Use of that Artifice for an Opportunity to bring about his Design. I was some Time before I could determine how to behave on this Occasion; my first Sentiment was, to return the Letter unopened by the first Opportunity; but at last, a secret Influence over-ruled, in Favour of the Chevalier, which decided the Affair. I opened the Letter, and found pretty near the following Words.

From

From the Chevalier de Beauval to Mademoiselle de Breville.

“ **B** EING doubtful, Madam, if I shall
“ this Day meet with a favourable
“ Opportunity to remind you of a Lover
“ who burns with the sincerest, and most
“ faithful Passion; I have done myself the
“ Honour to write this, in Hopes that Love
“ will inspire me with the Means of conveying it to you unperceived by any one.
“ Pardon the innocent Artifice I have used
“ to accomplish it. I shall not have one
“ Moment’s Repose when parted from you.
“ Every Thing will bring your adorable
“ Image to my Mind, and all those invincible Charms which continually captivate
“ every Heart that has the Happiness to
“ approach you. But, will you suffer me
“ to declare? Though I foresee a Croud of
“ Rivals, as well as infinite Pains and Trouble, I really think of nothing but the
“ Misfortune of being separated from you.
“ One Look of those beautiful Eyes will
“ make me ample Amends for a thousand
“ Ills — How beautiful they are! —
“ What sweetness! — Heavens, what would
“ they not be, were they animated by the
“ little Deity that has triumphed over my
“ Heart! Till now I defied his Power —
“ He has chose you out to revenge himself
“ of

“ of me ; for Pity Sake therefore, be not
“ too severe. I have only offended him,
“ by not sooner seeing you : Would he have
“ had me submitted to his Laws before ;
“ Why did he not produce you to my
“ Sight ! I should immediately have burnt
“ with the same Fire which now consumes
“ me, and I should have gloried in those
“ Bonds with which I am for ever bound
“ by your Charms.”

Juliet beginning to stir just as I had finished this amorous Billet, I put it hastily into my Pocket, for Fear if she should awake (as she did) she might surprize me, and suspect the Reason of it. I was interrupted in the Reveries this new Declaration had occasioned, by my Woman's begging a thousand Pardons, for being, as she said, wanting in her Duty. Though I encouraged her as much as possible, yet, as these new Notions, which affected my Heart, made me more serious than usual, this poor Girl imagined I was angry ; to make her easy, therefore, I assured her, that Air of Sadness she observed, did not relate to her, but was owing to a certain Inquietude I was debating in my own Mind. Upon this, instead of continuing to undress me, she threw herself at my Feet, begging I would suffer her to partake of my Chagrin, protesting, devoted to me as she was, her Zeal should supply

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the Place of Merit, and that might possibly enable her to think of some Means to restore my Tranquillity. You are mistaken, *Juliet*, said I, desiring her to rise, nothing in Nature can make me recover it; the Malady is here, added I, putting my Hand upon my Heart, with a Confidence her Attachment had drawn from me. Though wiser than I, you are ignorant, I question not, that this Loss is irreparable, you can only pity me, or endeavour to assist me with your Advice, not to hearken to it any more, and to return again to the strict Laws of Reason. When I had finished these Words, I could not help fetching a deep sigh, and shedding a few Tears. What, my charming Mistress! said she to me, affectionately kissing my Hands, do you afflict yourself for your Sensibility? Do you expect to live always in a State of Indifference? Can you be ignorant, that the Heart is made for Love, and without the Sweets which it procures, we cannot enjoy any true Happiness in Life. Though I have not as yet learnt this from my own Experience, I have felt so much Pleasure in reading Books where these Mysteries are explained, that I don't doubt, when two Hearts equally good are united, their Happiness is compleat. It sometimes happens, indeed, there is much Bitterness, and many Crosses in obtaining these Douceurs, but the

the more Pains they cost, the greater ought the Value to be enhanced.

How comes it to pass, *Juliet*, cry'd I laughing, you seem to have so much more Understanding in these Mysteries than I at first suspected? Have not I assured you, Madam, reply'd she, without shewing any Concern, that my Zeal should supply the Place of every Thing else? As I don't see in your Uneasiness any Cause for Affliction, I call to Mind what I have read, and the Answer a Confident made me in the like Case; and, as I pique myself upon being more attached to my amiable Mistress, than any one of those whose Fidelity has been recorded in Romance, I am led to it by my Affection, and should be very glad to have the same Advice recommended to me, should I ever be in the same Situation.

I was too much oppressed with Weariness, and a Desire to sleep, to continue this Discourse, I therefore told her, we should find Time enough to renew the Subject; that I could not hold out any longer for want of Rest; and she being herself no less oppressed, directly retired, and I fell fast asleep.

It was past Four o'Clock in the Afternoon before I awoke; when *Juliet* told me, the Marquis *de Breville* was indisposed, and that my Mother appeared greatly troubled. I slipped on a Gown, and went directly to Madam *de Breville's* Apartment, where I found

her talking very earnestly with a Man dressed in Black, whom I afterwards discovered to be a strange Physician, he the Family always employed being abroad when they sent for him. By the Agitation I saw them in, I perceived she was alarmed at what he said.

When the Physician was gone, I grew excessively uneasy. I found that my dear Father's Illness, proceeded from a hard Indigestion; and if the Medicines they had given him, did not relieve him in three Hours, and the Fever unhappily continued (as in all Appearance it would) we had every Thing to fear from a Disorder, which at first seemed to be but a meer Trifle.

What shall I say to your Highness! This cruel Doctor was but too clear in his Conjectures; the Fever redoubled; about Midnight he was delirious; and at Break of Day given over. Two Hours after, finding himself more composed, he desired us to moderate our Grief. You lose, undoubtedly, a great deal in losing me, said he to us, in a low dying Voice——Heaven knows how I love ye both, and how dear ye are to me; I should certainly have made it my chiefest Happiness, to have given you every Day fresh Testimonies of my Tenderness; but, since it is the Will of Heaven to take me from you, you must, my dear Wife and dear Daughter, be resigned, according to my Example——For my own Part, I think
myself

Young Lady of Quality.

TO I

myself exceeding happy, that, before I am taken out of this World, Providence has permitted me to die your Husband, and to insure your Happiness, and that of our Daughter. The Day I made my Marriage Contract, that Day I also made my Will, because I have lived long enough to know, there is but a very short Step from Life to Death; and when one foresees, through Motives of Affection, what may happen after we are no more, it is most prudent to do it while in Health, that we may have nothing to regret if surprized by Death. This I thought proper to advise you of while the little Sense I have remains: The best Proof you can give me of your Love, is, to calm the Affliction I see you in, and the last Request I have to make, is, that you would promise me to use your utmost Endeavours not to let it be carried to Excess.

After these Words, which this most respectable Father pronounced with great Difficulty, he grew weaker and weaker every Moment——He embraced my Mother, and gave me his Blessing, and begg'd us, with a kind of Warmth, to retire immediately, recommending it to me in a particular Manner, not to suffer my Mother to see him take his last Breath; that his foreboding Tenderness would excuse her that fatal Shock. My Father's trusty Valet de Chambre, having removed from him, upon our Approach, as

soon as he perceived this dismal Scene was ended, came to his dear Master's Bed-side again (who seemed to signify how much our Tears disturbed him) took my Mother by the Hand, and obliged us, with the most respectful Behaviour, to leave the Room. When I was first informed of the Danger my Father was in, I dispatched a Messenger with Notice of it to *Madam de Geneval*—— We met her at the Door, coming to comfort us. As soon as we appeared, she could not forbear mingling her Tears with ours; our Sorrow was too sincere for her possibly to attempt opposing it.

Mess. de St. Preuils, whom my Mother had immediately informed of the *Marquis de Breville's* Danger, came the Moment after; likewise the *Marquis de Sberling*, who was ignorant of what had happened, and shewed the utmost Consternation when he was told. Nevertheless, as nobody had any Resolution but himself (for my Brothers were as void of Reason at this Time as we) he employ'd all his Rhetoric to console us, endeavouring to make us believe Things were not so desperate as we imagined them, and that he had seen People recover when there were less Hopes.

We passed the Remainder of the Day, and Part of the Night, in a most cruel Suspence. Twice we were told, my dear Father (whom I shall for ever regret) was a little better;

better; but the Return proved more violent, which carried him off about Break of Day. *Blondel* was absolutely for hiding it from my Mother and me, because, as we had not eat or closed our Eyes for four and twenty Hours, it might endanger our falling sick. Whilst our Fatigue had closed our Eyes with a Sort of restless Drowsiness, he informed my Brothers, and the Marquis *de Sberling*—They agreed it most proper, when we awaked, to conduct us to Madam *de Geneval's*, who had offered her House, in Case of Accidents, and there she might disclose to us our fatal Loss.

I shall not paint to your Highness the extravagant Excess our Affliction was carried to, when we were told the great Loss we had sustained. Though my Mother expected it, she was as much struck, as if she had not foreseen it. The Shock was so great, she fell ill that Instant, and in Spite of all the Motives for Consolation that could be alledged, she was never afterwards able to recover her Health.

We remained at Madam *de Geneval's* six Weeks; during which Time, every Thing relating to this cruel Death was settled. By the Will of the most revered of Fathers, relative to the Contract of Marriage, was the following Clause concerning me.

I give to my Wife, the Income of all the Fortune I am found possessed of at the

Time of my Decease, and also, the Interest on the Fund of six hundred thousand Livers, which I have given to my Daughter, by the Marriage Settlement, on Condition my Wife does not oblige her to marry against her Inclination, on any Pretence whatsoever, and that she pays her Fortune, when she comes of Age, to dispose of as she shall think proper.

So delicate a Regard shewn to me, by so revered, so good, and tender a Father, made me a thousand Times more sensibly touched with his Loss. He undoubtedly judged, from what my Mother had told him, with regard to the Marquis *de Sberling's* Views, that she was strongly bent upon the Marriage, and that I had not the Relish for it, as was pretended, by my endeavouring to delay it as much as I could. His Foresight proved of great Use to me, as you will find hereafter. Though Madam *de Breville* ought to have known, by fatal Experience, how shocking a compulsive Union is, to a Man we dislike, and the direful Consequences which often result from it; witness her own unwilling Compliance; and yet it was none of her Fault I was not sacrificed as she had been; which I shall mention in its proper Place.

During the Time our Mourning lasted, Madam *de Breville* absolutely refused to see any one but Madam *de Geneval*, who had entirely
gained

gained her Friendship, while we resided with her, by that nice and delicate Attention she was continually demonstrating to us both. The Marquis *de Sberling*, who suffered not a Day to pass, without giving some new Proof of the old Attachment to the Family, was excepted; and in short, the Doors were shut against every Body else but my Brothers. Madam *de Breville* was, as I observed, in a languishing Way, which, in Spite of all the Pains we took to divert, began to undermine her Constitution by little and little.

The Comte *de Villefarel*, who was Executor to the last Will of the late Marquis *de Breville*, had no sooner taken an Inventory of the Effects, but he found them prodigiously immense; he paid my Brothers the Legacy of two hundred thousand Livres, which they both made a very good Use of. M. *de St. Preuil* purchased the Place of Gentleman in Ordinary to the King; and the younger placed his out to Interest; after which, contrary to the Expectation of his elder Brother and all the Family, he declared, he intended an Expedition to *Metz* the next Year, with a Design to pronounce his Vows, and settle all his Fortune upon his Brother, to put him in a Condition the better to support his Name; and, as a Proof of his grateful Acknowledgment, for the kind and affectionate Behaviour he had always shewn towards him.

Blondel and *Juliet* were not forgot ; they had each of them a thousand Crowns ready Money ; as for the old Domesticks of my late revered Father, they all retired with a Sufficiency to live comfortably upon.

The first Thing *Juliet* did, after she had received her Legacy, was to send five-hundred Crowns to her Mother, and a Present of twenty Pistoles to her Sisters. I thought this Proceeding so noble, instead of preventing, I applauded it. But, to think what odd Effects a generous Action has upon some Sort of Tempers. Mrs. *Severin's* Way of admiring her Daughter's dutiful Generosity, was by asking *Blondel* ungrateful, impertinent Questions ; such as, if it came from me, I must certainly have got a rich, generous Lover, to enable me to make such extravagant Presents ; which she supposed I did, rather out of Ostentation than Friendship. My Mother's old Valet de Chambre, was so provoked at Mrs. *Severin's* Behaviour, he turned his Back upon her, saying, she did not deserve to have a Daughter, endowed with so much Modesty and Prudence as Miss *Juliet* was ; and with Regard to his Lady, whom he knew to be worth more than two Millions, he found her Suspicions so extravagant, he should Answer her with that Silence and Contempt she deserved.

About a Month after the Year of our Mourning was out, Madam *de Breville*, who
still

still languished, sent for me one Morning, earlier than ordinary, into her Chamber. After talking of several indifferent Things, said, she plainly foresaw she could not continue long, and hoped, from the Regard I had for her, to have the Consolation to see me married, that she might not have the Uneasiness when she came to die, to think of my being left to myself, with an immense Fortune, the preserving of which is always dangerous and difficult. I answered, with all the Respect and Tenderness of an affectionate Daughter; but, having Reason to suspect, from the Marquis *de Sberling's* constant assiduous Behaviour, she was undoubtedly about to mention him to me; I assured Madam *de Breville*, the Esteem and Regard I always had for him, I should ever retain as long as I lived; but, as to any Thing else, I had taken a Resolution, never to be more than his Friend; that I found in myself a great Repugnancy to Matrimony; and that I apprehended Time would increase, not diminish it; but above all, my late Father bequeathed me, what I prized most, was, his having made me my own Mistress, to dispose of myself as I pleased; and so long as Heaven would graciously vouchsafe to preserve the Life of so tender a Mother, the only Happiness I should covet, would be to live with her; but, if it should be the Will of Providence, to afflict me with the

Loss of her, which I hoped was far off, I believed I should never bear the Name of Wife, and that my Intention was to enjoy Life, without being dependent on a Husband, or any one else.

My Mother appeared astonished at the Stedfastness with which I made her this Answer. She attempted, by all the persuasive Arguments she could possibly invent in such a Case, to make me alter my Sentiments, but observing I seemed so determined in my Resolutions, it would be in vain to return to the Charge, she asked, with her Eyes fixed upon me, if the Aversion I shewed to Matrimony proceeded from an absolute Disgust to all Men in general. This Question having put me to the Blush, she reproached me, that the Obstacle which occasioned my disregarding her Request, was only because I was prepossessed in Favour of a Cadet, who had nothing but his Sword to trust to. She added, it was very extraordinary, after the Kindnesses she had heaped upon me, I should become so ungrateful at last, and overwhelm her with Chagrin, and by that Means shorten the few Days she had to live, protesting, the Contempt with which I refused the Marquis *de Sberling* (her best Friend) who prefer'd me when I had as it were nothing, to very great offers, affected her so sensibly, she did not doubt but this unexpected Stroke would, by her Death, put an

an End to all the Sorrow she had endured for the Loss of the late Marquis *de Breville*.

I was so moved at these Reproaches, and the Idea of that approaching Dissolution my Mother caused me to apprehend, the which (if I may be allowed to say so) she laid at my Door, I could not refrain from Tears; however, I was about to justify myself (taking it greatly to Heart, being suspected of shewing a Preference to another, as if I waited only for the Death of my Mother to follow my own Inclinations) when Madam *de Geneval* appeared, who judging by my Tears, and by the apparent Alteration in Madam *de Breville*'s Countenance, we had some private Affair in Debate, and fearing it might be thought imprudent to interrupt us, was going away again; but my Mother recalled her, and said, she had nothing to hide from her, on the contrary, should be glad to make her acquainted with the Subject of our Dispute, hoping when she knew the Equity and Agreeableness of her Proposition, she would assist in endeavouring to bring me to Reason, by determining one Point, on which her Tranquillity depended.

After this Madam *de Breville* brought the Dispute again upon the Carpet, adding every Thing she could invent that would give more Weight to her Argument. Madam *de Geneval* paused for a few Moments, and then said, she was so equally attached both
to

to the one and the other, she durst not venture to interfere with her Advice. With Regard to myself, interrupted my Mother, I protest, you can never disoblige me. And I said the same. *Madam de Geneval* was satisfied with these Assurances, and replied to *Madam de Breville*, saying, that Gratitude and Friendship had their Limits; and that they ought not to occasion an everlasting Uneasiness, which would infallibly be the Consequence, if I was constrained to marry a Man, for whom I had not the least Inclination. She made her sensible on this Occasion (without giving the least Hint of her having been informed, *Madam de Breville* was dragged to the Altar against her Will, when she married *M. de St. Preuil*) what a Foundation a Mother lays for her Daughter's Misery, when she forces her to marry contrary to her Inclination. If blind Fortune had been a Niggard to Miss your Daughter, and reduced her to the cruel Necessity of a scanty Subsistence, I would have been the first to have advised you (notwithstanding my great Friendship for her) obliging her to marry the Husband you proposed; but, the Situation she is in absolutely alters the Case. I think it would be making her miserable, and doing an ill Thing, for the Sake of doing it; since I don't find there is any Necessity obliges you to force her upon a Husband she cannot love. With
Respect

Respect to your Motives of Gratitude to the Marquis *de Sberling*, I don't apprehend them strong enough to make you sacrifice a Daughter, who is so tenderly attached to you, and whom you yourself love with so much Goodness. I am certain, the Marquis will behave like a Man of Honour; and verily believe, when he comes to be satisfied of Miss's Aversion for him, he will undoubtedly be the first to desire you not to constrain her; I know he is too delicate, to insist upon so important a Sacrifice, or make a young Lady he seemingly has such a Passion for, so very miserable.

Just as Madam *de Geneval* finished these Words, the Marquis *de Sberling* enter'd. He judg'd by the Traces my Tears had left, there must be some Cause for my shedding them. He ask'd me, if the Interest he had in every Thing which concern'd me would not plead an Excuse for his earnest Desire to know, if he was not the unhappy Cause of that Chagrin with which he saw me overwhelmed. My Mother answer'd, I was very simple to take the Thing so to Heart; that I imagin'd she was angry, having only explain'd herself very freely in an Affair she had propos'd to me. But, as she did it meerly out of Friendship, I ought to do her the Justice to believe she lov'd me too well to make me uneasy; and she was determin'd to talk to me no more about it.

My

My Mother could not have taken a more artful Method to let the Marquis *de Sberling* know he must think no more of me. I found out since, he had so often pressed to have an End of this Affair, she was at last prevailed upon to send for me, promising to acquaint the Marquis with the Hour, when they had agreed he should come, as it were by Accident, and endeavour to bring me to a final Determination, in Case I remained doubtful, or would not explain myself in his Favour.

He comprehended perfectly well, by what Madam *de Breville* said, the Result of our Conference——The Presence of Madam *de Geneval* restrained him from complaining, and it may be from reproaching me; however, as this Conversation had agitated my Mother, who decayed from Day to Day, she found herself so very weak, it was necessary for her to have immediate Relief. The Marquis judged, by the Fright he saw me in, that I was not in a proper Humour to hear his Complaints; as soon, therefore, as he had testified his great Concern to see my Mother in that Disorder, he made a profound Reverence and retired.

I conceived great Hopes, I should be delivered from the Plague of this Man's pressing Intreaties for the future; but the fatal Passion he was possessed with had taken too strong an Empire over his Heart; and because my
Dislike

Dislike (which he could no longer doubt) made him weary of so much unprofitable Pains, he betook himself to the old Method of soliciting *Madam de Breville*, and pestering me with Sighs, and Protestations. My Mother, whose Condition grew worse every Day, had not Strength enough to sustain her first Resolutions, that he soon got the better of her Understanding so much (which he began to discover from her Weakness) he engaged her to talk to me again. I was extremely afflicted when I found she was altered with Regard to me. Though I sighed, threw myself at her Feet, reminded her of her Promise before *Madam de Geneva*! not to force me, she gave me to understand with a Resolution, which in her languishing Condition it was with Pain she could support, that she absolutely insisted upon my marrying the *Marquis de Sberling*; that she knew my Interest better than I did myself; that she had certain Intelligence, the Ministry, under Pretence the great Riches I should be possessed of after her Death, might be in Danger of falling into bad Hands, only waited her Demise, and that Moment would take and put me into a Convent, and by the King's Order appoint me a Guardian till I came of Age, and that I should never come out, unless I would consent to marry the Person he should give me with his own Hand; that the only Way to avoid this Perplexity,

Perplexity, would be to marry with a Man of Quality like the Marquis *de Sberling*; she was therefore unalterably determined, and nothing in this World could possibly make her change; if I was so obstinate as not to submit to such substantial Reasons, she should be obliged to let me know she was my Mother, and would be obeyed.

The first Proof she gave me of the absolute Authority she intended for the future to exercise over me, was, forbidding me ever seeing Madam *de Geneval* again, whose dangerous Advice she supposed had poisoned my Mind. I was terrified at so rigorous a Command, which made me sensible of the great Alteration in my Mother, and I trembled at the Apprehension of more fatal Consequences.

I observed, *Blondel* and my Mother's Woman were of her Party. As I went out of her Apartment drowned in Tears, they both came and exhorted me to submit to the Will of Madam *de Breville*, without which, they told me, I was going to prepare myself a great deal of Chagrin; adding, they reckoned the Cause I should have, one Day or other, of reproaching myself with her Death, would be none of the least. I judged, from this Sort of Discourse, they were become my Mother's Confidants, and perhaps the Marquis *de Sberling's* Agents into the Bargain. I retired to my own Room,
over-

overwhelmed with these Reflections, and threw myself into an Easy-chair, crying as if I was distracted, and sobbing most bitterly. *Juliet*, who had a tender Love for me, was frightened at the Condition she saw me in; she asked me the Cause, mingling her Tears with mine. Ever since I intrusted her with my Sentiments for dear *Beauval* (of whom I shall speak again, by-and-by, which I could not till now, on Account of the Troubles I have been obliged to relate) I had nothing to conceal from this amiable Girl — I told her the last Conversation with my Mother, not forgetting the Charge she gave me, never more to hold any Correspondence with poor *Madam de Geneval*, against whom she was greatly prejudiced; nor did I forget *Blondel's* and the waiting Woman's Remonstrances. After *Juliet* had heard me out, she said to me, shaking her Head, there must be some Mystery in all this; it was not possible my Lady could be so prodigiously changed in respect to me, without her Mind's being infected by some bad Counsel. Instead of afflicting myself, as I did, which would only hurt my Health, I ought to send for my Brother *St. Clair*, who loved me tenderly, and was my Lady's Favourite, and inform him of all these Things; but luckily he was still in the House; with Regard to the not seeing *Madam de Geneval*, it was her Advice, not to pay

pay a punctual Obedience to that Command, because I might get Intelligence, as well as much good Counsel, from one of her Experience: In short, instead of suffering myself to be cast down, or tamely submitting, I had better inform *Beauval* what they were contriving to destroy my Repose——It was natural to imagine, he, who undoubtedly had so violent a Passion for me, would find Means to counterplot all the Batteries of his Rival.

As this is a favourable Opportunity to mention my Lover, I shall take the Liberty to do it, that I may not be obliged to break off from more important Facts. The Sickness and Death of my late Father put a Stop to his Visits entirely, and deprived him of every Opportunity of seeing or speaking to me. In the next House, which was hired as I before mentioned, was a Chapel, where my Mother determined to have Mass said, because her Health would not permit her going to Church; consequently he had no Opportunity of seeing me, the Doors being shut against every Body but my Brothers, &c. These Obstacles, far from discouraging him, only served to inflame him the more: He made it his Business to cultivate an Acquaintance with *Madam de Geneval*, whom he had seen at our House, and knew I had a Friendship for her. She promising her Assistance, which she performed very punctually.

ally. There was not a Day passed she did not extol his Love and Constancy. I was too favourably disposed towards *Beauval* to disapprove these Marks of his Fidelity; nor did I object to our amiable Confident's telling him from me, I was not angry that he continued to love me. This poor Lad, as *Madam de Geneval* assured me, was so transported upon being told it, he threw himself about her Knees, intreating her to repeat it again and again, protesting, the Hopes of pleasing me was his supremest Felicity.

Nevertheless, besides these Exaggerations, very common to Lovers, naturally tender and delicate, he was contriving how to send me a more particular Account of himself, in Hopes of obtaining a more positive one about me. The more we love, the less moderate we are in our Desires—Whatever his Project was, he durst not open himself to *Madam de Geneval*, fearful of disobliging her, if he should desire her to deliver a Letter for him; it would certainly have been a merry Proposal to a Woman of Quality, the Widow of a general Officer; and yet, upon second Thoughts, I don't know if he might not have succeeded—She was the best Sort of Woman in the World; without Vanity, and took a Pleasure in obliging. 'Tis true, her middling Fortune had altered her much; for, I have been told, she was not the same in her Husband's Life-Time, who

who supported her in a grand Manner; that she had not, in those Days, her Equal for Haughtiness.

The first Project which enter'd the Chevalier's Head was, to engage my Musick-master (who became his as soon as he returned to *Paris*) to deliver me a Letter: Though I took no Lessons from *Beimolet* since the Death of the Marquis *de Breuille*, he was allowed to call upon us from Time to Time, and we treated him like one of the Family. When I told *Beauval* of this Master, I recommended him in an extraordinary Manner, and related particularly the ridiculous Part of him, which made my Lover over-act his Politeness so far, he never spoke to him, but as to a Person of Distinction——What shall I say? He was more simple than *Beimolet*; he never received him, but he opened both the folding Doors of his Apartment, and presented him with an Easy-chair. This particular Behaviour so enchanted the Master, that he seemed so entirely devoted to him, he doubted not being assisted by him in his Amour. But he was far from foreseeing how he would return this Confidence; for he no sooner declared to him the Regard he had for me (as to a sincere Friend he could depend upon, and for whom he could in the like Case perform the same Piece of Friendship) than *Beimolet* began to sigh. The Chevalier,
surprized

surprized at his Silence, pressed him to speak — You know, said *Beimolet* at last, the Laws of Honour between People of our Condition, and how shameful it is for a Man of Gallantry to want Discretion ; so say nothing farther, this is more than sufficient to plead my Excuse ; the only Thing I can do, is to advise you to drop your Pursuit, for it will absolutely be in vain ; I dare engage my Life on it, she will never love you.

At the Close of this Answer, the Chevalier (as he has since told me) was Thunder-struck ; it made so strong an Impression upon him, he at that Time entirely forgot what he had been told of our Musick-master's ridiculous Behaviour. Trembling to think of a preferable Rival, which he doubted not in the least, because of *Beimolet's* frequent Visits to our House, he became quite foolish, and was very near throwing himself upon his Knees to beg a more clear Explanation. However, he continued such pressing Intreaties, the Singing-master could no longer resist them ; and, at last, upon a Promise on his Word and Honour not to reveal it, told him, that without any Advances on his Part, I loved him, which he had perceived a long Time ; but in Spite of the Languishing of my bright Eyes, he knew how to resist them, because there was nothing in this World could make him wanting in his Fidelity to the divine Mistress
he

he adored. These Words brought poor *Beauval* to Life again, for he now apprehended his Error. Notwithstanding his having been so terrified, he could hardly forbear laughing in *Beimolet's* Face, and heartily repented his addressing himself in such a Manner to a Man that was mad, who concluded with saying, since Matters were as he had just represented, hoped *Beauval* would make a right Use of his good Advice, and never think of me more.

After considering awhile about some better Expedient to accomplish his Design, he recollected he had heard me say, I loved very much to read most of the new Pieces which come out so frequently at *Paris*. Upon this he formed a Scheme, which was, to buy at *Prault's*, an ingenious Romance published but the Evening before. He artfully took off the Cover himself, and placed a Letter as in a Port Folia, and after packing it up in the neatest Manner possible, sent it by one of his own Servants, who said, when he came to our Door, he was the Book-seller's Boy. This Stratagem succeeded to his Wish. Having a great deal of leisure Time, for we saw but very few Friends, I did not omit the same Day after Dinner taking up the Romance. In the third Page, between two Lines, I found these Words wrote; take off the Cover, and you will find the Key to the Book. I suspected not
a Secret

a Secret in any Shape, but very honestly thought this Addition came from the Author or Publisher—Upon this Hint, I searched for the Key in Question, and had no sooner unfolded the Paper, but I unriddled the Ænigma, and found a Billet in these Terms.

B I L L E T.

“ PERMIT me, Madam, by some
“ Means to see you, or I shall sink
“ under the Pain I have endured for so long
“ an Absence—I cannot enjoy one Mo-
“ ment’s Tranquillity. Was it not for the
“ Goodness of the Lady your Friend, who
“ suffers me every Day to pour forth my
“ Complaints to her, I don’t know what
“ would become of me; but, in Spite of
“ all the Consolation she endeavours to af-
“ ford me, I must die if I am any longer
“ deprived the Sight of you. It is Respect
“ alone has hitherto restrained me, for there
“ is nothing I would not sacrifice to con-
“ vince you, that of all the Lovers your
“ Charms have laid sighing at your Feet,
“ there never will be found one who loves
“ you with more Delicacy and Submission
“ than——”.

As I now no longer hid any Thing from Juliet, I naturally made her acquainted with this Adventure—I owned to her, I was

not insensible of his constant Endeavours to please me, and would, the first convenient Opportunity, communicate it to Madam *de Geneval*; she will transport the Chevalier, when she discloses my Sentiments with regard to him.

After she had given him Time, at his next Visit, to express how ravishingly transporting this News was, she reproached him for his little Confidence in her on this Occasion, and said, she should have taken a great deal of Pleasure in preventing him all that Trouble in conveying his Letters, as she knew it would not displease me, and the Intentions of his Love were lawful. I will leave you to guess at the Liveliness of the Chevalier's Acknowledgments—— To make short of my Story, he accepted of her Offers, and by that Means I heard from him every Day.

However, notwithstanding all his Intreaties to give him a Meeting at her House, or at least make him so happy as to answer his Letters, it was above a Year before I came to any Resolution. A violent Disorder, which he assured me was occasioned by my Severity, moved me. One Day, when Madam *de Geneval* pressed me more than usual, I promised (without making any other Sort of Answer) that I would drink Coffee with her the next Day. I imagined she would contrive to have the Chevalier there, however

however indisposed, and I chose rather to meet him, than give him any Testimony of my Sentiments under my own Hand, which I did not disown were prepossessed in his Favour.

It happened according to my Expectation — When I came to Madam de Geneval's the next Day, I found Beauval there, who, because he would not lose a Moment of the long-desired Pleasure, had been waiting above an Hour. The Moment I appeared, and the Door shut, he threw himself at my Feet, and so eager was he to declare his Joy, that he wanted Utterance to express it. This eloquent Distress, made a stronger Impression upon my feeble Heart, than the most studied Oratory. But that which chiefly moved my Compassion, was the great Alteration I remarked in his Countenance; he no longer retained that florid round Visage, which might vie in freshness with the most beautiful Woman; I found him emaciated, thin, pale, and so weak, it would pity one to see him in this Condition, so thoroughly convinced me how great his Passion was, I did not think of withdrawing one of my Hands from him, on which he was imprinting most warm and amorous Kisses. But, whether the Violence of his Transport, was carried to too great an Excess, or his being too weak to venture out so soon; in endeavouring to rise, he fell down, and lay

Senseless. I had till now preserved so much Decorum in my Behaviour, *Madam de Geneval* could not perceive me Guilty of any particular Fondness. But the Sight of a Lover whom I at first imagined Breathless at my Feet, soon made me sensible how dear he was to me. I disclosed it, in the tenderest Complaints, and bitterest Tears, reproaching myself with being the Death of a Man who deserved so much to be beloved.

My good Friend thought better; she did not Despair, but went and bolted the Door, lest we should be surprized; and, by the Help of a little Cordial Water, she found upon her Toilette, soon recovered poor *Beauval* to his Senses. I felt so much Joy at seeing him open his Eyes, I never pretended to disguise it. The tender Concern I shewed upon the Chevalier's Recovery from his fainting Fit, was so convincing a Proof I had no Dislike to him, he would have thrown himself again at my Feet, but I prevented him, for Fear of his relapsing into the Disorder he had but just recovered. However, I don't know how Things were ordered; certain it is, as I was stooping to prevent him, our Heads met together in such a Manner, he stole a Kiss without my being able to hinder it.

The Colour which came into my Face, gave a Handle for *Madam de Geneval*, to joke me upon this Adventure; and *Beauval* was

was too amorous, not to make an Advantage of this favourable Opportunity. He addressed me in Words, so delicate, tender, and passionate, and painted in such moving Strokes, all he had suffered by so long an Absence, that he drew from me an Acknowledgment of my Love, and a Promise to meet him, as often as I could conveniently withdraw, from the Constraint my Mother's Condition laid me under, who would hardly suffer me to be a Moment from her. He was too reasonable and too submissive to insist upon more; though he made Use of these Advantages to procure my Promise of answering his Letters. I was then in a Disposition for promising, and could not refuse him so slight a Favour, after having granted him much more important. For, my Princess, I did not reckon them small ones, to come without my Mother's Knowledge to Madam de Geneval's, where I knew I should meet him; to make a Declaration of my Sentiments, and a Promise to see him as often as I could have an Opportunity.

Since that Day I never dissembled with him the Passion he had inspired me with. If his Letters were passionate, mine were no less so. It is the first Step that is most irksome to a young Woman, let her be ever so well brought up. The only Difference a better Sort of Education occasions, is, when a young Lady begins to love, she dissembles

it longer——I was not only punctual in my Answers to *Beauval*, but I met him at *Madam de Geneval's*, as often as I could find an Opportunity, without running any Risk, on Account of my Mother, or my Reputation.

Thus our Affairs stood when *Madam de Breville* commanded me to regard the *Marquis de Sherling* as one, who would very soon be my Husband, and forbid me seeing *Madam de Geneval* any more. The Advice which *Juliet* gave me was, in my own Opinion, what I ought solely to follow, considering the critical Situation I found myself in. I wrote three short Letters therefore at the same Time, to *Madam de Geneval*, to *St. Clair*, and to *Beauval*. I appointed to each of them a particular Hour when to see them; for my Brother, in the Evening; and I observed to my good Friend, I would be with her before Seven in the Morning, because my Mother got no rest in the Night, and began to slumber about Day-light. My design was, instead of going to Bed, according to Custom, repairing to my Friend's; for, supposing *Madam de Breville* should wake, it would be quite natural, if she found me not near her, to imagine I was in Bed, especially after so much watching, though it is very true, she would often have dispensed with those Proofs of my Affection.

Juliet

Juliet took the Charge of my Letters upon herself, not caring to trust the Delivery of them to any one else. As soon as she was gone, I plunged myself into the most dismal Reflections. I recollected those Reasons my Mother had alledged, which made me apprehend a more tyrannical Dependence if I disobeyed her; since the Question was, not only the constraining my Inclination, by obliging me to marry with a Stranger, but the shutting me up in a Cloister till I came of Age. It is certain, I should not have a long Time to remain there, was I to have the Misfortune of losing my Mother immediately, as I was entering into my twenty-fifth Year, but, that Liberty my Age would have procured, must have been purchased very dear, according to what I had been told. However great my Dislike to a Convent, I would much rather have remained there all my Life, than suffer myself to be joined for ever, to a Man whom I could not love. There was another Thing—— although I had a great Liking for *Beauval* it did not diminish my Aversion for Matrimony; this Sentiment was far from being lessened by my Tenderness, my Repugnance was grown stronger. My Notion was this; that the Sacrament of Marriage, instead of compleating the Happiness of two Lovers perfectly united, it terminates the Sweets of a mutual Passion; a thousand Examples of

People who boasted a reciprocal Love before they were joined together, proved to me, the Title of Spouse was a Misfortune to them—Many a Couple have been separated for bad Behaviour on both Sides; one complains, an unworthy Rival, has gained the Heart of her Husband, and the Fortune she brought serves to enrich his Mistress; another had hardly pronounced the fatal Yes, but the good Qualities which determin'd her to marry disappear, to make Way for gross and shameful Vices; this complains, her Husband plays away all she had, and she is on the Brinks of being ruined; that pines away, because her Husband lives in Drunkenness and Debauchery — Another's, passes whole Years and never cohabits with her, and if she shews the least Appearance of Resentment, she is tormented with his Reproaches and Ill-humour. In short, turn my Eyes which Way I would, I beheld nothing but unfortunate married Women; instead of which, when I look upon those Females, who have been so prudent to prefer Celibacy to Matrimony, I see nothing but Ease, Freedom, Independency, and perfect Happiness. Instead of lessening the Number of those who pay their Court to them, it daily increases—As to the few that are in a Condition, by an easy Fortune, to lead this agreeable Life, nothing is talked of but their Happiness.

The

The Return of *Juliet* interrupted these moral Reflections——She told me, *Madam de Geneval* appeared extremely surprized, when she found by my Letter my Mother's Disposition with Regard to her, and was afraid the frequent Visits *M. Beauval* made her had got Wind; that the Marquis *de Sberling* came in one Day, as he was going away; his jealousy no doubt prompted him to enquire about it; that she would immediately endeavour to find out the Bottom of this Business, and talk with me the next Day more particularly concerning it.

The Chevalier (to whom I made no Mention of what had passed, for Fear the Violence of his Resentment might endanger my Reputation's being called in Question) thanked me, with his usual Transports, and promised to be punctual at the Rendezvous.

As for my Brother, he dispatched *Juliet* back again, telling her, he was preparing to prove his Friendship, and could not think of waiting till the Time I had appointed; but, on Pretence of coming to enquire after my Mother, he would be with me directly in my own Apartment. However sensible I was of his eager desire to serve me, I was not pleased at his coming before the Time I had appointed. My Intention for advertising him not to come till the Evening, was, to consult *Madam de Geneval* before Hand how far I ought to trust him; but I

was wrong to use any Precaution with *St. Clair*. The Event proved, that nothing could happen more luckily for me, in my unhappy Situation, than his coming before I saw *Madam de Geneval*, which will plainly appear by-and-by——My Brother entered immediately after *Juliet*——I suspect, said he, as he was entering, the Reason has induced you to request my Assistance and Advice——The Marquis *de Sberling* would absolutely marry you, you positively refuse to have him, because *Beauval* runs more in your Head, and you like him better; my Mother too distracts you——Have you any Thing more to say? Alas! replied I, unable to refrain from Tears, behold, that is the true State of my Case; my dear Brother, I cannot dissemble, and if you don't relieve me in my present Distress, I must sink under the Weight of it; I can't bear to think of espousing the Marquis; the more he importunes me with his Love, the more averse I am to his Intreaties——It is in vain for *Madam de Breville* to think of forcing me to this Sacrifice; it will destroy my Repose, and my Life. I know the Duty I owe her, but I cannot consent to be miserable the rest of my Days. Very well; this is what they call a fair Explanation of the Matter, continued he; but, if I undertake to meddle in your little Affairs (which I don't think are yet quite so desperate as you imagine) you

you must, my dear little Sister, promise me two Things; the first is, to dry up your Tears, which you may reserve for another Occasion; and the other is, to talk freely with me about *Beauval*, and be not afraid of harping upon that String, for your own Sake — I protest to you frankly, of the two, I prefer *Beauval* to *Sherling*, for a Brother-in-Law; the latter is certainly a Man to be esteemed, but he acts the Papa too much, and loves to lecture, which we young People don't like; as a Friend, I prefer him to all Men; he is solid, a good Adviser, which he takes Pleasure in upon all Occasions; in short, I revere him much. *Beauval* is a very good lad, and does not presume upon his Quality or Merit, though no Ways inferior to his Rival in either; he is all Heart; we have been always intimate Companions, and, if he had not shewn quite so much Discretion towards me, I should have been better satisfied with him, though, when I come to consider, he acted as I should have done in the like Circumstances, and I must not take it unkindly of him. But, yet, my amiable Sister, this is not all, continued *St. Clair*, in the same Strain; I am proud to assure you, if any Injustice requires the Service you expect from me, nothing shall prevent my taking as much Pains about whatever touches your Heart, as if it personally regarded myself; because, I love you as well as I do myself, and shall never forget so long as I live, that you have a

right to require it, for a singular Piece of Service, which nothing in this World can ever balance. After what I have said, I think you may venture to speak without Fear or Reserve; and I promise you, likewise, not to go to *Malta* till I have restored your Peace. I threw myself about the Neck of that dear Brother, to shew, by the tenderest Embraces, how much I was affected with such valuable Friendship, and then disclosed to him very sincerely, all the Secrets of my Heart. I adore that *Geneval*, replied he (when I had finished my Story, in which *Beauval* bore a large Part) she is a Jewel of a Woman; it is to be wished, for the Sake of such unfortunate young People as we are, that there were a thousand Madam *de Genevals*——But let us see, continued he, a little more seriously, in what Manner we must contrive, to drive away *Sherling*, whom you hate, and secure *Beauval*, whom you like. Let alone the latter, said I, interrupting him, he is out of the Question. How! reply'd *St. Clair*, what! does the Chevalier say nothing about Matrimony? Good Lord! said I, with some Impatience, he only talks too much of it, but I am in no hurry——Oh, but for why, pray now, would you defer the Consummation of your Love? Have ye not, both the one and the other, a View of crowning all your Troubles with those happy Hymenæan Joys? Brother, I only

only answer for myself, continued I, and repeat it to you again, I have not as yet any Idea of the Matter; and while you are labouring for my Repose, trouble not your Head about that. Very well then, 'tis agreed, cried my Brother, bursting into a violent Laugh; but you charm me, to think of putting off your Marriage, till all your Beauty's gone, and then nobody will care to be troubled with you. After many Jokes of this Sort, my Brother began to explain himself in good Earnest. I don't think it adviseable, said he, to attempt persuading my Mother to alter her Intentions; it would only make her hasten her Resolutions. I believe the surest Method will be, to dissemble with her, and by that Means gain Time. I really wish *Madam de Breville* may live long, but I dare venture a Wager, she will not continue a Twelve-month—The prodigious Change I see in her makes me tremble, and forewarns me of it; but that which leaves me no Room to doubt, is, that her Spirits are sunk, within these three Months, to such a Degree as I never knew; the Machine is decaying every Day. If, through the Malignity of your unlucky Stars, they should determine on a certain Day for this Wedding you so much dread, the best Contrivance, will be to feign yourself sick, and keep confined to your Chamber; I have the Physician at my Disposal, and will dictate

tate to him what he shall say upon the Oc-
casion; it is not probable they will tear you
out of your Bed to drag you to the Altar;
in such a Case, the whole Family would
oppose it. With regard to those pretended
Menaces relating to the royal Authority, be
assured, there is no such Tyranny known in
France; there could not be the least Room
for it, unless the Riches the Marquis de Bre-
ville amassed had been fraudulently acquired,
which they certainly were not; the World
does him that Justice. Or, if you was a
good Huguenotte, your Family might ap-
point you a Guardian during your Minority;
this is the most disagreeable Thing that
could happen, and the Misfortune would
not be very great; but, as to the Cloister,
and so forth, it is meerly in *Terrorem*, and
I only wonder you should regard it at all.

Nevertheless, as every Thing which con-
cerns you is to me of too great Consequence
to depend entirely upon my own Judgment,
I will this Night consult with your Lover's
Cousin, the Comte de Villefarel, about it;
he has all these Things at his Fingers Ends;
and you may rely very safely on his Decision.
After these last Words, my amiable Brother
rose up, said some simple Things to my
Woman, who was a Favourite with him,
and prepared himself to visit my Mother,
in Case she saw Company. I returned him
my Thanks, proportioned to the Tranquil-
lity

lity he had restored me. Don't in the least, added he, as he was leaving my Room, put on any more shy Looks when you see the Marquis; on the contrary, treat him with great Regard, should he have any mighty Project in his Head, that will be sufficient to retard the Execution, in Hopes of bringing you over by little and little to his Purpose; but if he says any Thing about *Beauval*, deny it all Point-blank, no indiscreet Blushing, but a good deal of Assurance; in short, you are no longer an Infant; it is your Business to lead the Men by the Nose, and not be a Dupe to their Excuses.

About two Hours after *St. Clair* left my Mother, the Marquis *de Sberling* came—— I followed the Advice my Brother gave me, and received him very civilly. I observed he appeared surprized; however he behaved politely, without making the least Mention of his Love in any Shape. I, in my Turn, was greatly astonished at so extraordinary a Change, especially after my late Behaviour to him. Shall I be so happy, said I to myself, to have him reject me? This Idea, made me assume a more open, and a freer Air than I had ever done before. *Madam de Breville* perceived it, and told me, she was very glad to see that Ease in my Countenance; it was a Sign I was become more reasonable, and she should remind me of it sooner than I expected. But, when they told

told us two Notaries were come, I turned pale, and was alarm'd again. I knew *Madam de Breville* had made her Will, and therefore suspected it was about the Marriage Contract. I did not in the least doubt it, when my Mother called me to her, and said, she had Business would take her up some Time, and ordered me to my Room till she should send for me. *St. Clair* did very finely in advising me to keep a steady Countenance. I was greatly disturbed, and I question not but all the World saw it. The first Thing I thought on, as soon as I got into my Chamber, was, to write to *St. Clair*, and inform him what I had just Reason to suspect, begging him to advise me how to behave, should they insist upon my signing the Deeds. Unfortunately for me, *Juliet*, who had undertaken this Commission again, could not find my Brother; she therefore spoke to his Valet de Chambre, to deliver the Letter, assuring him it was of the utmost Consequence, and must be given to his Master as expeditiously as possible.

She was no sooner returned, but *Blondel* came to inform me, I must wait upon my Mother. I was more dead than alive at this Message. You seem disturbed, said this Domestic, with a Sneer; go, Miss! there's happy News preparing for you, and, upon my Faith, I don't know a Woman in *Paris*, except about four, but will envy the Station
you

you are likely soon to enjoy. A Sigh was all the Answer I made to this fine Speech, which I greatly disliked, because it made me plainly apprehend, what I before had but too justly feared. I found Madam *de Breville* alone with a Paper in her Hand, and many more spread around her. Come near me, Child, said she, that I may communicate the Disposition I have made for the Security of your Happiness; she then, without giving me Time to reply, read a Copy of my Marriage Settlement. When she had finished, you see, said she, I have not only left you all I am worth, but have taken such Measures as will oblige the Marquis *de Sberling* always to behave well to you; the Disposition of your Fortune is too particular for him ever to dissipate it. Thus ought all Mothers to behave, which would make Divorces less fashionable than they are now-a-days. I kept a profound Silence, which Madam *de Breville* remarking, she turned her Eyes upon me, and asked, if there were any Thing in the Deeds she had now read over that I did not approve. The Fear of provoking her, as I had done before, and the Advice of my younger Brother, withheld me; and, on the other Hand, this Conduct made me tremble, for Fear I should engage myself too far. I respect you too much, replied I, at last, not to approve of every Thing you think convenient to regulate,

late, with regard to me, and shall never consult any Thing but my Obedience. Oh! you take the wisest Way, interrupted my Mother, leaning forwards to embrace me; you will see, in the End, I have only had your Happiness in View. Alas! according to the grievous Condition I find myself in, which perhaps will allow me but few Days to live, you ought certainly to rely upon my Word, and be assured I would not deceive you.

Such Discourse, on any other Occasion, would infallibly have melted me into Tears; but I was too much piqued at being disposed of against my Consent, to be the least moved with it, I therefore held my Tongue again a second Time; and, when my Mother obliged me to break Silence, I told her, that I found myself very much indisposed, and only for Fear of displeasing her, or I should have retired sooner. This is a sudden Fit of Vapours, Miss, cried my Mother, looking stedfastly upon me; does it not proceed from a Relapse? If that's the Case, Child, the best Counsel I can give you, is, that I don't perceive it at all——Hold yourself in Readiness to sign the Marriage Articles Tomorrow after Dinner; do your Endeavour to receive the Marquis kindly, as also his Relations, who will attend him, and stay to Supper; they have consented, in Consideration of my languishing Condition, to

abridge

abridge the Ceremony ; you are to be married in my Chapel at Twelve o'Clock the same Night ; I have engaged for your good Behaviour, and I expect you make good my Engagement. It required all my Resolution to prevent my clamouring at these terrible Words ; however, I did forbear. I reflected within myself, it was happy for me I was forewarned ; by which Means I should gain Time to take my Measures accordingly. I depended upon my Brother ; and, at all Events, let what would happen, was resolved to throw myself into a Convent, rather than be married by Force. *Blondel* informed us an Ecclesiastic was come, which fortunately released me, for I found myself greatly perplexed to support a Conversation where I played so disagreeable a Part. He held a Paper in his Hand which he gave to *Madam de Breville* ; I well observed, she squeezed his Hand, as if she would give him to understand, not to disclose his Errand while any one was in the Room. I rose, made my Reverence and retired, by which Means I prevented the Orders I should have had to quit the Room.

I was no sooner in my own Apartment, but I fell a crying, and making a thousand Reflections on the Absurdness of my Situation. *Juliet*, who was never wanting, whenever she saw me afflicted, to assuage my Grief, came, according to custom, to console me.

me. Cease your Endeavours to soften my Pain, said I, my Situation is become so critical, we must think of acting, not of talking; they will have me married in two Days, the Contract is already drawn, and to be signed To-morrow, and t'will be very difficult to guard me from that Misfortune. However, I am determin'd what to do, if my Brother cannot prevent it. I know your Zeal, and that you will perform your Part in all my Schemes, I have not the least doubt. And that we may be prepared, do you get two Portmanteaus ready, and pack up my most valuable Things, and send them to my Brother's, to whom I shall impart my Design; in a Word, I am resolv'd to throw myself into a Convent, and remain there all my Days, rather than marry a Man I cannot love, and be the Death of a Lover, so worthy to be beloved as mine.

Juliet approved my Project, and was far from raising any Doubts or Difficulties about it; she thought it the best Method I could pursue in my present Situation; and added, that nothing in this World was capable of making her abandon her dear Mistress. These Marks of her Zeal softened my Chagrin. To have a Person of this Character, about us, helps to calm all our Resentments, and by partaking of our Troubles, seems to lessen the Weight of them.

Being

Being absolutely determined on the Scheme I before-mentioned, we began to make the proper Dispositions for our Flight, when somebody rapped very smartly at my Door. I trembled for Fear my Mother should have made some fresh Reflections, and was desirous of hastening the Misery I dreaded; but when my Woman opened it, how great was my Joy, to see *St. Clair* enter, along with the *Comte de Villefarel*! I could hardly allow them Time to sit down before I communicated to them my Mother's last Resolutions, and with what Eagerness she pressed my Marriage. At first they both seem'd greatly astonished, but the *Comte de Villefarel*, after considering for a Minute or two, said he had contrived a Way effectually to prevent the Celebration of it; that I must dissemble with my Mother to the very last, and even sign the Contract if she insisted upon it, and the rest of the Affair should be his; that he would not have my Brothers meddle at all in the Business, to prevent any Quarrel or Dispute with my Mother, or the *Marquis de Sberling*. He added, he was going to send by an Attorney's Clerk, a Deed for me to Sign, and advised me to be particularly careful, not to take any Step that would create the least Suspicion of my Design; that my Intention for the Convent would have a bad Effect in the Eye of the World, especially as my Mother was in so dangerous

dangerous a Way ; it would be a Handle for every Body to blame me ; and, should she die, they would naturally say, I was the Cause of it ; since it was the general Opinion she could not live above three Months.

After this Discourse, which was spoke with a decisive Air, coming from a Man of Quality, well versed in the Laws of his Country, the Comte retired, who said, while he was embracing me, he was more nearly interested in this Affair than I imagined, and should act in it, as if it concerned himself. As for *St. Clair*, he joked with me as usual, but in going away, advised me to drop my Visits to *Madam de Geneval*, not doubting but I was watched, and therefore I ought to be very cautious of giving them the least Handle against me, promising to visit her in my Stead, and represent me properly to her.

As soon as *Juliet* and I were left alone together, we endeavour'd all we possibly could to penetrate into the Means the Comte *de Villefarel* would put in Practice, to stop a Marriage so far advanced ; but were unable to devise how it could be. At first, I fancied he intended to talk very roundly to the *Marquis de Sberling* ; but when I recollected he had positively said, *Mess. de St. Preuil* ought not to have any Dispute with him, I found myself Mistaken, and it must be some other Scheme.

My

My Mother sending for me, I was obliged to attend her. But I told *Juliet*, before I went, if the Person I expected from the Comte de *Villefarel* should happen to come, she must contrive some Pretence to call me out. Depending entirely on her Zeal, I repaired to Madam de *Breville*, who shewed me the Jewels she intended for me, which were beyond Compare. My Mind being much more at Ease, I could discourse more freely with her, which I perceived made her not a little pleased with me. In the Course of our Conversation, she asked, if I had ever been to see Madam de *Geneval* since she forbid me? Having assured her, I respected her too much not to be attentive to the least of her Commands; she replied, I did very well; that she had been a Dupe, as well as me, to the affected wheedling Ways of that Woman; but she was informed, from good Hands, it was not creditable to have an Intimacy with her; that she often busied herself in Matters inconsistent with the Character of a Woman of Quality; that her Correspondence was inconvenient, being greatly in Debt, and living beyond her Income; that she had incessant Wants to provide for; in a Word, she forgave her very freely the three or four hundred Louis d'Ors she had lent her, in Consideration of the obliging Manner she had behaved towards us during our Abode at her House; but in short, she was

was tired of being a milched Cow; and that, joined to many other Reasons, had determin'd my Mother never to have any Thing to say to her more.

Part of what *Madam de Breville* said of *Madam de Geneval*, I believed to be perfectly true, from my own Experience; for she happened to find me alone one Day, when my dear Father had made me a Present of a very fine Japan Box with two Purfes, which contained five-hundred Guineas each; I observed her fetch a deep Sigh, which made me imagine the Sight of my Cash was the Cause, as it might possibly put her in Mind of her own narrow Circumstances, which I was not ignorant of. But following me into my Chamber (where I locked up the *Marquis de Breville's* Present) on Pretence of keeping me Company, she very artfully gave me to understand the Obligations every particular Friend was under, on certain Occasions. I at once comprehended her Meaning, and asked very frankly if she believed me so much hers, as to desire she would accept of two-hundred Louis d'Ors, to pay me again whenever she pleased. Though she affected a timorous humble Look, I discovered her Joy, in Spite of the Dissimulation, and was exceeding glad to find I had it in my Power to be of Service to her; and she has therefore been attached to me ever since in such a Manner, I may depend upon every

every Thing in her Power, that can be expected from her Zeal and Gratitude.

I must own, however, there was some little Cause for Suspicion, from that willingness she shewed in offering to be the *Chevalier de Beauval's* Confident, and of Service to his Passion; but, if while we are judging with Severity, those who are not easy in their Fortune, we would make it our own Case, we should see how frightful Indigence is, and what Stratagems People are forced to make Use of, to avoid sinking under it; add to all this, the difficulty People of Condition find to extricate themselves, as it is not possible for them to act out of their Station, nor to do any Thing that will degrade them; such Considerations as these, should make us more cautious in judging others, or at least, not to suffer it to be carried to such Contempt, as is too commonly the Case.

Some little Time after, I had a Conversation to support, which embarrassed me much more than that I just came from with *Madam de Breville*; and this was occasioned by the coming in of the *Marquis de Sberling*. My Mother, whether she really wanted to repose herself, or, as Matters were determined, had a Mind to procure the *Marquis* a Tete-a-Tete with me, she desired he would, without any Ceremony, conduct me into my own Room, because she chose to be alone

the Remainder of the Evening, finding herself indisposed, and wanting Rest. I trembled at this Resolution, fearful the Clerk would come during the Marquis's Visit, and by some Imprudence, discover the Secret, which it was highly important he should be ignorant of.

As I enter'd my Chamber, I gave *Juliet* a Look, to shew her my Embarrassment; she very artfully signified she understood me, and would be upon her Guard. I was now a little more at Ease, and did the Honours of my Apartment with some Sort of Freedom, the better to conceal the Uneasiness the Marquis had occasioned me.

On Pretence of accomodating himself to my Taste, when he should have the Happiness, he said, to be mine, he attempted in the artfullest Manner imaginable to discover what Sort of Life I should chuse to lead after Marriage. It is necessary, when one has to do with artful People, to act with Circumspection, and sometimes to attribute that to Subterfuge, which was seemingly spoke without Design. It is possible, had I been ignorant of this Maxim, I might not have supported the Conversation so ingeniously as I did; for at this Time, far from disclosing my real Sentiments, I put on the Character of one of those Women who live only for their Pleasures. I talked of Balls, Plays, and frequent Assemblies, like a Girl
in

in Love with such Sort of Riots. I magnified the Delights of those charming Suppers, where the Heart and the Mind find so many Allurements; I declared, I thought it a most delicious Thing to live with mutual Independence, giving him to understand, the bare Idea only of a suspicious Husband, was sufficient to carry me to the greatest Excess, in order to make myself some little Amends for the Persecutions of so odious a Monster. The Picture I drew of myself on this Occasion, troubled the Marquis excessively. I shall never be persuaded, replied he, after pausing awhile, that with all the Modesty and Reserve I know you possess to this Hour, you can entertain yourself with the vain Hopes of such false, deceiving Chimeras. I always believed you endowed with a delicate Heart, nor can I yet prevail upon myself to think it capable of changing to such a Degree. What! is it possible, Madam, you can prefer the false Glare of Pleasure to Pleasure itself; like those vain Coquets, who are continually running abroad after such Phantoms, meer Illusions, while you might enjoy at home, that which alone ought to please you. True Love will procure true Happiness, when it is reciprocal. For my own Part, I protest, I think very differently; that in having you, I shall have all the World. The Joy of looking upon you, will appear to me a thousand Times

delightful than all those noisy Dissipations, which the depraved Taste of the Age falsely call Pleasures. In all Places, where-ever you are, I shall think it the Temple of Happiness; and far from desiring to see a Croud at my House, I shall look upon it a troublesome Necessity when ever I am obliged to receive them, my Love being so delicate, any Thing to dissipate or divert it will become to me a Torment, which I shall labour with all my Might to avoid.

What, Sir! interrupted I, affecting an Air of Surprise, I must expect then to live in a State of Slavery as soon as I am yours, since you would before-hand, teach me to renounce every Thing that is most flattering in this World? Even Madam *de Breville*, when she was in a better State of Health, would sometimes give me a Taste of these Pleasures. To what Purpose is it to change my Condition for one that's less happy? But, if you loved me, Ingrate, reply'd the Marquis sharply, you would yourself require what my Love describes, rather to shew its Excellency, than force yourself upon such Pleasures as you seem ignorantly to covet. No, no, you may dissemble as much as you please, all your Actions convince me, if you are mine, it will be with Regret. All that affected Disgust to a Sort of Life, which by the Dictates of Love I just now represented, you would find a thousand Charms in, especially

pecially if pictured by the Hand of a happier Lover than myself.

I did not think it a proper Time to resent these Reproaches, it might have carried me too far, and probably not easily been retracted. I therefore intended to dissemble, when I heard somebody knock at the Fore-door of my Anti-chamber; surprized to the last Degree at *Juliet's* Absence, which I knew must be the Case, as my Dining-room was open, and no one appeared; I rose in a Hurry, not doubting its being the Attorney's Clerk I expected. The Marquis *de Sherling*, whether out of Curiosity, or through the simple Effect of his Politeness only, would absolutely accompany me, do whatever I could to persuade him to stay in my Chamber. I came trembling to the Door, which I endeavour'd to open, but found it double locked. I could not tell what to think of this Precaution; I asked who it was that knocked on the other Side. My Footman answered; a young Man, that refused to tell his Name, and must absolutely speak with me about Business of Consequence. I judged he came from the Comte *de Villefarel*, which threw me into a most horrible Confusion. The Marquis, being very distrustful, certainly imagined it related to some Mystery of Importance to himself, which I doubt not his Jealousy wanted to discover, directed the Footman to look for my Woman (whom

he supposed had heedlessly taken the Key with her) and bid her to come immediately. Whilst the Marquis was questioning the Clerk on the other Side the Door, I recollected a Back-way I had from my Wardrobe to the Stair-head, and, without saying one Word, stept into my Chamber, and fastening the Doors after me, passed through this Back-way, and before my Footman returned found the Clerk, whom the Marquis was still questioning from the Anti-chamber. I pulled him by the Sleeve, and made Signs for him to follow me; as soon as I had got him through the Door of my Wardrobe, I asked for the Deed, signed it, and sent him away directly, telling him, let what would happen, he must be very careful to own nothing, which he promised me with an Oath, a customary Flourish, and more than I required. Presently after, the Marquis imagining the Person gone, who had knocked at the Door, was for returning back to my Room, designing, I doubt not, to tell me what he suspected of this Adventure; having remarked the Agitation I was in too well, not to be made very uneasy by it, as well as the equivocal Answers of the Attorney's Clerk. But, how great was his Surprise, when he found my Dining-room Door fastened against him! he knocked with great Fury to break it open. While I in the mean Time was sending away the Clerk, chusing rather
to

to have the Marquis suspect what he pleased, than suffer him to discover the least Tittle of this Affair.

Immediately after I had extricated myself in the Manner I have now related, *Juliet*, whom my Footman had been to seek for, returned; she found some Difficulty in opening the Door, and the Marquis, whose Jealousy made him quite outrageous, snatch'd the Key out of her Hand, with which he entered, follow'd by my Woman. Without minding the distracted Looks of the Marquis, I asked *Juliet* very smartly, from whence she came, and upbraided her Want of Respect. The poor Girl, who was not blameable on this Occasion, and to whom I never spoke in so harsh a Tone before, answered (unable to refrain from Tears) it was greatly against her Will that she left my Apartment; but she had received three Messages (successively one after another) from *Madam de Breville*, to come to her the Moment after the Marquis enter'd my Room, and that I might judge, from what she had to say, how little she deserved to be so cruelly reproached, which she was more sensible of than any Misfortune that could happen to her.

End of the Sixth Part.

P A R T. VII.

I Was convinced, by *Juliet's* Answer, I had done her Injustice, in talking so sharply, and blamed myself for occasioning her so much Uneasiness. One kind Word however comforted her — I deferred to another Opportunity the explaining several significant Signs she made me, and by which I comprehended she had many Things to tell me. Besides, I was too much perplexed by the various Questions the Marquis *de Sberling* plagued me with, to mind any Thing else. I even neglected putting away the Pen and Ink I signed the Deed with, and there being none upon the Table before the Clerk knocked at the Door, he took it for granted I had been Writing to his Rival, not considering I could have no Time for it. Wearied with his impertinent Curiosity, I replied, with some Spirit, I was not his as yet, therefore not obliged to render him an Account of my Actions. He was so very jealous, he now lost all Sort of Respect. Very well, said he, since but the Night before you are to be mine, you persevere in this rigorous Disposition, even to the refusing me so slight a Favour, I shall perhaps find by

by this Letter, how to judge of your Manner of Thinking, with regard to me. I trembled, knowing it to be *Beauval's* Writing, and vexed I had been so imprudent as to forget putting up the Drawer of my Writing-table, where this Letter was the first Thing that appeared. The Marquis cast his Eye upon it the Moment he enter'd, and took an Opportunity to seize it as *Juliet* was coming in. Immediately struck with the Consequence, I flew at the Marquis with such Violence to snatch it from him, though he retreated as quick as he could, I tore Part of it away. He was confoundedly vexed at not being more upon his Guard, and knowing me to be naturally timorous, suspected, by the Boldness of this Action, the Letter must certainly be of great Consequence to me, and therefore secured that Part he had got into his Pocket, telling me ironically, he should perhaps find by that Piece (which he was going to read to my Mother) something to clear up his Doubts. These Menaces set me a trembling, and terrified me so as to make me alter my Tone. I recalled him, and intreated he would not make *Madam de Breville* quarrel with me, for that would throw me into Déspair. Behold me, cried he (returning back) ready to do whatever you desire, provided you will declare to me, *bona fide*, what it is you have been plotting and contriving with that

Man, and what the Errand was he came upon.

This Proposal appeared so tyrannical, and being likewise ashamed I had condescended to make him such a Request. I only answered, since he took so much upon him, I would have nothing more to say to him; as for that Fragment of a Letter, he might make what Use he thought proper of it, but his Behaviour so thoroughly convinced me what I must suffer, should I submit to be his Wife, since he dare presume upon such harsh Proceedings before-hand, I was come to a Resolution, to run all the Hazards of the Adventure, and rather throw myself into a Convent for Life, than submit to such Laws as he would impose upon me.

The Marquis left my Room without making any Answer, prodigiously piqued. Hardly had he turned his Back, before *Juliet* advised me to have no Mercy on my Letters, but commit them all to the Flames, for Fear of Accidents. Whatever Reluctance I had to this Sacrifice, I was very sensible of the Necessity of it, and immediately took all the old ones from out my strong Box, while *Juliet* was rummaging the drawer of my Writing-table, for the new ones, and threw them altogether into the Fire. After this prudent Precaution, I sat me down to read that Part of the Letter I snatched from the Marquis, to judge by this Fragment
the

the Tenure of that he carried away——It was the beginning which I tore from him, and was as follows.

“ I imagined, the first Time I felt the
“ Power of my adorable Mistress’s Charms,
“ it was not possible for me to love to so
“ extravagant an Excess. I then knew very
“ little of Love’s Empire——Since the happy
“ Day you designed to make me acquainted
“ with my good Fortune, my Passion has
“ daily increased, as well as your Beauty.
“ This, adorable *de Breville*, is not the meer
“ Supposition of a Lover prepossessed in
“ your Favour. Before you felt the Joys
“ of mutual Inclination, you was formed
“ to triumph over the Heart of Man. But
“ those beautiful Eyes were not then ani-
“ mated with that delicious Meaning, Love
“ has since given them ; they did not then
“ glance such dangerous Fire, as that with
“ which I am now consumed. Scarce can
“ my scatter’d Senses support the strong
“ Impression——Yes divine *de Breville*, I
“ burn with a Flame”——

That Part of this unfortunate Letter which remained in the Marquis’s Hands, was much stronger. I recollected, the Chevalier begg’d his Love might be assuaged with the Hopes of being one Day made happy. He reminded me too, that at the Time I loved him less, Pity then supplied the Place of Love ; he described the Situation, where his Joy was

so great at seeing me, it deprived him of his Senses. The Conclusion of the Letter, as well as I can remember, contained very tender Acknowledgments for my complying to stay half an Hour longer than I used to do, at our good Friend's, and pressed me to grant him those charming *Douceurs* more frequently.

I was inconsolable, Chance should use me so ill, to throw the most passionate Letter *Beauval* had ever wrote me, into the Hands of a Man, I found so much Reason to dread. I conceived the excessive Rage my Mother would be in against me, upon the Marquis *de Sberling's* communicating it to her; the meer Apprehension of being obliged to appear before her made me tremble. I guessed, from the Questions she asked *Juliet*, that she had sent for her on purpose to interrogate her about me, and that she was informed of my Engagements with the Chevalier. She reproached her with assisting me in my Intrigues, and not advertising her in the Beginning of my Engagement——she should, in that Case, have giving proper Orders about it; and threatened her, if she did not make a punctual Confession of all the private Transactions of that Affair, she would send her back to her Mother, with such a Character, she should be a thousand Times more miserable than before she came to me.

Poor

Poor *Juliet* found herself extremely embarrassed, for, *Madam de Breville* was very severe with her; but chusing to run all Risks rather than betray me, she deny'd knowing any Thing of my Affairs so stiffly, my Mother was for that Time the Dupe. Being naturally good-natur'd, she desired to make her an Amends for some harsh Expressions which dropped from her, and conscious of having treated her unjustly, sent her back, promising to be kind to her, provided she would exhort me to be obedient, and inform her all the Secrets she could discover of mine. She told me also, she was unable to resist the successive Orders that were brought her by *Blondel* to repair to my Mother's Room, and thought she did what was right, to prevent any Mistake happening by the Coming of the Attorney's Clerk, and therefore took the Key of my Apartment with her, in Hopes, as he could not have Admittance, he would remain till she came from *Madam de Breville's* Chamber, to bring me Word of him into mine. These were such strong Proofs of her Care and Attachment, I could not forbear caressing her very much—she was so sensible of it, she protested, she would sooner sacrifice herself, than be wanting in her Fidelity to me.

The Appearance of dreadful *Blondel* (whom I thought, that Instant, looked as grim, as an old Baboon) interrupted many Reflections

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we were making at that Time. He came to give me Notice, I must follow him, with my Woman, into my Mother's Apartment. I foresaw the Scene I was going to endure; and I trembled before-hand. *Juliet*, instead of being so much alarm'd as I was, whisper'd me in the Ear, as we were going down the Stairs, to pluck up my Spirit, and to act as she had done; deny every Thing, as the best Method in such a Situation; for Madam *de Breville* could not be informed of my Proceedings, but from the Marquis *de Sberling*; that I ought to represent to her, therefore, I suspected his Jealousy had put in Practice those Methods, to make her forget all her former Tendernefs; that she might not hearken to my Tears, Intreaties, or the utter Aversion I had to this Marriage, the Success of which was so much his Interest. But *Juliet* did not yet know, it would be impossible for me to support a Falsity; and, if I was to attempt such a Piece of Diffimulation, my very Countenance would betray me, and prove a Witness against me.

Come hither Miss, said she, as soon as she saw me appear; indeed, I've had a very fine Account of you—Is it thus you return the Confidence I have reposed in you to this Time? I thought, however, I had deserved better Treatment for the Kindnesses I have heaped upon you; nevertheless, I am ready to forgive all that is past, provided you will
make

make me a frank and open Confession of all your Secrets; and make some Atonement for so unbecoming a Conduct, by an absolute Submission to my Commands.

I was so shocked at these Reproaches, and the cholerick Look which appeared in my Mother's Eyes, that, notwithstanding she softened the Tone of her Voice in what she now said, I attempted in vain to answer her. The Marquis (who stood by her Bed-side) fixed his Eyes upon me, sighing from Time to Time most bitterly. *Blondel* and *Madam de Breville's* Woman stood about four Paces from *de Sherling*, like two Guards. To be obliged to justify myself before so many Witnesses, was so mortifying a Situation, I held down my Head, unable to open my Mouth. Well, Miss! continued my Mother, how long must I wait for your Answer? What can I say to you, Madam, replied I at last, to justify myself, and could not at the same Time, refrain from Tears. I have too much Reason to think you are prejudiced against me; and all I can alledge in my own Defence will be superfluous; besides, continued I, it is very cruel I must be forced to plead my Cause before People, who make it their Business to blacken me in your Opinion. I apprehend by this Discourse, Miss, you mean me, interrupted the Marquis *de Sherling*, and I am become more odious to you from day to day; but

as I cannot soften the Ill-will you bear me, tho' I have not ceased to this Moment being perfectly attached to you, notwithstanding your rigorous Treatment; permit me to appeal to your Reason, since it would be in vain for me any longer to refer to your Heart. What has M. *Beauval* done more than I to merit this desirable Preference? Added he, a little more warmly, I do not pretend to recal to your Mind, the unwearied Pains I have taken to please, nor the Services I was so happy to perform, on those Occasions, when you seemed so sensible of the Value of them. I thought myself too well recompensed, by that Sensibility I imagined you at that Time prepossessed with. Is the ardent Desire of having my Fate linked to yours, the mighty Crime I am guilty of? Ungrateful! You forget, when I first declared myself, I scorned to be suspected of any sordid Views, as your Condition was then precarious, your Person alone was what I desired to espouse, much dearer in my Eyes than all the Riches of the Universe. The Lady your Mother is my Witness, and can tell you, when she offered to secure her Fortune, I beseeched her not to let the Glory of my Love be profaned by sordid Interest — Would to Heaven those unforeseen Events had not intervened! You would not then have been the richest Heiress this Day in *Paris*, and might possibly have thought
more

more favourably of an unhappy Lover; who never could displease, because he always loved too tenderly.

However pathetically this Discourse was uttered, it did not in the least diminish the Indignation I had to this Man's Proceedings. Sir, replied I, hardly looking at him, I have already said a thousand Times, I acknowledged with all possible Gratitude the Services you had done me, which you now repeat again; but, would you pique yourself on Justice as well as Reason, please to remember, Sir, I never could be prevailed upon to acknowledge them in the Manner you have always desired; for, at the Time you would have persuaded me I might be very happy if I would accept of your Proposals; I then declared, as I do now, sordid Interest (to make use of your own Expression) never was any Sort of Recommendation to me: If it had been in my Power to love you, I should have done it, whether I was rich, or without a Fortune, and I believe you may deserve it better than any one; but I most certainly have told you more than once before, that I find in myself an extreme Aversion to Matrimony, and let what will happen, at least, if I am not absolutely forced, you will never see me alter my Condition.

This Way of Reasoning might be of some Weight, cried my Mother, had I not in my
Hands

Hands a certain Proof, that you are not consistent with yourself on this Head; however, as you will perhaps dispute the Matter, because it is only a Fragment, and not an entire Letter; let us see, since you force me to it, if we cannot discover the Mystery. In pronouncing these Words, she gave a Sign to *Blondel*, who went out, and appeared again directly, with my Writing-table and strong Box. Give me your Keys, continued my Mother; by this Search we may probably find out the Secret how to make you speak. But being very sure the Search they proposed, would only serve to confound the Marquis *de Sberling*, I presented them most respectfully, without any Hesitation. You will find nothing, reply'd the Marquis, Miss has taken Care of that; the Tranquillity I read in her Eyes, is to me a certain Token.

However, replied Madam *de Breville*, casting a fierce Look at me, *Juliet* will answer me; she has never quitted Miss, she can therefore tell us what is become of the Letters, provided we don't find them. The Fear of having my Maid taken from me, was sufficient to determine me what to do. This Girl, said I, is totally ignorant; for because I would have nothing to apprehend from her Indiscretion, I contrived a Pretence to send her away, and to prevent any further Explanation, judging from the Marquis

quis *de Sberling's* irregular Proceedings, I might expect not to be at all regarded—— I burnt all the Papers you are looking for, without sparing the least Morfel.

Madam *de Breville* could contain herself no longer, but flew into a violent Passion. After she had loaded me with a thousand Reproaches, more cruel the one than the other, she added, I had struck a Poniard into her Breast, protesting I should for ever repent my daring to engage myself without her Knowledge; and to make me sensible in the first Place, that she had an absolute Power and Authority over me, she commanded me to promise the Marquis *de Sberling* to accept of him for my Husband, without any Repugnance. I made her an Answer in the respectfullest Manner I was able, and said, after the Chagrin he had so lately occasioned me, he never should with my own Consent. My Mother threw at my Head a Candlestick, with a lighted Bougee in it, which burnt my Forehead, ordering *Blondel* to conduct me to the Place she had destined for me, in Case I rebelled against her Commands. The Marquis, who was silent during this Dispute, threw himself at Madam *de Breville's* Knees to intercede in my Behalf; but she was inflexible, he would have thrown himself at mine, and induced me to endeavour the recovering my Mother's good Graces——I turned my back upon him,

him, saying, I knew not whether I was going to be carried, but however disagreeable the Abode, I should find myself at rest, provided I was for ever freed from all his Persecutions. My poor *Juliet*, stood drown'd in Tears, and would fain have followed me. My Mother, in a severe Tone, commanded her to stay. She attempted; (as I soon after found) by all the Ways and Means possible, to make her disclose what she knew; but this amiable Girl was true to her Word, and they could not, by Threats, or Promises, make her forfeit her Fidelity.

The *Sieur Blondel*, executed his Commission like a severe Goaler; he conducted me into a Room three Stories high, where he locked me in, saying, in a rough Tone of Voice, I should have Time for Reflection, and, in Spite of all my Address, I must be very cunning to impose upon him.

This piqued me so, I was not immediately sensible of the Disagreeableness of my new Condition. I threw myself down upon a Chair, meditating the Resolution with which I ought to oppose this projected Marriage. Till then I had only a particular Antipathy to Matrimony, without any personal Dislike to the *Marquis de Sberling*; but my Soul took such an Aversion to him at once, all his good Qualities (to which I had a thousand Times done all the Justice in the World) appeared to me perpetual Acts of Hypocrisy,
my

my Mind was so prejudiced, he was become insupportable, even his Figure, in short, I found a thousand Defects in him which he certainly had not; such are the Effects of Prejudice and Humour.

But when my Thoughts were turned towards my Mother, and I recollected, the Passion I had occasioned might shorten her Days, and that I should not only be accountable for it to the World, but eternally reproached with it; I wept most sincerely, and was greatly agitated. I remembered too, my Brother recommended to me, above all Things, to use Diffimulation, and avoid as much as possible having any Dispute with *Madam de Breville*. The *Comte de Villefarel* gave much the same Advice, and if I had followed the good Counsel of my poor *Juliet* (who was at that Time sympathising with me in Tears and Regret) Things would not have been pushed to such a Length, nor should I have had so much Reason to upbraid myself. But all was over, and impossible for me to think of retracting my Conduct, without engaging myself in such a Manner as would bring me to Shame; I imagined, therefore, I could not do better than resign myself up to the Will of Heaven; which, when I had done, I did not find myself one Jot the less afflicted.

About two Hours after, *Blondel*, followed by a Footman, brought me a Supper, and
would

would fain have provoked me to talk; but I scorned either to eat or speak. He retired, shrugging up his Shoulders, and I heard him mutter to the Footman as he was shutting the Door, she has a very deceitful Countenance; she is not so good-natur'd as she appears to be.

I passed the Night in the most disagreeable Reflections. My Mother was continually before my Eyes, in a dying Condition, whilst I was persecuting myself with Remorse. Sleep, instead of composing me, presented the self-same Images to my Mind, and the Horror of the Night aggravated my Misery; I often started, and trembled, terrified at every little Noise, and frequently shrieked out. In a Word, I counted every Hour, and the Night seemed to me of a deadly Length.

About Nine o'Clock in the Morning my Prison Door opened. *Blondel* came up to my Bed-side (where I had thrown myself down with my Cloaths on) and asked me a little more civilly than he did the Night before, if I was in a Condition to receive a Visitor my Mother had sent. I got off the Bed, observing a Monk enter my Room, whom I never saw before, but knew him to be a Jacobin by his Habit. I am the Confessor of *Madam de Breville*, said he, and it is her Will and Pleasure I should talk with you, and I believe you are too well bred to refuse

refuse her that Satisfaction. During this Preface, *Blondel* drew an Elbow-chair, and then took himself away. I answered the Priest, I was ready to hear him, and should always pay a due Regard to whatever came from my Mother. After a long Cough, the Monk spoke pretty much to the following Effect. It is not from any Motives of Religion, Madam, I purpose to persuade you to that Obedience which is due to *Madam de Breville*. I shall only repeat what perhaps you have heard a thousand Times before. I shall endeavour to lead you into the right Way, where I heartily wish you, by meer worldly Considerations, which ought to have great Weight with a young Person, who, in all Appearance, will very soon make a grand Figure in Life. You are not ignorant, Madam, what Room they who set out badly give for Censure. If I may believe the Reports that have been told me of your Behaviour, which, by the Confidence my Lady your Mother has reposed in me, I am obliged to enter into, you are in Danger of losing your Reputation, if what has happened in your own House to Day, should be noised abroad; and this will infallibly be the Case, if you persevere in absolutely refusing to submit yourself to her who brought you into the World. Let who will say to the contrary, a young Person that runs counter to her Mother, is always blameable; whatever

whatever Foundation there may seem to be for the Resistance she makes to her Will, she is ever suspected of some Irregularity, which is the greatest Injury to her Reputation. I must not conceal from you, therefore, the manifest Risk you run of losing your's entirely ; for you are accused of being passionately in Love with a Man of no Fortune, which displeases your Mother ; besides, his only Pretensions are, his having had the good Fortune to please you ; which is so much the more dangerous, as he has reduced you to such an Infatuation, you are upon the Brinks of sacrificing what is most to be revered in Life (*viz*) your Mother, your Discretion, and even your Reputation. What, Madam, cried the Father ; extending both his Arms, as if he had been in his Pulpit, is it possible, out of a Whim, so unbecoming a well-bred young Lady, you will render yourself both ungrateful and rash to such a Degree, as to quarrel for ever with a Mother, so good, so tender, and so generous ! Ah Madam ! continued the Jacobin, letting fall his Arms and his Head, as if he was troubled in Spirit, return to yourself, the Bowels of maternal Affection still palpitate in your Favour ; make a proper Use of this salutary Moment ; oh ! that I might be the happy Instrument of a Reconciliation ; one Word of Condescension on your Part, would make ample Reparation, restore you to yourself,

yourself, fill with sincere Joy Madam *de Breville*, who loves you, and to whom it is Death you should put her under the fatal Necessity of treating you with Rigour.

Notwithstanding the ridiculous Cant in which this good Father made his Exhortation, I could not help being moved. I told him, how very sensible I was of the Respect due to my Mother, and the great Improbability of my being discarded, meerly for intreating her not to marry me to a Man I could not love, especially as my Intention was, never to be married; that it shocked me very much to think my humble Representations on that Subject should provoke her to use me in the rigorous Manner she did; that I was very sensible, by her Complaints to all around her, she gave them Cause to suspect my Virtue, and by that Means, I was become an Object of Contempt, even to her Domesticks; with Regard to my liking another better than him she had destin'd for me, I was too sincere to deny; but, I thought it very extraordinary, they should, in order to make this Prepossession criminal, debase a Man of Quality, who was preferable in every Respect to my Persecutor, at least, they ought not to make his Want of Fortune, a Want of Merit; if that was the Measure of his Desert, it was undoubtably true, he had less than him they preferred.

While I was explaining myself in this Manner, the good Jacobin looked at me with an Air of Confidence, and a Sort of Satisfaction in his Eyes, which made me think my Answer did not displease him; and I observed, he several Times shewed an Inclination to interrupt me. When I had finished, he desired me to repeat an Article, which he said I passed lightly over, and according to his Office he ought to examine to the Bottom. Which was, a kind of Assurance I had given him, of my having no Intention of contracting an Engagement so serious as that of Marriage. I did not dissemble at all in giving more Scope to this Question. I spoke as I thought, and with such Energy, as convinced the Father, and no doubt, occasioned him to cry out, Oh! Oh! this alters the Case very much. Such a Dislike at your Age, Miss, in Spite of the Foible you own, for the Chevalier (whose Picture they have drawn very different from that which you have given me) I am persuaded could not come but from above. Heaven has certainly a Design upon you, which will prevent me ever lending a helping Hand to any Thing that may derogate therefrom. Far from using any more Arguments to engage you to take the Man your Lady Mother has destined for you, I exhort you, on the contrary, to persevere in your Refusal, provided nevertheless, that
you

you declare it does not proceed from any Want of that Deference and Respect you owe your Mother; but because Heaven inspires you to make a Sacrifice of all worldly Things, and give yourself up entirely to its Dictates.

I was greatly surprized at my good Father Jacobin's coming about, so contrary to his first Sermon, and his Manner of explaining one simple Assurance, which, according to the Way he understood it, became a Sort of Vow to take the Vail, which never enter'd into my Head, being much averse to it. Have a Care, Sir, said I, stopping him as he was getting up to go, I did not tell you, when I mentioned the Intention I had of never marrying, that the Motives which determined me, proved any Sort of Inclination for a Cloister. You did not understand me, if you interpreted in that Manner, what is, in the strictest Truth, only an invincible Dislike to Matrimony, without being able of myself, to give any available Reason. It signifies nothing! it signifies nothing! replied the Priest, this Distaste at your Age for a Happiness, which all in your Condition covet, certainly foretels your one Day having a Call to Heaven; but what do I say! if Providence does not intend that, his Designs without Doubt for your remaining a Virgin, is with a View of your putting those great Riches, which it is his Will should fall

into your Possession, to a good Use——
How many Examples could I not give you
on this Subject? Know, Miss, that one Part
of our House was built and founded by
rich Maidens, who, like you, have refused
distinguisht Stations, to live in Repose and
Contemplation. I am greatly mistaken, if
you won't one Day imitate them. Be so
good as to remember then, that we are not
very easy in our Revenues, and that our
House at *Paris* wants a Benefactress. Who
knows but Heaven may operate in all this,
that you may hereafter hold an honourable
Station in our Order, to the End you may
participate in those meritorious Works,
which are daily performing in all the Places
where it is established.

This Conclusion, which I little expected,
proved to me, that the principal Part of
these People's Zeal, is employ'd for their
own private Interest, rather than the Glory
of Heaven; not to detain you longer on
this Reflection, I shall proceed to tell you,
finding it my Interest to flatter the Hopes
of my Jacobin, I promised him, if he could
obtain for me, by his favourable Succour,
a Recovery of my Mother's Friendship, and
by his Intreaties prevent my being obliged
to change my Condition, I should undoubt-
edly, some Time or other, remember the
good Offices he had done me——He took
his Leave, well satisfied with this Hope,
promising

promising he would immediately go, and do his utmost to procure me the Tranquillity I desired.

About an Hour after, Madam *de Breville's* Woman came for me. As soon as I appeared before her——If you had declared to me, my Child, said she (pretty much composed) that you had made a Vow never to be married, you would have avoided great Part of the Chagrin I have been forced to occasion you. I have nothing further to say on that Head at present, go back into your own Chamber till I send for you. I will take Care to have your Conscience made easy, and secure you from its Reproaches. When she had said this, she call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and dismissed me.

My Footman was waiting for me at the Door, who demonstrated great Joy at seeing me again, accusing old *Blondel* for all the Hardships I had endured. Without suffering him to say any more, I enquired where *Juliet* was. From him I learnt, that Madam *de Breville* sent for her Mother the Night before, and, after telling her she was of no further Service to me, ordered she should take her Home. This Proceeding, which regarded myself, touched me sensibly. I was no sooner in my Chamber, but I wept like one distracted. There is no Loss one is more sensible of than being deprived of an amiable Confident one loves, who, by

her good Sense and good Counsel, helps to support us under our Afflictions. I found, this poor Girl threw herself at Madam *de Breville's* Feet, earnestly begging to stay; but she was inexorable, and Mrs. *Severin*, seeing her Protectress had given her up, talked to her in the old Way, hurried her from the House, and treated her in the same harsh Manner she used to do.

I apprehended what intolerable Pain and Grief my poor *Juliet* must needs endure, and this Idea augmented mine. *Deschamps*, the Footman I just now mentioned, would persuade me, in his simple Manner, to dry up my Tears. Though he was one of the best Sort of Boys that could be, and greatly attached to me, he behaved so awkwardly, with Phrases so oddly placed, I ordered him to retire till I call'd for him, and not interrupt me.

At Dinner Time I was sent for. I found with Madam *de Breville* the same Ecclesiastic I mentioned before, with whom I sat down to Table, my Mother having kept her Bed for some Days. While we were at Dinner, nothing was talked of but indifferent Things; after the Cloth was taken away, and the Servants retired, Madam *de Breville* commanded me to go with the grand Vicar into the Chapel, and confess to him. Upon my representing to her that I was not prepared, she said, it only related to the Vow I had made;

made; that this Ecclesiastic, who was versed in those Cases, might set me right in that Matter. I then guessed her Meaning, and repaired to the Chapel, greatly embarrassed how to extricate myself out of so delicate a Dilemma.

The grand Vicar performed his Part like a Man perfectly well versed in the Business of his Ministry, and sifted me so artfully, he discovered every Thing relating to this Affair; and said, he was sufficiently informed, I might make myself easy, my Engagement signified nothing; that I had no Occasion to be absolved from a Vow made unpremeditated; that I had done no Act since to confirm it. After these Words he gave me to understand, in as smooth a Manner as possible, that it would be sinful to rebel against the Commands of my Mother, who knew much better than I did what was convenient for me. I thought it most prudent to hold my Tongue, imagining, it would be of very little Service, to dispute the Point with a Man, not only determined, but persuaded that my Passion and my Heart were criminal, since he absolutely declared me guilty of Rebellion.

Upon my re-entring Madam *de Breville's* Apartment, I found a great deal of Company. I immediately turned pale, imagining the Signing and Sealing was next to be performed. It was really so; for, after the

first Compliments were over, my Mother (whom the Ecclesiastic had whisper'd in the Ear) told me, with an open Air, she was charmed with my Dutifulness. In short, the Contract was presented to me. I was undetermined some Moments how to act, but, recollecting the Comte de Villefarel's Advice, not to hesitate about it, and unwilling to throw my Mother into that Excess of Passion I had unfortunately done the Night before, I signed it. This Action brought upon me a Multitude of Compliments, from my Mother, from the Marquis de Sberling, and from all the Guests, which I would with all my Heart willingly have excused. Madam de Breville, who was overjoy'd at my Condescension, ordered me to sit next her, and embraced me several Times. Upon any other Occasion, I should have been very sensible of such Tokens of her Affection, but I sincerely declare, I was not the least touched with them; on the contrary, my Heart recoiled with a low Murmur.

The nearer we approached to the End of this Journey, the sadder I grew. When Word was brought of Supper's being on the Table, I found myself really disordered. Madam de Breville, who was distrustful of me, would, in Spite of her Weakness, sit at the Table, that her Presence might restrain me, and prevent my doing any Thing contrary to her Intentions. Tho' she exhorted me

me to appear easy, I could by no Means dissemble to such a Degree. I trembled to think of being dragged after Supper to the Chapel, and there sacrificed for ever. I began to despair of the Succour promised me by my Brother and the Comte *de Villefarel*. I was to be married at Midnight, and the Clock struck Twelve. I was thinking how to avoid the frightful Peril which threatened me, when one of the Servants came up to the grand Vicar (who was to celebrate the fatal Marriage) and told him, a Man dressed in Black asked to speak with him. I was very near exulting for Joy, not doubting but this Message related to my former Hopes. My Heart beat most extravagantly, and my Mother perceiving the Colour come into my Face, and suspecting nothing at that Time (because, in Quality of grand Vicar it happens they are called out every Instant on different Affairs) she squeezed me by the Hand to encourage me, persuading herself, no Doubt, but that the Emotion which appeared in my Countenance, was a Consequence of the Constraint I was under.

The Ecclesiastic very soon returned with a Paper in his Hand, which he presented to my Mother. She no sooner cast her Eyes upon it, but she attempted to give me a Blow, which I should not have escaped (as I sat next her) had not the grand Vicar parry'd it. Get you gone, Miss, cried Ma-

dam *de Breville*, casting a furious Look at me. You shall not be married To-day, since you have found out the Secret to notify an Impediment; but, I advertise you, provided I cannot find out a Method to set it aside To-morrow, the Day following you shall be put into a Cloister, under close Confinement till I am dead, and not to be released then, but by Consent of all your Relations.

I was too well satisfied with this Disappointment to afflict myself, and had the Courage to tell Madam *de Breville*, she might, by the same Resolution, have prevented being herself a Sacrifice; and how surprizing, after what she must have felt in the like Situation, she should take the cruel Pleasure, in endeavouring to make me as miserable as she had been. This Answer drew upon me the Reproaches I deserved, which were terminated by a fresh Order, to confine me in the same Garret I spent the preceding Night in. I followed *Blondel*, who had the Charge of me, though he did not appear quite so austere as the Night before.

Blondel had not left me a Minute before he returned again, introducing the grand Vicar, in order to discover the Impediment. He wanted to know what Method was taken to get it notified, and who was employed to conduct the Affair. This Secret, you may be sure, I would not let him into. I
told

told him very plainly, to force me into a Marriage, which would infallibly make me miserable the Rest of my Days, was so very tyrannical, I had found out the Means, and taken such Measures, they should never dispose of me without my own Consent.

One Thing in this Conference I thought most admirable, which was, not only the Priest's being unable to discover what he wanted to know, but by endeavouring to sift me, let me into the Secret of the Comte *de Villefarel's* preferring the Petition in my Name, in which I complained they would compel me to marry against my Consent, notwithstanding its being specified in the Will of my late Father, not to attempt the disposing of my Hand without it. The rest was the Notary's Form, drawn with so much Energy on this Occasion, all the Attempts of Madam *de Breville* and the Marquis *de Sherling* to set it aside proved abortive.

However well satisfied I might be with the Succour which came to me so *a propos*, it did not prevent my passing the Night under the most terrible Agitations. I was afraid the Marquis *de Sherling* would, by his Power and Experience, be able to overturn what the Comte *de Villefarel* had done; that I could not close my Eyes, nor had I got one Moment's rest when it was broad Day.

About Two o'Clock Mess. *de St. Preuil* enter'd my Room. You are a charming

Girl, cried *St. Preuil*, as he was coming in; my Mother has been entertaining us with some very pretty Tales concerning you. This Beginning alarm'd me at first; but upon *St. Clair's* casting an Eye towards *Blondel*, and giving me the Wink, recovered me. I comprehended, my Brothers being unconcerned in this Affair, they might have spoke freely to me before this Domestick, whose Back was no sooner turned, but they embraced me, and wished me Joy, my Marriage was defeated. Upon my communicating to them all the Inquietude I had suffered on that Head, they assured me, whatever was attempted would not succeed, at least, added *St. Clair*, if my Mother should be prevailed upon to attack that Clause of the Will, she could never live to see it determined.

The Result of this Conversation convinced me, my Mother was greatly irritated against me; insomuch, she determined to send me the next Day to a Convent, a hundred Leagues from *Paris*, where I should be very well recommended to her Sister, who was Lady Abbess. - This News alarm'd me greatly, and made me weep most bitterly; but *St. Clair* revived my Spirits, by promising that both he and his Brother were resolved to oppose it openly, let what would happen; and if I must be put into a Cloister, it should not be above four Leagues from *Paris*.

They

They were as good as their Word. *Madam de Breville* having the next Day informed them of her final Determination, they began at first by making most respectful Remonstrances; but, persisting in her Design, they had the Resolution to tell her, she should not do so much Injury to my Reputation; the Step she intended to take would certainly ruin me entirely, and if, in Spite of their Opposition, she still persisted, they should not scruple to tell her, they had found a Way to remove me to a Place, where I should have nothing to fear from her unkind Behaviour.

Madam de Breville, enraged at the Obstacle her own Sons brought to oppose her Design, loaded them with a thousand Reproaches, ordering them never to appear in her Presence more. These Remonstrances, however, were not Fruitless; for, though *Madam de Breville* was greatly decayed, she at last began to consider of that Eclat she was meditating. The Preparations she had ordered for my Departure were put a Stop to, and in four Days Time she thought no more of it.

I remained about fifteen Days a Prisoner in my Garret, during all which Time I saw nobody but *Blondel*, who distracted my Brains with his tiresome Exhortations. Notwithstanding all my Uneasiness and Anxiety, I often thought of *de Beauval*, whom I secretly reproached for the Coolness of his Passion.

I fancied,

I fancied, had I been in his Place, and loved as much as he labour'd to persuade me, I should have devised some Means of surmounting all Difficulties. I secretly reproach'd him, did I say?—I was very unjust—that dear Lover did not lose an Instant he could improve, to give me Tokens of his Love.

The Night before my Mother sent me Word I had her Leave to return into my own Apartment, where I should remain till further Orders; I was alarm'd about Twelve o'Clock with a Noise in my Chimney, which made me call out in a Fright, and presently after I heard something fall into the Middle of the Room. I opened my Curtains with a Tremor, and saw, by the Help of a Watch-light I left burning, a Thing tied to the End of a Packthread, glittering on the Floor. This Sight encouraged me, I imagined, tho' what I saw had a mysterious Appearance, there could be no Danger. I rose, took the Candle, and discovered it to be a Snuff-Box, and one which I knew—I eagerly opened it, and found the following Billet.

B I L L E T.

“ **A**FTER a Thousand vain Attempts,
 “ Madam, to be informed of your
 “ precious Welfare, and at the same Time
 “ give you an Account of a most unhappy
 “ Lover, who dies with Sorrow for all those
 “ Afflic-

“ Afflictions you have endured. I have at
“ last bribed a Groom to let me into a
“ Grainery, by which Means I am got on
“ the Roof of the House. It is but within
“ these two Days, I have been able to find
“ out your Chimney. By putting my Head
“ into it, I fancy I can hear you. Alas !
“ though this is but small Consolation, I am
“ happy now, in Comparison of the Misery
“ I have suffered for the Loss of you.”

I was sensibly affected with this new Testimony of his Love. Go ! dear *Beauval*, said I to myself, I partake very feelingly all you suffer for me, and I shall not forget it. I pull'd the Packthread, to let him understand I was prepared to hear him. He no sooner perceived it, but he said, with the most lively and delicate Expression, whatever could be suggested on such an Occasion. I did not in the least dissemble how much I was touched, nor never spoke a Language so capable of transporting him. Sure I am, I should not have explained myself so tenderly, had we been Face to Face ; my bashful Heart would have restrained me.

I made no Secret of all my Sufferings since I saw him last ; he, in his Turn, told me, had not *Madam de Geneval* prevented him, he would either have lost his Life, or deliver'd me from the Persecutions of the *Marquis de Sherling*. After we had entertained

tained each other for above an Hour, with such kind of Occurrences, he entrusted me with the Secret of the Comte de Villefarel's being in Love with my good Friend; and he did not doubt, but this new Engagement would be attended with some odd Consequences, the liking she had till then conceived for the Marquis de Sberling being quite dropt, finding it was all to no Purpose.

Poor *Juliet* was too near my Heart for me to forget enquiring after her. A Servant *Beauval* had bribed, inform'd him, she was turn'd Home, which occasioned his going to Mrs. *Severin*'s to get some Intelligence of me. This poor Girl, he said, never ceased crying, from the Moment she was separated from me, and that he could not help pitying her, she seemed so very unhappy; that he had not been able to speak to her for several Days past; that she was continually watched by her Mother, who would not suffer them to converse together.

As the Day began to break, *Beauval* was obliged to take his Leave, for fear of being observed from the Street. Though he was in a Disguise, it would not be very agreeable to be suspected; People might have taken him for a Thief, he thought it most proper therefore to descend. He assured me he would come again the next Night, at the same Hour; whatever Reasons I could alledge, to forego a Project which seemed to
me

me so dangerous in every Respect. Whenever I think of this Rendezvous, I cannot forbear laughing at it again. Figure to yourself, my Princess, a Man of Quality astride a very high Chimney, with his Head a good way down the Funnel. He must be very mad, or prodigiously in Love, to attempt such Sort of Schemes; I don't question but you will think I attributed it all to Love.

The next Day, when *Blondel* came to inform me of my Liberty, he told me the Storm was over, that my Mother desired to see me, and that I need not be under the least Apprehension of her reproaching me with what was past. I wondered greatly at the Civility of this old Domestick; but, when I found *Madam de Breville* had been for several Days wearing away with a slow Fever, I was not so much surprized. Old *Blondel*, then saw my Mother's Dissolution was approaching, and judged, by the Resolution I shewed at the Time, I endured such Persecutions, that he ought to make his Peace with me before the Power came into my Hands; he therefore neglected nothing afterwards to accomplish it.

He also informed me, that the Marquis *de Sberling*, who was so piqued at my Obstinacy in refusing him, had, out of Revenge, just taken to Wife the Daughter of a Financier, who had been proposed to him some Time before. His Father-in-Law, out of
meer

meer Madness to graft his ignoble Blood on a Stock of Nobility, paid five hundred thousand Livers for the Honour, which was all he got for his Money. The Day after the Wedding, the Marquis, in absolute Despair for the Loss of his Liberty, and finding it was out of Hymen's Power to cure the Passion he still retained for me, gave his poor Wife Notice, she might live according to her own Fancy, and he would live according to his, and that Moment gave Directions for their having separate Apartments.

I was enchanted with this News, which rid me of any further Pursuits from the Marquis; and I apprehended I should by that Means make my Peace with my Mother, which I ardently desired, having been greatly terrified for Fear her sudden Death should prevent the Submission I proposed to make her, and in that Case, must have upbraided myself eternally for the Vexation I had occasioned her.

Blondel's telling me, she was in a declining Way, and that the Physicians found her worse than usual, I would not wait being sent for; as her Weakness increased, it might possibly cause her to forget me if I delayed going; I thought therefore I ought to hazard all the Rigour of her Resentment. In this Opinion I enter'd the Chamber; her Curtains were closed, and I heard her sigh. A Moment or two after she spoke very low,
and

and I imagined she named my Name. Full of Doubts and Fears, I thought she might perhaps be reproaching me for my Indifference. Being moved with this Reflection, I ran to the Bed-side, threw myself at her Knees, and with a Flood of Tears, sincerely begg'd her Pardon, for the Trouble and Affliction I had occasioned her. I expected her severest Reproaches; but, how great my Surprize, when I felt her embrace me tenderly, and say, Go, my Child! I forgive you every Thing, I have nobody to blame but myself. Heaven has thought fit to punish me for those Crimes I confided to you, and to make me repent them, suffer'd me to feel all the Afflictions I have endured since——Remember how great they have been——I have seen my Honour and my Life depend upon the Discretion of a Chambermaid, and you upon the Brinks of being disinherited, as the supposed fictitious Child of *M. de St. Preuil*——He died——I only found the Marquis *de Breville*, to lose him the Moment I was going to enjoy Happiness, Love, and Riches. I fell sick, my Children, instead of endeavouring to comfort me for my Loss, take up Arms against me, and, while I am ready to fetch my last Gasp, after having done every Thing for those I brought into the World, they abandon me, nay, it may be hate me, and what is most cruel, I myself have caused it all.

I was

I was so affected with this Discourse, and the weak Condition Madam *de Breville* was in, I could only Answer her with my Tears. She pressed me again not to afflict myself, but to pray for her, that Heaven would be satisfied with the Sorrow she had endured, and that by her premature Death she might Hope for Mercy. As soon as I could possibly explain myself, I said every Thing seemingly most proper to calm her Mind. My Brothers, whom I had ordered to be inform'd, came soon after, and threw themselves down by the Bed-side, as I had done, and found no Difficulty in obtaining their Pardon; I observed also, the seeing herself surrounded by her Children, composed those Inquietudes she had given herself up to. She told us, she found herself drowsy, and believed she could sleep, and intreated us to retire to Rest. My Brothers and I made as if we intended to go away, but, perceiving some Thing fatal in her Eyes, which appeared more heavy and dull than ordinary, we did not care to leave the Room; however, being unwilling to disturb her, we retired into the next, to be ready upon the least Notice the Person who sat up with her should give us, in Case of an Alteration.

These Precautions proved necessary; for, about an Hour after we heard a Shriek, and were informed she was dying. Alas! it proved but too true, she expired about Break
of

of Day, and I found myself plunged into a deep Sorrow, with which I was sincerely and very sensibly affected.

My Brothers, fearing I should abandon myself to too great an Excess of Grief, conducted me into my own Apartment, and obliged me to go to Bed, knowing I had not closed my Eyes for several Nights. As soon as I was alone, I began to make very serious Reflections on the Situation my Mother's Death had left me in. I was a single Person, and undoubted Mistress of an immense Fortune; and although I recollected all the Dangers and Troubles I should naturally be liable to on that Account, which appeared very plain to me, yet, I had no Inclination for a Partner in the Administration of my Affairs, for Fear of having my Liberty infringed upon, which I always thought the supremest Happiness of this Life. On the other Hand, I was afraid that one of my Aunts, by my Mother's Side, would attempt to persuade me to live with her; but I resolved to excuse myself, on Pretence of being otherways engaged. She had the Character, of a proud, imperious Woman, and would not be wanting to exert her Authority; and, as I could not boast of my having been very complying, for several Months past, I did not care to risk the being kept in Subordination. I was in my Twenty-fifth Year, and imagined nobody would blame me for
keeping

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keeping the Power in my own Hands, while I made a proper Use of it.

In Spite of that heavy Load of Grief, with which I was oppressed, and a thousand Reflections revolving in my Mind, Sleep took Possession of my Senses—— At Ten o'Clock my Mother's Woman came and awoke me, telling me, there were many People in my Anti-chamber who desired an Audience, and at the same Time took Advantage of this favourable Opportunity, to say, she hoped my Mother's Death would make no Alteration with regard to her, and that I would be so good to retain her. I made a vague Answer to this Request, not caring to promise any Thing, and unwilling to keep a Girl I did not like, who but a few Days before had done me ill Offices with my late Mother. I asked her what People wanted me, and having named *Blondel*, and a young Woman, who formerly lived with me, I with great Eagerness bid her shew them up. I suspected it was my poor *Juliet*, and no sooner cast my Eyes upon her but I threw myself about her Neck——*Blondel*, in order to get into my good Graces, went for her early in the Morning—— I took kindly his good Intentions; but, as I was not perfectly satisfied with him, I then only thanked him, without explaining myself as to any Thing else.

What

What I foresaw would be attempted by some of the Family, to have the Care of my Person, happened precisely as I suspected. Madam *de Barbasan*, the Aunt I mentioned before, after she had embraced me, said, she was come to fetch me, thinking it very improper for me to remain alone in a House where every Thing would renew my Affliction. She persuaded herself, no Doubt, by that timorous Look which appeared in my Countenance, she need only speak, and I should immediately submit to be under her Direction; and added, as she was seating herself down in an Easy-chair, it would be needless to give myself the Trouble to carry any Thing along with me; at her House they would give Directions about my Mourning, and what else was necessary; for the Present, she should only take the Keys of my Apartment, and, at another Time when there was less Confusion, I might give what Orders were convenient about my Affairs; and in the mean Time M. *de Barbasan* would take the Administration upon himself.

These Propositions (against which I was already upon my Guard) did not please me. However, I answered her in the politest Manner I possibly could, that I was very sensible of her Goodness, but had already made the necessary Dispositions. With Regard to my Affairs, there could be nothing done for some Time, and I did not doubt
but

but my Mother had appointed by her Will (the Contents of which I was as yet ignorant of) the Persons that should have the Care of them until I came of Age, which would be in three Months, and that was not far off.

Madam *de Barbafan*, made up her Mouth at seeing herself so plainly refused, which I should most certainly have laughed at if I durst. You are very young, Miss (said she to me in a grave affected Tone) to determine so peremptorily; you don't imagine, I suppose, that either M. *Barbafan* or I will be directed by your Conduct; but in Expectation of our being appointed, as the nearest Relations, we will be answerable. Piqued at these Words, spoke before twenty People, for most of the Servants were in the Room, besides several Merchants, which had been sent for about the Mourning. I declared, without any Ceremony, I positively would not go to her House; as to my Affairs, and the Care of my Person, I should refer to the Will, or whatever was agreed upon at an Assembly of all my Relations, in Case my Mother had not provided otherwise.

This Answer, made with a becoming Resolution, nonplus'd my formidable Aunt, who, not knowing what to reply, moved off, saying, we shall see, when I have talked with M. *Barbafan*, if he can't find a Method to make you more reasonable, and more complying.

I shrugg'd

I shrugg'd up my Shoulders at this Menace, and hastened to dispatch the People that waited for my Orders: The Merchants, I sent to my late Father's Steward, the Person who contributed so much to the raising his great Riches; but had been less fortunate for himself, having diminished his own, by Schemes to augment them. The Marquis *de Breville*, who set a great Value on his Understanding and Probity, had retained him, and he proved very serviceable to my late Mother, in managing her Affairs after the Death of my Father; and I, for the same Reason, was resolved never to part with him; he was a real Treasure in my Situation, and I was loth to lose him. With Regard to the Rest of the Domesticks, I used the same Policy I did with *Blondel*, and my Mother's Woman; being very desirous of knowing what I had to depend upon, before I made a Disposition of these People.

My Brothers, whom I expected with the utmost Impatience to bring me some News of the Will, came the Moment after, followed by the Abbot *de Hautcœur*. This grand Vicar, who had been for several Months my Mother's Counsellor, was a very honest Man, and had the Art of talking to you two Hours together, without saying any Thing; besides, he was free from many of the Faults, generally incident to those of his Robe, nor ever meddled with any one's Affairs, unless

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desired; no ways bad himself, he hated a Busy-body, and always spoke well of others. In a Word, when I found the late Madam *de Breville* had made him the Executor of her Will, I complimented him very sincerely upon it, and acknowledged myself much better pleased he was appointed, than if it had been M. *de Barbasan*, who flattered himself with the Hopes of it.

My Mother, in her Will, altered no Part of the Disposition my respectful Father had made in his, but mentioned, that whereas I was rich enough, she bequeathed to my two Brothers, what she had reserved for herself and me, when she made the Division after the Death of the late M. *de St. Preuil*; adding, that she was persuaded, the Friendship she knew I bore Mess. *de St. Preuils*, far from my taking it unkindly, I should on the contrary be the first in shewing my Approbation.

She order'd, to be decently interr'd; gave pious Legacies, as well to the Church, as the Poor; and bequeathed me all her Jewels without Exception.

To each of her common Domesticks she gave one hundred Pistoles; to *Blondel* a thousand Crowns; five hundred to her Woman; and to her Steward two thousand Crowns.

With respect to the Guardianship of my Fortune, in Case I was not at Age, she referred

ferred to a Meeting of the Relations, on Condition they let the Deeds remain in my Hands, and that her Steward (whom she advised me to keep, for the Management of my Estate) should have the Care of my Cash; and that the Guardians should not dispose of any Part, without my Consent in Form.

As to the Manner of conducting myself till I was of Age, she exhorted me not to be under any Body's Care, but retire into a Convent till then, and there pray that Heaven would enlighten me, and inspire me how I ought to live when I became my own Mistress, so as to procure Happiness in this World, as well as the next.

I was extremely affected with these Dispositions and Directions, as they did not interfere with my Liberty, and freed me from the Persecutions of my Aunts, who flattered themselves with the Hopes of disposing of me to their own Minds. I did not find any Thing could be more convenient than the Convent; I therefore sent directly to *Port-Royal*, to have an Apartment taken for me, as it was a House I always loved very much.

The Abbot *de Hautcœur* informed me, that in one of those unhappy Days, when my Mother was grown cool in her Regards for me, she made a Codicil to her Will, by which she had, at her Death, put me under

the Care of Madam *Barbasan*, who at that Time visited her, and promised, whenever that Misfortune should happen, she would bring me to Reason; but, as soon as my Mother heard the Marquis *de Sberling* was married, her Tenderness for me returned, and she threw the Codicil into the Fire, abiding by her first Disposition.

Before I got into my Coach to go to *Port-Royal* (whither the Abbot *de Hautcœur* would take the Trouble to conduct me himself, along with my Brothers) I sent *Juliet* with my Compliments to Madam *de Geneval*, to acquaint her I should stay there three Months, and that I reckoned upon her coming to comfort me. I Question not, your Highness will be apt to imagine, my Inclination for dear *Beauval* was a main Motive for my sending this Message; but I protest to your Highness, with all the Sincerity in the World, I did not dream of it then; I was too much overwhelmed with Grief, to have such a Thought ever enter my Mind. I believe, the Idea of being in a House where I knew not a single Soul, made me think of procuring myself that Satisfaction. I was too much benumb'd with my new Condition, to refine upon any Sentiment of that Sort.

I was received at *Port-Royal* with all the Politeness any Lady could expect, who was so distinguished for her Riches. This House, has only the Name of a Convent. I found myself

myself amongst amiable People, not amongst four, religious Bigots. I had not been there a Week before I contracted several Friendships, but amongst those I chiefly prefer'd, *Madam de Kelmader* was the Principal. Her Beauty, her Sweetness, her charming Conversation, but above all, a sincere and solid Merit at the Age of Twenty two, determined me absolutely. Sympathy worked so powerfully between us, our Friendship has been preserved ever since; of which you will have many Proofs in the Sequel of these Memoirs.

While I was in the Convent, all my Affairs were properly disposed. *M. de Barbafan* had Interest enough, among my Relations, to get himself named my Guardian, and as such the Lady his Wife gave it out, I should, at my leaving *Port-Royal*, come and live with her; but she was mistaken a second Time; for, I declared to my Uncle, in so peremptory a Manner, that as soon as I was at Age my Intentions were to live in my own House, I obliged them both to forbear their Persecutions. My late Mother's Steward, who became mine, was the first to advise me, not to be dependent on any Body. He made it appear my Revenues amounted to a hundred thousand Livers *per Annum*, reckoning my Plantations in the *Indies*, which grew more considerable from Year to Year; I had above fifty thousand Crowns-worth of Diamonds and Plate; and

about as much more in Furniture and Curiosities. My Condition was so happy, I must have been mad to have changed it. The more sensible I was of this, the more I fortified myself with the strongest Resolutions of remaining absolutely my own Mistress, and never hearken to any Advice the least tending to make me alter so wise a Scheme, and so agreeable to my own Repose, let it come from whom it would.

My Circumstances were no sooner fully known in the World (for at *Paris* you have a thousand People who enter into this Sort of Detail) but twenty People of the best Quality came to visit me, on Pretence that they had Engagements with my late Father, but in fact to prepare me to listen to certain Projects founded on my Riches. The Comte *de Villefarel* (whom I had desired to instruct me in the Ways of the World, which he knew perfectly well, as I have said before) cautioned me against the Persecutions my Fortune, as well as my Person, would Occasion me. In order to prevent which, I ordered *Juliet*, in the Parlour of the Monastery, to tell all that came, I was ill, and saw nobody. Notwithstanding these constant Refusals, there was not a Day but some new Face presented.

One Day, as I was complaining of this to my good Friend Madam *de Geneval*, who came, regularly and spent every other Day with

with me, she replied, it was not only at *Port-Royal* that Pretenders sought after me; for, but the Night before, she assured me, the Duke *de Bisemene* did her the Honour of a Visit; and after the first Compliments were over, he asked her, if I was really as handsom as the World reported; that upon her answering I was one of the prettiest Women in *Paris*, he replied with a Sneer, there must be some Mystery then in shutting herself up, and having refused her Parlour to all the World; that he knew several of his Friends who had attempted to see me, and were greatly offended they had always endeavour'd it in vain. With Regard to himself, he had not as yet made any Advances, because he had not taken it into his Head; but, if it should so happen, he could find out a Method to get the Better of all Obstacles, and perhaps, give me a Taste for good Company, which without doubt I knew nothing of, since, with such a Fortune, I was so retired at my Age, and avoided it with so much Circumspection.

I asked who this formidable Duke was, that threatened my Repose thus terribly? A great Talker, answered Madam *de Geneval*; one, who makes it his Business, from Morning to Night, to back-bite and traduce all the World. He fancies himself still young, and handsom, though he is no longer of an Age to make himself believed on that Head.

He is a Widower, who by his Ill-treatment broke his Wife's Heart. He sets an high Value upon his Quality, which he has no right to, more than what he derives from his Ancestors. He pretends to be a Wit, but it appears to me, nothing more than a little Common-place Talk he is used to, which is over in a Quarter of an Hour. Add to this Description, that, because he would be thought a Man of Interest, he really persuades himself he is so, though, to say the Truth, I would sooner put myself under the Protection of a Judge's Clerk, than half a Dozen such Dukes as he.

Eight Days before I was at Age, the Abbot *de Hautcœur* desired to spend an Hour with me, to communicate an Affair, which personally concerned me. As he had shewn so great a Regard for my Welfare since the Death of my Mother, I hearkened to him with great Attention. A certain Princess, he said, made me an Offer to be her Companion, and, as an Inducement to comply with her Request, promised to make it as agreeable as possible. I judged, by the pressing Sollicitations of the grand Vicar, this Business had been strongly recommended to him. I answered with all due Respect, but declared explicitly to the Abbot, that, as I was determined not to be dependent on a Husband, it was not natural to think I would on any one else.

The

The next Day, which was Christmas Eve, and every Body preparing for Confession--- though I was no Devotee, I did not care to be wanting in my Duty; besides, I would not be remarked; and in my Situation it was necessary to behave with Circumspection.

About fifteen Minutes after Twelve at Noon, *Juliet* and I went down into the Church; without enquiring who the Director was, I placed myself near the Confessional. Presently after, my new Friend Mademoiselle *de Kelmader* came and placed herself by me. I have been to your Apartment to look for you, said she, to let you know, the Marquis *de Fadalbaise* was at the Abbess's Parlour, and did his utmost to engage her to send for you; but she excused herself, as you had earnestly desired her never to ask you when she had Company. As for the Marquis, he is a very gallant Petit-Maitre. Though I had nothing to do with his Visit to the Abbess, he held me with such flattering Discourse, begging me to tell you the first convenient Opportunity, he was ready to die with a Desire to know you; and, from a bare Description of your Charms, was in Love to Distraction.

I told Mademoiselle *de Kelmader*, she was a Joker, and it would be better to defer her Mirth to another Time; that she ought to judge, from the Place she saw me in, my Thoughts were employed about more serious
K 5 Matters.

Matters. She assured me, she came to Church with the same Intent that I did, and hoped it was no Crime to acquit herself of her Commission. Ah! if the Confessor had heard you, replied I (for you spoke loud enough) would he not have given us a severe Reprimand? Good! continued my Friend, this Director of ours is a charming Man, who never finds Fault for such Trifles; you will be enchanted with him, when you come to know him; there is not a Pensioner here, but is his Penitent; in a Month's Time he subdued us all.

A Gentlewoman that went out of the Confessional, whom I was obliged to let pass by me, interrupted our Discourse. The Moment the Confessional became vacant I entered, and whilst I was waiting for the Confessor's turning to my Side, I returned to my Preparation, which Mademoiselle de *Kelmader* had unseasonably disturbed me in. I had hardly finished my Prayers, when the little Wicket of the Confessional opened. How great was my Astonishment, as soon as I remembered the Voice of the Priest who spoke to me, what Director Chance had brought me to! Would your Highness believe it? Who should it be but the Abbot *Trainasseau*. I little thought of his being the Confessor of this Convent, and the Perplexity it threw me into was the most troublesome I ever knew. I had not the least Doubt about his remembering

remembering me ; but, because I would not run a Risk of coming to any Sort of Explanation with him, I rose, without uttering one Word, and retired immediately, chusing rather to give Room for all the Conjectures such an Action might occasion, than to have any kind of Dispute with a Man I despised so much as this I just now mentioned. I appeared so discomposed, when I returned into my own Apartment, *Juliet* asked me very earnestly, if I was ill. I confided my most important Secrets to this Girl, and therefore made none of this Accident. After having finished what I had to relate on this Head, I sent her to the Church, that she might enquire slyly if any Thing was said about my sudden Retreat. She returned presently, and told me, *Mademoiselle de Kelmader* was coming to my Room, and what she had to say about it would astonish me.

Indeed, nothing could appear more surprising than what she told me on this Occasion. I was no sooner gone, but the Abbot *Trainasseau* asked *Mademoiselle de Kelmader* (finding her nearest him) who the young Person was that left the Confessional, and if she was sick. My good Friend told him my Name, and that I did not seem any ways indisposed the Moment before, and she could Answer for it I enjoyed very good Health. Because he would not be over-heard he returned into his Place, and made Signs for

Mademoiselle *de Kelmader* to go into that I had quitted. Before she began to confess, he asked her, if I had been long at *Port-Royal*? What Stay I should make? If she was acquaintd with me? And twenty more Questions of this Nature. After having satisfied him, he made a most flattering Encomium on my Character, wished her Joy of having made an Acquaintance with me; in short, he said as much in my Favour as my sincerest Friend could have done. He ended this Conversation, with promising to see her again, the first Day he could spare, having more to say, which the Regard for the Place he was in would not now permit. After these Words, he took up the Function of his Ministry, and dismissed her without saying any more.

However friendly I was with Mademoiselle *de Kelmader*, I thought it best to imitate Father *Trainasseau*'s Discretion, and not keep up the Discourse. I only said, I knew the Director a little in my Mother's Life-time, but had not seen him lately. With Regard to my sudden Retreat (on which Account, People would undoubtedly find Matter to sneer) it was occasioned by a Sickness at my Heart, which I strove against as much as I could, but it grew so violent just as I was ready to confess, I rose in a Hurry, for Fear of fainting away. Mademoiselle *de Kelmader*, who had a sincere Love for me, asked with
a great

a great deal of Concern, if I was better, and was very desirous of fetching some Cordial-Water out of her own Room, which she said was admirably good in such Cases. I acknowledged how sensible I was of her Care for me, and after I had assured her I felt nothing of it, we entertained ourselves with indifferent Things, not worth repeating.

A few Moments after, the Bell ringing for the Pensioner's Supper, Mademoiselle *de Kelmader* was obliged to leave me. Presently somebody knocked at my Parlour Door. *Juliet* came and told me a Jeweller desired Leave to shew me some Curiosities, worth my Notice; it being the Custom it seems, at this Season, for these Sort of itinerant Merchants, to go about from House to House. As I knew not then how to employ my Time better, and intending to make some Presents on New-Years-Day, I allowed him to come into my Parlour. I thought it lucky my good Friend was gone, because I had a Mind to surprize her agreeably——*Juliet* took up the Candle, and we went towards the Merchant.

He had placed himself so obscurely, I could hardly see him. I offer'd to ring for a Footman to bring us more Lights, but he assured me he knew where to find his Trinkets, and provided I could see them well where I stood, it was sufficient, which I did not dispute. He took out several Drawers
filled

filled with beautiful Snuff Boxes, and other Nick-nacks of that Kind. After I had examined them, I laid aside such as I liked, and asked him what he would have for them all together. He set me so fair a Price, I should have been ashamed to bid him less than what he asked. I took out my Purse to pay him one hundred and ten Pistoles, the Amount of my Purchase. But the Merchant desired I would keep it till he called again, representing to me it was late, and not a very safe Part of the Town; that he should run a Risk in having so much Money about him. But don't you run the same Hazard, said I to him, in carrying back all those Curiosities in your Box? That is true, replied the Merchant, but when I foresee I may probably stay late in certain Places of Danger, I contrive to find out some House in the Neighbourhood to dispose them, where I know they will be safe. As I could not contradict what he said, was getting up to go, telling him he might come in the Morning and take his Money.

While I was saying this, with all the Sincerity in the World, I observed *Juliet* smiled, and was making Signs to the Merchant. I therefore looked attentively upon him, and immediately finding out my Error, I fell a laughing like mad. What! Chevalier, cried I, looking kindly at *de Beauval* (for it was himself) you are continually surprizing

prizing me with these ingenious Tricks. Ah! can I live without seeing you, adorable *de Breville*, interrupted he throwing himself at the Foot of my Grate? What have I not attempted to accomplish it! I have been here several Times before, disguised like a Priest, like a Monk, under different Names, and in different Shapes, and have always been so unfortunate, either the Porter of this cruel House, or your own Servants, have refused me the Consolation of approaching this Parlour. I flattered myself with the Hopes, at least, of meeting with the faithful *Juliet*, who possibly would have obtained for me the Happiness I now enjoy. Oh Madam! revoke those cruel Orders you sent me by *Madam de Geneval*. What! Will you have the Barbarity to make me live in Exile during your Mourning, without affording me the least Consolation. If you would permit me to write, and let me hear of your precious Welfare, as before, I might perhaps retain some little Share of Reason; but to live as I have done till now, it is dying daily; it is a thousand Times more horrible than I am able to express.

However sensibly affected I was with these Demonstrations of my dear Lover's Tenderness and Distress, I did not find I was the least inclined to alter the Resolutions I had taken within myself, in respect to him. Entirely devoted, as I was, to make a sincere
and

and tender Return to his Passion, I would never recede from what I before determined, that I might be safe from Envy and Censure, being very sensible, my Liberty depended on this important Point, which likewise helped to balance my Foible. I love you, Chevalier, with all the Tenderness I am capable, replied I, sitting down in my Chair again, and obliging him to rise. What I have promised you a hundred Times from my Mouth, and under my Hand, I will never retract. Be assured, I love you best of all Men, but remember, however strong my Inclination, it can never possibly shake one certain fixed Principle. Since you have contrived a Way to see me without my Consent, I will not defer to another Opportunity a sincere Declaration of my Sentiments, because it is necessary you should know them, for your own Sake, as well as mine. If you have imagined, Sir, in loving me, continued I, looking very seriously at him, to have your Love rewarded, either by Marriage (which without Doubt is your Desire) or by a certain Complaisance, I am ignorant of, and shall endeavour to be always so, you deceive yourself. I have many Times already declared my absolute Aversion to Matrimony, and you ought to judge, from the Disputes I have maintained against my late Mother on this Subject, that my Resolutions are unalterable. I must further tell you, it is sufficient

sufficient that I find myself prejudiced in your Favour; beyond which, I would not advise you to entertain the least Hopes. Could I possibly change, and you were to be my Husband, your Passion would diminish by the Possession of a Happiness, which would very soon appear less desirable, and I should become the Victim. O Heavens! that you can suspect this, Madam, interrupted *Beauval*, joining both his Hands, with an Air of Desperation. How! can you believe me such an Enemy to myself: What do I say! such a Wretch, such a Paltroon!——I believe nothing of all that, interrupted I, in my Turn. I am persuaded, on the contrary, that from the first Moment you did me the Honour to speak to me, you was perfectly satisfied, nothing in this World could be capable of lessening the Strength of your Passion; and that Hymen, far from abating the Heat, would only be a Means of making it more pure, and augmenting the Flame. This I don't doubt in the least; but this is only a bare Probability, and I am too jealous of my Happiness, to build it on vain Conjectures, which numberless Examples daily contradict. Not to perplex ourselves any farther with a Contest which may carry us too great a Length, and which it is not in the Power, either of you or I to determine, I shall return to my first Principles. I will see you, Sir, when
I open

I open my Doors to my Friends, but on this Condition, nevertheless, that you govern the Passion, with which you burn, so discreetly, as no Ways to expose my Reputation. I insist also, if you should happen to have any Rivals, that you do not, by any imprudent suspicious Behaviour, oblige me to debar myself the Pleasure I shall always have in seeing you. I give you nine Months to consider of it, and according to your Conduct, during this Interval, I shall be able to judge how far I can depend upon your Prudence when I come abroad again. There is nothing I desire more than the Pleasure of your Company, and to cultivate a Friendship with you, which is a Thing I have ever been ambitious of.

Just Heaven! cried *Beauval*, ready to burst into Tears, can it possibly be, after having suffered so much by your Absence, you should put my Love to such a shocking Trial. What, Madam! would you, as a Reward for the Tenderest, sincerest Vows, be the Death of an unhappy Lover, one that knows no other Joy but that of Loving; flattered by your Smiles, and his own Fidelity and Perseverance, with the Hopes of bringing you to that blissful State, which all Mankind aspire after, who truly love? Can any Thing hereafter be more despairing, than what you make me apprehend? Certainly no! You exact, with unparallel'd Cruelty,

Cruelty, a nine Month's Absence from the Enjoyment of your adorable Presence. You have discovered to me, that I must never expect to see my Love rewarded. For Pity Sake, too ungrateful *de Breville*, give me at least some Glimpse of Hope—I should deceive you, my dear Chevalier, interrupted I, with some Emotion. The dearer you are to me, and the more I love you, the less you ought to reckon on such a Return—What are then those important and very extraordinary Reasons, replied my doleful Lover, that induced you to take a Resolution so contrary to common Custom; to avoid being united to the Marquis *de Sberling*, whom you did not love? Nothing is more natural, and easier to be justified; but to refuse a Man which you acknowledge to be the only one that ever had the Power to please you; is a Thing not to be comprehended, nor possibly penetrated into. Alas! I no longer doubt I have flattered myself in vain. Ungrateful, thou never loved'st me! Thou art certainly prepossessed in Favour of another; and all these artful, unkind Precautions, are only contrived to conceal from me the Knowledge of my Misery.

At the Conclusion of these Words, poor *Beauval* wept in good Earnest. However determined, I could not contain myself at these affecting Proofs of his Love. You make me despair, Sir, said I, hardly able myself

myself to refrain from Tears. After having so often acknowledged the Passion you have inspired me with, it is you are ungrateful in daring to doubt it. I judged it very improper to see you at a Time when I ought to think of nothing but the great Loss I have so lately sustained; because it is a Sacrifice I owe the Publick, my Family, and myself; what else could you infer from it? Ought I not to do my Duty? I should be inexcusable did I behave otherwise. Don't you know that several of my Relations would have seized upon my Person, and are piqued to Death at my refusing to live with any one of them; that they pry very severely into my Actions? If I was ever so little remiss in my Conduct, or they should have the least Cause to suspect my Behaviour, they might deprive me of that independent State, which is equal to Life. It is from the same Motives I must insist, when you come to visit me at my own House, you use all the Caution due to my Reputation, that I may not be reproached for abusing that Liberty, I am absolutely determined to preserve. Is this saying I no longer love you, or ought it to occasion your doing me the Injustice of suspecting I deceive you? On the contrary, ought you not, cruel Creature, to take this Confidence kindly of me, and be thankful, that I am endeavouring to secure a Method of seeing you, by obviating every Obstacle?

Obstacle? Are you ready to despair, because I have taken a Resolution never to marry, though the most tender Love is one of the principal Reasons? Why can't you flatter yourself with the Hopes of working a Change in me, by a painful Perseverance? Women you know, are often accused of Levity and Inconstancy? Why may'nt you hope to find me one Day of that Number? I shall not blame you for any Ideas, that may bring you to this Way of Thinking.

The less Room we have for Hope, it often happens, we are the more susceptible of it; for, though there was nothing in this Discourse, could reasonably give him any, the poor Chevalier was more at Ease. Thou art my Sovereign, my adorable Mistress, cried he; I am bound to submit to your rigid Laws, however cruel to my Love. Yes, Madam! I surrender up myself, and though I find it very painful, yet you shall have no Cause to complain of my Submission. I will, by two such moving Proofs, cure your obliging Fears, you yourself shall become the Security of a Love, which will ever be unalterable. But, as it is impossible for me to live confined where you breathe, without endeavouring to see you; rather than expose myself to the Danger of disobeying your Commands, I will directly transport myself far off, till I shall be permitted the delightful Pleasure of seeing you again.

again. It is in your Power alone, cruel Creature, to save the Life of a most tender Lover, who may possibly die with Grief while he is exiled from you.—Speak, interrupted I, softened with *Beauval's* Submission, and pierced with these dismal Apprehensions, if I can assuage your Sorrow, without hurting my Reputation, you may be assured I will listen to it with Attention. The Chevalier, consoled with this Assurance, requested I would permit him to correspond with me by Letter. After I had considered a little, my Tenderness got the better of a Resolution I once made, never to converse with him upon Paper again, as my Secret was disclosed by Means of his Letters. I could not now refuse him this Favour; but, for fear of running any Risk, I insisted upon his directing his Letters to *Juliet*, and that he should content himself with receiving Answers from her, promising at the same Time to be very punctual in Writing, to prevent his having the least Cause to complain, that Absence made me unmindful of him.

I thought, after this grand Concession, the Chevalier would have had nothing more to ask of me; but Lovers are insatiable, never to be satisfied, and falling again upon his Knees, intreated me, in the most moving Terms, to give him my Picture. At first I flatly denied him, declaring I never would
consent

consent to it; but he became so pressing, and said such passionate Things, while *Juliet* was persecuting me at the same Time to afford him that Comfort, saying it would be absolutely necessary to support so long an Absence. I suffered myself at last to be prevailed upon. A Picture, my late Father had drawn for me a few Days after his Arrival, was given to me upon his Death, and fixed in a Watch I wore by my Side. I would not give the Chevalier the Trouble to take it out then, but as this Watch was presented me by my Father, whose Memory was dear to me, I strictly charged him to send it me again when he had taken out the Picture, acquainting him with the Motives why I valued it so as never to part with it.

Observing, as I was taking the Watch from my Side, it was after Seven o'Clock, I rose in a hurry, giving *Beauval* to understand any longer Entertainment would create a Suspicion; it was therefore necessary to separate. However, I first insisted upon returning the Trinkets I had bargained for, when I took him for a Merchant; but he made such pressing Instances not to occasion him so much Chagrin, he soon got the better of me; I determined nevertheless on a Thing I thought very proper, and that was, not to let the Present I intended to make him

him in Return, be at all inferior to what he had forced me to accept.

After the Holy-days, *Drouin*, *Beauval's* Valet-de-Chambre, brought me a Box sealed up. As I expected him, I had prepared a Parcel which I gave him for his Master ; it contained a gold-hilted Sword, to which I tied a Ribbon of Rose-colour and Silver, my favourite Colour ; I added also a Diamond Ring, which cost me a hundred Louis-d'Ors, and the Sword very near as much ; thus you see I exceeded the Piece of Gallantry I accepted from him. It was my Opinion all my Life-time, never to be outdone in Point of Generosity.

I dismissed *Drouin*, with a gold-headed Cane of ten Louis-d'Ors Value, as a New-Year's Gift for himself, which transported him more than the Thing was worth. As soon as I opened the Box, I was very glad I had behaved so to the Lad. There was a small one enclosed in it, on which was wrote, with my Lover's own Hand, the following Words, *A New Year's Gift for happy Juliet, whose Felicity I incessantly envy.* One may easily guess he imagined I should see them.—This Present consisted of a small, but very handsome Diamond Cross, a Pair of Ear-rings of the same, which were worth at least two hundred Pistoles.

I was visited the last two Festival Days in Christmas by most of my Relations.

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As they imagined I should leave the Convent on New Year's Eve, all of them wanted very much to know how I intended to dispose of myself; but, suspecting the Motives that induced them to come to see me, I conducted myself in such a Manner, in spite of all the Insinuations they advanced to discover my Intentions, they every one returned, unable to depend on any Thing certain.

The *Sieur de Balmont*, the House Steward, of whom I have already spoke several Times, without, I believe, ever mentioning his Name, having put the House of my late Father in a Condition to receive me, by taking Care of all the necessary Repairs, &c. while I was at *Port-Royal*, told me, the Night before I was to go into it, excepting *Juliet* and himself, I should not find any one of the Domestics I left in the House, having dismissed them all, according to my Orders. Indeed it was what I had recommended to him very strongly, my Brothers having advised me to it, that I might not be troubled with continual Complaints among my Servants, which is generally the Case, when you retain those that have served in the Family before; such Servants are perpetually complaining against every Thing that appears new to them, regretting, upon all Occasions their former Way of Living. I am of Opinion, as to this Point, that the Trouble it costs is better worth the while,

than to run the Hazard of not being absolute Mistress, and obliged to be always very circumspect.

My Household was compos'd of a House Steward, a Valet de Chambre, two Footmen, a Cook, a Coachman, and a Swiss Porter; the Women were, my Woman, a second Chambermaid, who was also House-keeper, and a Girl under the Cook.

Some Time after, my Retinue was augmented, with another Valet de Chambre, a Footman, and a third Chambermaid; but, as I did not intend, during the Remainder of my Mourning, to receive at my own House only my Brothers, my Relations, Madam *de Geneval* and Mademoiselle *de Kelmader*, I found they would be full as many Servants as I ought to have.

I refer'd the Conduct of my House entirely to *Balmont*, whom I knew to be very punctual, and very faithful. He prepar'd me for devoting one Morning in every Month to sign his Accounts; and he was so orderly a Man, if I would have dispensed with it, I must have disobligh'd him.

I will not tire your Highness's Patience with any further Detail of this Sort; let it suffice, I only add, that the House of the late Marquis *de Breville* was situated in the Heart of the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, which was commodious, without being magnificent.

cent; handsom, well-built, and terminated with a Garden large enough.

The last Night of the old Year, in returning my Visits, I did not forget my good Friend Mademoiselle *de Kelmader*, who threw herself about my Neck the Moment she saw me, and fell a Weeping. Alas! cried she, hugging me in her Arms, I am going to lose the only Consolation I have in this Place. What! do you leave me. Oh! I shall become the most miserable Person living. I endeavour'd to console her by promising to visit her every Week, and desiring Leave for her to come often and spend the Afternoon with me. But all I could say did not afford her the least Comfort. She vowed, she had an invincible Aversion to a Convent, and till she knew me, it was insupportable to her. This Overture, which she never made since our first Acquaintance till now, occasioned my asking her divers Questions, desiring to know if she could not furnish me with some Means of proving my Friendship. She fetched a deep Sigh, by which I conjectured her Heart was oppressed, and, perhaps, afraid of unburthening of it to me, I therefore pressed her to do it, upon which, she asked me if I would indulge her an Hour to ease her Mind; I assured her, I would devote best Part of the Day to shew how tenderly I was interested in what touched her. She immediately took me into a little

Closet, and putting the Key into her Pocket, communicated to me Part of what had befallen her, and the melancholy Situation she was then in.

M. *de Kelmader*, said she, whose Name I bear, and whose Daughter I am, was a Man in high Station, and had acquired so much Glory in the late War, he was made Lieutenant General of the King's Army. Peace being concluded, he returned into *Brittany*, where he fell desperately in Love with the Daughter of a Counsellor of the Parliament, who lived by his Profession, to whose House all the better Sort in *Nantz* resorted. Before the Expiration of one Year, M. *de Kelmader's* Passion met with a Return; but, as he was worse than nothing, and had no Revenue, more than the King's Pension, and *Maiselle de Zarzagan's* Fortune was but small, he never durst attempt making a Proposal of Marriage, apprehending very justly, that notwithstanding the great Tendernefs of his dear Mistress, she would be the first to demonstrate the natural Consequences of carrying such a Project into Execution, as must needs be attended with Disagreement, being thoroughly convinced, they had not together Fortune sufficient to live in the Manner they would chuse on such an Occasion.

However, this was no Impediment to their continuing to see each other daily, by which Means, their Passion rose to such a Pitch,

Pitch, they could no longer think of being two. Twenty Times were they on the Brinks of getting the better of all other Considerations that had hitherto put a Check to their Desires. But, the Delicacy of *M. de Kelmader's* Passion restrained him, he would not make the Person he loved miserable, and, to put it out of each other's Power to alter their Resolution any more, they took an Oath, as solemn, as Religion and Honour could make it, to love one another eternally, but never to marry.

It was not long, before they repented the having bound themselves up with so strong a Tye. *M. de Kelmader's* Passion grew so rapturous, he protested to *Mademoiselle de Zarzagan*, it was impossible for him to contain himself any longer, he could not live; she must either relieve him, or permit him to resign his Breath, which he begg'd, with most pressing and very moving Intreaties. This young Lady, terrified with so horrible an Alternative, and loving him to such a Degree, she was ready to sacrifice every Thing for his Repose, could not, however, bear to think of doing any Thing that would shock her Virtue, and afraid of being the Cause of her Lover's Death by a Refusal, well assured he would destroy himself, if his Passion was not gratified, communicated to a faithful Friend the great Inquietude with which she was agitated, and by earnest and

reiterated Instances, requested her Assistance out of this terrible Embarrassment, she at last obtained, under a Seal of eternal Secresy, a Promise to occupy her Place, every Time she had an Appointment to receive M. de *Kelmader*. All Things were so artfully disposed, this Commerce was continued for more than three Months, without the least Suspicion of the Artifice.

In the mean Time, Mademoiselle de *Vermanzel*, the too complaisant Friend of Mademoiselle de *Zarzagan*, proved with Child; on the other Hand, M. de *Kelmader* was obliged to take a Journey on Account of an Uncle's Death, who had left him his Estate. Going to bid his Mistress Farewel before he set out, she informed him of a Pregnancy, as if it was herself; the Lover seemed transported; he expressed his Joy in the most tender and persuasive Terms. During his Absence, Mademoiselle de *Vermanzel* was delivered of a Daughter, and this Unfortunate——Would you believe it, Madam! continued poor *Kelmader*, crying most bitterly, was me. You apprehend by this Confidence, one Part of my Misfortunes.

The Affairs my Father had in the Country, continued my sorrowful Friend, were not determined before the End of two Years, by the Chicanery of some colateral Branches of the Family. Having at last gained his Cause, he found himself worth above one hundred

hundred thousand Crowns. Mademoiselle *de Zarzagan* expected, him from Day to Day, with an Impatience equal to her Love, and the Length of his Absence. They had both absolved themselves of that indiscreet Oath, and only waited till the Day they should meet to be married, when by an unforeseen Accident, occasioned by my Father's great Impatience to return, he got a Fall as he was stepping into his Chaise, which proved mortal. The Surgeon, having told him very plainly, he had but two Days to live, he sent for a Notary, and bequeathed to me, as his Daughter, all his Fortune, by the Name of *de Zarzagan*, and left the Possession of it to her he thought my Mother, to whom he sent the Deed, with his last Adieu, telling her of his Fall, that the Doctors had passed Sentence upon him, that he should return no more.

Judge what an Effect such News must have on the Heart of one so passionately fond. Mademoiselle *de Zarzagan*, ready to despair, without communicating her Intentions to any one, took Post immediately, to attend a Lover who was so dear to her. But alas!—he was no more. The most prudent Step she could take on this fatal Occasion, was, to take Advantage of M. *de Kelmader's* last Disposition, her own Fortune being small. In spite of all her Virtue, her Commerce with my Father was not inter-

puted to her Advantage; the World were not ignorant of a Daughter, they imagined the Produce of their Tendresses. Till then, Mademoiselle *de Vermanzel* had religiously kept the Secret, but, soon after getting Information, that by the Tenure of the Will, the great Fortune *M. de Kelmader* had left belonged to his Daughter, she commenced a Suit against Mademoiselle *de Zarzagan* (who had already found Means to get Possession) and declared the Truth of every Thing. The Judge, finding himself greatly embarrassed how to decide the Cause, recommended it to the two Friends to leave it to Arbitration, but unfortunately, they were no longer so; for, where is that Friendship which Interest will not shake? On the contrary, they were too much piqued at each other, to regard such wholesom Advice, and insisted upon a Decree, in which, they were both disappointed. The whole Fortune was adjudged to me, and a Guardian chose accordingly out of my Father's Family, who was to have the Administration of my Affairs, until I came of Age.

This Guardian, was Cousin German to *M. de Kelmader* (whom I dare hardly call Father) and one of the most inveterate of those, who contested his inheriting the Fortune he bequeathed to me, which my Guardian was no sooner in Possession of, but he labour'd with so much Address and Cunning

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to change the Circumstances of it by certain pretended Failures, that as soon as I was Fourteen, he had me so entirely in his Power, he gave me Notice, without any Ceremony, that I must marry him. His Name was *Vaudorel*, above fifty Years of Age, ugly, decayed, and sickly; what was worse than all these, his Temper was rash and whimsical, which made him of all Mankind the most hateful. Give me Leave to add (besides these Motives of Disgust) the Inclination I had for an amiable young Man call'd *de St. Daran*, Son to the first President of the City—Only think, therefore, how frightful the rascally *Vaudorel's* Proposal must be to me. Through a Confidence of my being emancipated, I thought I had nothing to fear from him, for which Reason I explained myself without Reserve; and that raised his Resentment to such a Pitch, he was very near striking me. Always prepossessed with the Strength of my own Power, I braved his Threats. I was, the next Day, forced away to a Convent, by way of Punishment, where he confined me ten Years, with a kind Assurance of never being released, unless I would give him my Hand, declaring likewise, I should never have one Penny of my Fortune by his Consent.

I found Means the first Year to inform *St. Daran* where I was confined. That dear Lover, who for six Months together had

tried a thousand Ways to find me out, no sooner knew, but he contrived a Method to see me; and after he had learnt the Motives for my being so unjustly treated, prevailed upon his Friends to act in my Favour. But to what Purpose were those tender Proofs of his Love! That miserable *Vaudorel* being informed of it, acquainted my Lover's Father, that I had a Design upon his Son, to get him for my Husband. That was enough to disappoint me, notwithstanding he knew I was rich, my wicked Guardian being well satisfied, he ought not to impose upon a Magistrate of that importance with his Rogue's Tricks. The Defect of my Birth, or some other View, possibly, gave him a Dislike to the Match. He forbid his Son ever to think of me, and being informed again, some little Time after, by my Persecutor, that *St. Daran* continued to seek Opportunities to see me. The Father, fearful the Son's engaging too far would oblige him to take a more rigid Course, he suggested it as the best Method, to send him to study the Law at *Paris*, and to prevent his going astray, or any Ways deceiving him, he sent an old Valet-de-Chambre, whose Fidelity he could depend upon, to be always near, and watch his Motions.

At the End of two Years, I thought myself abandoned by all the World. A Letter, which was artfully delivered to me by one
of

of those Merchants who travel with a Pack, gave me both Joy and Hope, as it came from my dear Lover——He acquainted me how he was kept in a Sort of Slavery, the Impossibility of writing to me, till that Moment, and exhorted me to have Patience, promising, as soon as he was at Age, or should get an Employment, he would prove his Love, and bring my Rogue of a Guardian to Reason.

I waited eight Years entirely in Expectation of that happy Hour, tho' I was above ten in the Cloister, and nobody believed I should ever come out again. Besides which, I endured cruel Persecutions from the Nuns, who attempted to make me take the Veil, but that was impossible; they first of all tried to coax me into it; when they found that Method would not succeed, they accused me of Obstinacy, and mortified me in so many Shapes, notwithstanding my Aversion, which they augmented by their ill Treatment; Despair had almost reduced me to a fatal Necessity of sacrificing myself to be freed from it.

I was in this terrible Condition, and on the Brinks of taking that horrible Step, when I received a Letter from *St. Daran*, who that Minute restored me to Life and Joy. He informed me, he was just preferred at *Paris* to a very fine Employment; that he was at Age; and the first Use he intended to make

of his Liberty, would be, to procure mine; to restore me to my Fortune, and to crown by indissoluble Bands so faithful and tender an Amour. He kept his Word——By a second Letter, I learnt he had presented a Pétition on my Behalf, by which I protested against my unworthy Guardian's violent Proceedings, and demanded an Account of the Administration of my Estate. He observed to me, if by any unjust Influence I should lose my Cause below, he had found out an infallible Method to bring *Vaudorel* up to *Paris*, by which Means he would answer for the Success of my Suit. Never, in Fact, was Process carried on with more Vigour, and yet, notwithstanding the Justness of my Cause, *Vaudorel* gained his Point. He found a Way to get himself declared insolvent, and procured Time to secrete his own Effects, as well as mine, and then disappeared, which he had meditated for some Time, being apprehensive of an Arrest.

St. Daran, sent a Chaise for me, and at the same Time a particular Detail of the fatal Effects of all his Care and Trouble; intreating me, in the tenderest Terms, not to make myself uneasy; promising, at his Father's Death, to unite his Fortune to mine; and till that should happen (though he must one Day have a large Estate) he was going to use his best Endeavours to augment it, and make the best Amends he could for the
Loss

Loss I had so unjustly sustained. He added, it would be infinite Pleasure to see me again, that he should come ten Leagues on the Road, in Hopes of that Happiness, and that I might be properly accommodated at *Paris*, till he could conveniently consummate the last Proof of his Love, he had taken a Place here, where I might depend upon being treated with all the Respect I deserved.

Though I was sufficiently tired of a Convent, I never complained at my being obliged to remove to this ; the Situation of my Affairs made it absolutely necessary, as well as the Caution I ought to have of my Reputation.

He also sent Money to pay for my Board, when these religious Folks made no Scruple to part with me, well knowing I had no Hopes of a Portion ; and since the Departure, or rather running away of *Vaudorel*, there was nobody left to pay my Pension. I quitted that eternal Convent, with the greatest Joy in the World, and set out on my Journey with a most eager Impatience, to arrive at the appointed Place of meeting my Lover. He appeared in perfect Raptures at seeing me again, and said a thousand flattering Things of my Person, which he was pleased to say, was greatly improved. It was with much Difficulty I moderated my own Transports, being obliged to summons all my Prudence to my Assistance. He had me conducted

conducted by one of his Friends to *Port-Royal*, and for the first Year, never failed visiting me twice a Week.

Scarcely was the following Year begun, before I perceived *St. Daran* no longer took that Delight in seeing me he used to do, of which I was not quite convinced in my own Mind, when a secret Terror seized me, and yet my tender Love for this Ingrate, would frequently reproach my feeble Heart for this Terror. I treated it therefore as a Piece of Injustice, and was willing to suppose some secret Trouble, which he concealed from me, was the Cause of this Change.

At his next Visit, I tried all the Ways I could invent (even my Tears) to oblige him to open his Mind, upon a Supposition I always had, that his Coldness and distracted Looks, proceeded from Motives which did not any Ways regard me. He was alas! two or three Times on the Brinks of submitting to my Intreaties, but his own Heart undoubtedly reproaching him with the Nature of this Discovery, he therefore persisted in his Silence, and left me again without explaining himself.

I could no longer endure this cruel State of Uncertainty. After having in vain expected him for fifteen Days together, I sent for his Valet-de-Chambre, who always seemed attached to my Interest; as soon as I saw him, I related the Cause of my sending for him;

him; he, by way of Reply, made very plausible Excuses for the Indifference I began to suspect his Master of, attributing it to other Causes, and the Multiplicity of Business he was employed in.

Three Months longer did I remain in this doubtful Condition; but, being one Day in the Chamber of a Lady of Quality, who had retired hither for some Years, and whom I often visited, when Word was brought from her Parlour, that a Lady was come, whose Name sounded so very like that of my Lover, I started up. However, I thought at first I must be mistaken, but I very soon found I was not. I fancied to myself, it might be the Widow of my Lover's Father, or one of his Relations of the same Name; but when they added, this Lady was the Wife of him who often came to see me, I was seized on a sudden. The only Way I had to prevent discovering my Secret, as well as my Grief, was to retire, as if I had forgot something, and must of Necessity return back to my Chamber.

In my first Transports, I sat down and wrote a Letter to *St. Daran*, in the most upbraiding Terms I could invent, calling him Traitor, Perjured, and so forth; but the Abundance of my Tears calmed my Rage, and made me change it to a more sorrowful, complaining Style, which a sincere Tenderness can so well express. As soon as I had
finished

finished my Letter, I sent it to him, without giving it a second Reading; and whilst I was expecting an Answer, I wrote to Madam *de Vermanzel*, my Mother, to whom I had never wrote since I came to *Paris*, piqued she would not condescend to correspond with me, as if I was nothing to her.

I received no Answer from *St. Daran* till the next Day. Instead of justifying himself, he acknowledged how much he had wronged me; adding, that he looked upon himself as the most miserable of all Mortals, and protested, though he was married, he had not ceased one Moment loving me. By way of Excuse, he pretended, his Father, having been informed he continued to visit me, and fearing he only waited a convenient Opportunity to compleat our Happiness, brought out of the Country, a Lady, he had a long Time destined for his Wife, which he could not accomplish before, on Account of a Want of Age in Mademoiselle *Vieruzel*, who was then but Fourteen. The great Reverence he had always been brought up to by his Father, made it unable for him to resist paying an implicit Obedience to all his Commands; but above all, the Fear of exposing me to his Resentment; and so much the more dangerous was it, because of the Impossibility of evading his Power. After a thousand Motives, pretty much of the same Sort, to excuse his Perfidy, he protested,

tested, he should be for ever devoted to me; that I was absolute Mistress, to take what Course I pleased, whether it was to marry, or remain in the Convent; that I should always find in his Purse, whatever Assistance I wanted; that he had rather be without Necessaries himself, than to be thought unmindful of me in that Respect.

Far from being softened by these Excuses, they added Weight to my Sorrow and Resentment. I said, in Answer, I renounced all Commerce with him for ever, and desired he would never see me more. Averse to accepting any Assistance from him, I kept an exact Memorandum of what he had advanced on my Account, from the Time I was first weak enough to confide in his Promises, in order to return it him exactly to a Farthing, in case Fortune should put it in my Power to adjust so unhappy an Obligation. In short, my Answer was lofty, and the Conduct I have kept up since with that Ingrate, has not contradicted it. Notwithstanding all the Methods he could contrive to make me read his Letters, whenever they fell into my Hands, I either sent them back unopened, or else burnt them before the Face of the Person who brought them.

I must own, the Confidence I had, that my Mother would take me Home to her, or at least pay my Pension in the Convent,

did

did not contribute a little to support me in those Resolutions.

But good Lord ! What will become of me I know not ! I have received her Answer in the following Lines.

B I L L E T.

“ CHANCE presided at your Birth,
 “ Miss—I have nothing to do with
 “ you. Mademoiselle *de Zarzagan* is richer
 “ than I am ; you may address yourself to
 “ her. It will be in vain for you to make
 “ any farther Attempts—My Resolution
 “ is fixed with Regard to you, and it is
 “ unalterable.”

In the Frenzy which so harsh a Letter threw me into, I believe (Heaven forgive me, continued Mademoiselle *de Kelmader*, weeping) I should have stabbed myself to the Heart, had I found the Means at Hand, wherewith to put an End to so hateful a Life. To this violent Transport succeeded a Torrent of Tears. In Fact, I never found myself in so frightful a Situation, especially after having endured so many Disappointments. The End of all these bitter Reflections, was, to try the Humanity of Mademoiselle *de Zarzagan*. I had always heard a great deal of Good said of her ; so that I could not help flattering myself with some small

small Hopes, notwithstanding the Experience I so lately had of my own Mother's Unkindness.

A Fortnight after I had wrote to her, she returned me an Answer. How great was my Joy and Consolation! it was charming—

“**Y**ES, my dear Child, said she in her Letter, I will be to you a Mother, since you have so good an Opinion of me, as to flatter yourself with the Hopes of it. Have no Inquietude concerning your Condition. I am about making such a Disposition, it will not be quite unhappy. I shall say no more at Present; in fifteen Days you will hear more particularly from me; but, fearing you may want some Necessaries, I have added to my Letter a Bill for five hundred Livers. Be always virtuous, Heaven and I will never forsake you.”

Tears of Joy flowed down my Cheeks while I was reading this tender Letter. I fell on my Knees, and returned Thanks to Heaven for bestowing on me so charming a Mother. Greatly delighted was I at being wrote to, as well as at my having broke with the perfidious *de St. Daran*. The more one has been a Prey to Grief and Despair, the greater is our Tranquillity, when we have

have just Motives for Consolation, and done nothing to reproach ourselves withal.

Three Weeks after, being told one wanted me in the Parlour, I had a strange Foreboding about this Visit I was going to receive. It proved to be *Mademoiselle de Zarzagan* herself, who had taken this Journey on purpose to confirm her Promise, as well as demonstrate her Goodness. I threw myself at her Feet, penetrated with Respect and Gratitude. I looked upon her that Instant as my real Mother. Whilst she was incessantly giving me the most lively Testimonies of her Tenderness, she could not refrain examining my Person. The Resemblance I bore to my Father, drew Tears from her Eyes, she fancied she saw him, and talked to him. Before this Conference was ended, I learn't his History, which she did not finish without shedding fresh Tears.

I found so many Actions worthy of Admiration, in the Recital which she gave me, and so deserving of my profoundest Respect, that I assured her the Present which Heaven now bestowed, by favouring me with so precious an Adoption, was a thousand Times dearer to me than all the Riches I had lost, or than all that could be desired in Life. *Mademoiselle de Zarzagan* wept at these sincere Tokens of my Affection, and caressed me with great Fondness. She told me, she could stay but fourteen Days at *Paris*, on
Account

Account of an unfortunate Law-suit with one of her Brothers, the Loss of which might ruin her. An Uncle having made her his Heir, this wicked Relation was endeavouring to set aside the Will. To avoid the Perplexity and Expence of so disagreeable a Dispute, she offered to divide the Inheritance with him. But this self-interested Brother (and unworthy such a Sister) insisted absolutely on being put into the entire Possession of an Estate, she was assured he could not possibly have any Hopes of obtaining more than a Moiety of.

During Madam *de Zarzagan's* Stay at *Paris*, she visited me every Day; her Scheme was, in Case she gained her Cause, to come and reside there, and take me to live with her; but should she unfortunately lose it, she intended to spare, out of her little, sufficient to pay for my Board in a Country Convent, till she should have an Opportunity to marry me, or be able to take me to her own House, which she could not do, till the Death of a Cousin, who was to leave her twenty thousand Florins.

Truly sensible of her Goodness, in making this Offer, which proved to me the Excellency of her Heart, I was drowned in Tears whilst I was taking my Leave of her; for it seemed as if I had a Misgiving of what would soon happen. Six Months after, she wrote me Word, her Brother's Power prevailed

vailed over the Justness of her Cause. She was not only cast, but condemned to pay all the Costs, and is, in short, entirely ruined.

Behold Madam ! cried poor *de Kelmader*, the fatal Situation I am reduced to. Believe not the Tears you see me shed, are for my Misfortunes alone ; you will do me more Justice, I hope. Heaven has never abandoned me yet ; I do not despair for myself, but, to know that Mademoiselle *de Zarzagan* is indigent, sick, and perhaps, overwhelmed with Sorrow and Vexation, of which, without Doubt, I am in some Part the Cause, is so shocking a Subject of Affliction, I can hardly support myself under it, and have Reason to believe it will sink me quite.

No, my dear Friend, cried I (embracing her tenderly, moved with her Tears, and the Goodness of her Heart) Heaven will not suffer so much Virtue to remain in so forlorn a Situation ; Fortune's Favours, you know, are heaped upon me ; can you think me your Friend, to know your Unhappiness and not partake of it ? But, for your Comfort, and to dry up those Tears, which affect me to the last Degree ; know what my Intentions are, with Regard to you, as well as that worthy Lady, whom I already love, with almost the same Affection. There's my Purse, I believe you will find about sixty Louis d'Ors left in it ; send her them immediately, as from yourself, and invite her, without

without any farther Intimation, to come and live with you. When I am settled in my own House, I will prepare an Apartment for each of you, and ye shall continue with me for ever.

Mademoiselle *de Kelmader*, who never expected to have her Confidence rewarded by so noble and generous a Proceeding, threw herself at my Feet the Moment I had done speaking. Thou art an Angel, cried she, sent from Heaven into this House, to fill me with Joy and Satisfaction. I behold so much Greatness of Soul in your Way of Thinking, I should be unworthy your Bounty, did I hesitate one Moment to consider of that Goodness you condescend to afford us. O Heavens! continued she, whilst I was raising her up, I am transported, to think what Joy my Letter will bring Mademoiselle *de Zarzagan*! It will restore to Life, Madam, pursued she, with a most ardent Affection, the dear *Kelmader*, her who, perhaps, is this Moment languishing, and through a premeditated Tenderness, has concealed from me her greatest Misfortunes. Yes! you create my Happiness, I owe you every Thing, and should be unfit to live, was my Gratitude to grow faint, or ever omitted shewing myself thoroughly sensible of it, even to my Grave.

My tenderest Embraces concluded this long Conference. I promised this dear Friend
the

she should hear from me the next Day, and, as soon as I could spare Time we would consult together what was proper to be done. While I remained in the Convent, this amiable Girl never ceased giving me a thousand Marks of her Joy and Acknowledgment. For my own Part, I went away extremely well satisfied with myself, for being the Cause of it, and that my good Fortune had procured me two such Friends, whose real Merit and Virtue would give me so much Delight and Pleasure, I should have no Occasion to seek for it out of my own Family.

I was received into my House, like a Sovereign Princess entering into her Dominions, or rather, may it please your Highness, like you, returning to your Palace after a long Absence. However, with this Difference, that all the Demonstrations of Joy, which shine forth in the Countenance of those who have the Honour to see you, proceeds from an Affection founded on the Knowledge they have of your rare and eminent Qualities; instead of which, that my Presence occasioned, was only inspired with a Curiosity to behold a Mistress they never saw before, and whom they impatiently expected.

End of the seventh Part.

P A R T. VIII.

MY Servants, who had been in my Apartment to pay their Homage, and receive my Orders, were but just dismissed, when Word was brought Madam *de Geneval* was come. This Mark of her Regard I took very kindly, and received her with the sincerest Friendship. After we had embraced, I asked her if she would sup with me; she was come to spend the Evening with me, she said, intending to stay till the very Moment I was ready to retire, having a great deal to communicate, which would be well worth my Consideration. I expected my Brothers at Supper; but as it was not as yet Six o'Clock, and in all Probability they would not come before the Opera was over, I gave orders at my Door, I saw nobody, being fearful, I might be troubled with importunate Visitors——Such as Uncles, and Aunts, and other Relations. When we had settled that Point, we drew to a Corner of the Fire, happy in having an Opportunity of entertaining each other, with what related to ourselves.

My good Friend, whose Business it was to engage my Confidence (as you will find
 Vol. II. M hereafter)

hereafter) began, by asking if I intended to continue my Cruelty to poor *Beauval*; that he was plunged into so deep a Melancholy, ever since I had declared I would not admit him till my Mourning was ended, he was to be pitied. I don't conceive what Harm there could be, continued she, nor what Consequences could be drawn from a Permission to see you once a Week. Let us drop this Subject, Madam, if you please, interrupted I, smiling, I see what you are aiming at, and it would make me very uneasy, to be obliged to refuse you any Thing. The Chevalier ought to content himself, as I exceeded my Intentions in my last Concessions, I shall therefore go no farther. If he has intrusted you with the Conference we had on this Head, he ought to have informed you the Motives for my Conduct. I shall not repeat them now; but this I can assure you, there is nothing in the World capable of making me change.

By what I can judge, replied Madam de *Geneval*, looking stedfastly upon me, you have already formed to yourself a Plan of Life, from which you would unwillingly depart; but Experience will teach you, Madam, that it is exceeding difficult, very often not to deviate from it, there are so many Incidents, as well as unforeseen Accidents in Life, that it is impossible to depend upon any Thing for certain. It is ten
Years

Years (if I may be allowed the Expression) since I forswore Matrimony; during which Time several agreeable Offers were made me, without shaking my Resolution; but now I begin to waver, and perhaps, before one Month is at an End, I may be obliged to submit to the Yoke, and take a second Husband.

Although the *Chevalier de Beauval* had pre-informed me what *Madam de Geneval* now disclosed, I seemed to appear greatly surprized, but did not expect her Wedding was so near. I read your Astonishment in your Eyes, continued she, but, that I may not appear ridiculous, I will very frankly discover the Situation of my Affairs; if, after that, you think me in the wrong, for taking such a Step, I will abide by your Determination. Though you are many Years younger than I am, and consequently less experienced in the World; I have observed, since I had the Honour of your Acquaintance, so much solid Sense in your Manner of Thinking, that I can no where take better Advice than yours. You have a Mind to seduce me, replied I, embracing her; but don't mistake yourself, Madam, these flattering Encomiums shall not blind my Eyes. I desire nothing more, pursued *Madam de Geneval*; and, to the End you may have it in your Power to exercise your Censure, without Favour or Affection, I am going

to give you the History of my Life, I remember I once promised it, and since this Opportunity offers so conveniently for the Relation, I will, by this Proof of my Confidence, shew you the high Value I set upon your Friendship. Know then, I am a Daughter of the Marquis *de Cognac*, who was a Colonel of Horse. At twelve Years old I lost my Mother, and was sent to a Convent, till my Father should return, being then with the Army. One of my Uncles, who took care of me, out of a pretended Friendship, fetched me from the Cloister, after about six Months Residence there, and told me, my Father had been killed by a Cannon-ball. I was inconsolable---Though an only Child, I found myself at the Mercy of Relations, whose Fortune was not so good as mine; that is, in plain *English*, they had hardly wherewithal to live, and so much in Debt when the Marquis *de Cognac* died, they sunk what of Right belonged to me. This Uncle, who fancied himself obliged to take Care of me, had six Children, and but six hundred Livers a Year. You will imagine, with such a numerous Family, and so small an Estate, he could not have much to spare.

I passed three Years in Tears and Lamentations. Not only my Uncle and Aunt were continually reproaching me with my Misery, but two of my Cousins, with whom I was brought

brought up, said to me, on this melancholy Occasion, the most harsh ill-natured Things in the World. Their wicked Lectures often afflicted me to such a Degree, I was ready to despair. I had not one Minute's Relief in this cruel House ; they took me up one after another, which chagrined me the more.

One Day, as I was deploring the Rigour of my Condition at the Feet of a Confessor I often visited, endeavouring to find some Consolation in the Exercises of Piety ; a Man, about forty, seemingly very well dressed, whom I saw by my Side in the Church, before I entered into the Confessional, followed me out. As soon as I was got into the Street, he joined me. Don't be frightened, Miss, said he (addressing himself very politely, observing I was in some Confusion) I have by Chance discovered your deep Affliction, and it has affected me so much, I am come to offer you my Assistance, to put an End to all your Sorrows. Without penetrating, Sir, into the Manner of your gaining a Knowledge of my Secrets, replied I, with downcast Eyes, I can't help thanking you for your kind Compassion and generous Offer ; but, unfortunately for me, I cannot be benefited by them. Ah ! who can hinder it, pursued this *Incognito* ? Do you see any Thing in my Countenance that Looks as if I would deceive you ? I believe you may be a very honest Gentleman, con-

tinued I, but, as I am a Person of Family, I am obliged to bear my Misfortunes, without daring to hope for Relief. And it is for that very Reason, replied the Gentleman, you have more Cause to complain, and I am the more concerned for your unhappy Condition. Endeavour To-morrow Morning, on Pretence of going to Mass, to come into the Court of the Capucin's, at which Time a Woman shall be there from me, to conduct you to a House, where we will meet, and there resolve together upon some proper Method to relieve you from those Torments, I know you every Day endure. I insisted on the Irregularity of this Proceeding; that it was absolutely inconsistent with a Person of my Condition. 'Tis a great Mistake, added this *Incognito*. I heard Part of your Confession; you protested to the Priest, eight Days longer Continuance in the same wretched Life, and no Method of Relief could be found out, you should abandon yourself to Despair and Death. I conjectured from that, the great Necessity you had of some Friend in a Condition to make you easy. You have by Chance found one to Day. Be prevailed upon, let not so favourable an Opportunity escape. I can only give you till To-morrow to come to a final Resolution. In two Days, I shall depart at Four o'Clock in the Morning for *Paris*. Give me Leave to conduct you thither,

thither, and depend upon my Honour. When we are arrived there, Heaven will take Care of the rest, and this is all I have to say at present ; only remember To-morrow, in the Court of the Capucin's, and, if you know your own Interest, for *Paris* on *Thursday*. I perceived we were observed, and a longer Conference would have made us suspected.

Mr. *Incognito* immediately disappeared. While I was returning home, I hardly reflected on this Adventure ; I found it so extravagant, and so little worthy my Consideration, that I should have thought no more of it. But the vile Manner in which I was treated about two Hours after, caused me to change my Mind. For, while I was gone to Church, the eldest of my Cousins unfortunately broke a large Sconce, as she was taking some Linnen out of a Chest of Drawers that stood near this Glass, which was the most valuable Piece of Furniture my Uncle had. This Girl, quite distracted, not knowing how to excuse herself, so as to escape the Rage of her Father, the most brutal of all Mankind, My wicked Cousin, all in Tears, ran to her Sister, to consult with her how to avoid the Storm she expected at her Father's Return. This, more wicked than the eldest, answered, nothing was more easy than to draw herself out of that Scrape ; she must first stily deny breaking the Glass, and if my Uncle insisted upon knowing who

did the Damage, she need only tell him boldly it was me.

This horrid Advice, which proved the Blackness of my wicked Cousin's Heart, was followed to a Tittle. My Uncle, without examining into the Truth of the Accusation, came up into a little Room where I was at Work, without shewing me so much Favour as to tell me my Crime, took me by the Hair of my Head, and beat and abused me, like the worst of Creatures; and as he was going away, swore he had not done with me; if I did not find some Method to repair the Damage, he would make me in such a Condition, I should have no Occasion for the Use of a Looking-glass the rest of my Life.

Quite cast down with Despair at this severe Treatment, and unable to devise what could be the Cause, my first Inclination was, to throw myself out of the Window, which I undoubtedly should have done, had I not recollected the Overtures that were made me in the Morning, by the unknown Gentleman I mentioned before, which determined me, being too much provoked to weigh or consider the Step I was induced to take. As I had till the next Morning, met with nothing but fresh Motives of Affliction, I persevered in my Project of taking the Benefit of this happy Opportunity, which offered, to free myself in good Earnest from
that

that tyrannical Life I lived, and which I could not foresee would ever have an End.

I came punctually to the Rendezvous. I was hardly got into the Court of the Capucin's before a Woman about fifty came up to me---Follow me at a Distance, said she, without stopping. I must be very well described, for she knew me at once. I let her pass without losing Sight of her, till she was out of the City Gate, where she waited for my joining her. About thirty Paces off, stood a Coach, into which she put me. However great my Resolution, I began to tremble, which the good Woman perceived; don't be afraid, said she, you are fallen into the Hands of a Gentleman, too kind, and too good, to give you any Cause to complain. Before you have been four Days together, you will bless your Stars for this lucky Accident. Though unable to comprehend her Meaning, I found myself nevertheless in good Spirits; which she also observing, added farther, that I should find a good deal of Alteration in the Life I was going to lead, that at *Paris* I should be as happy as a Princess; that it was a perfect *Peru* to a young Girl like me; besides, the delightful Places I should be continually carried about to.

We passed away the Time in such Sort of Discourse as this, till we came to a Village, at the End of which we alighted, and

went into a Farm House. I found, in a tolerable neat room, the Gentleman who talked to me the Day before. He received me with great Civility, and ordered some Breakfast to be brought. Though I ought to have thought of something more serious, I was pleased with this Setting-out. Having eat nothing the preceding Day (on Account of the ill Treatment I endured) and the fresh Air together, which I had been deprived of for a long Time, augmented my Appetite, that I thought it a most delightful Repast, and eat as much as ever I did in my Life at one Meal.

After Breakfast, *M. de Mollecbair* (which was the Name of the unknown Gentleman, as I learnt while we were at Table) invited me to walk with him into the Garden, when he appeared so frank and honest, I did not find myself so embarrassed about him, as I ought to have been. We were no sooner alone, but he asked me, if I was not rejoiced at the Thoughts of seeing *Paris*. This Question surprized me. I had not made any serious Reflections on what I was about, and these Words caused me to think upon it with some Concern, which *Mollecbair* perceived. Do you repent following the Advice I gave you, meerly for your own Good, said he to me? I believe you do, continued he, without giving me Time to make him an Answer — The Tears stand in your Eyes.

Eyes. Well, my Child, there's no Harm done, I won't make you uneasy; I will carry you back again directly.

If the Question troubled me, the Menace made me turn pale. My Apprehension all at once of returning Home was like returning to a Place of Torment, where I had suffered so much already. This Idea got the better of all other Considerations; and, in this Opinion I answered him, that I was far from repenting the Step I had taken; and if it was to do again, I should behave just in the same Manner.

M. *de Mollecbair* seemed satisfied with my Answer, and assured me, I should very soon applaud myself for the happy Accident which brought me acquainted with him. He afterwards asked me the Names of my Relations. I told him my Uncle's, but as he did not ask me any Thing further, I made no Mention of my Father's.

The rest of the Day passed away indifferently; my Patron slept one Part of it, and read the other. I, who loved the Country, and had been a great while confined from it, walked abroad with the greatest Pleasure. The free Air I breathed seemed most delicious; and when I reflected, I should not be beat, or scolded at any more, I felt such a secret Joy, it hindered me from considering at all about the Precariousness of my Condition, or the foolish Hazard of these bold Proceedings. The

next Morning, about Four o'Clock, a Sort of *German Voiture*, drawn by four Horses, and holds four Passengers, stopped at this little House. *M. de Mollecbair* placed me forwards by him, and the Woman who met me at the Capucin's, and a very pretty young Girl, about my Age, named *Babet*, who seemed a meer country Lass by her Dress, sat backwards. Two Men on Horseback, Domesticks of *M. de Mollecbair*, who never travelled but in this Manner, rode by the Side.

We arrived at *Paris* the sixth Day, without any Thing happening worth Notice, only the little Lass cried most Part of the Way. I fancied she regretted leaving the Village, but that was not entirely the Case. She thought of following a Farmer's Son, and not seeing him on the Road, suspected some Accident had befallen him.

The Apartments we were placed in when we came to *Paris* looked upon the *Palais-Royal*. They were very richly furnished. Nothing could be handsomer than mine, and pleased me very much; but that which made my Joy complete, was, the being taken Measure of for some new Cloaths, and in three Days fitted out in the highest Taste. Till now my Wardrobe consisted of nothing but what was very plain, though Dress was always my greatest Ambition. I never before (if I may be allowed to say so) minded my Person; I had been too unhappy to have
any

any vain Thoughts ; but I no sooner viewed myself in a large Pier Glass (which my Apartment was full of) than I began to have an Opinion of myself, and seemed to think I was well worth the Pains that were taken about me.

The same Day, being *Friday*, M. de *Mollecbaire*, took *Babet* and me to the Opera. This Girl was also very well dressed ; but one might easily discern, that her Cloaths did not seem to belong to her. She had such a raw Look, and was in such Confusion, I could not forbear smiling. As soon as our Patron had placed us in a Box, he charged us to make no Manner of Answer to whatever any one said to us, but to follow his Instructions ; after this Advice, he shut the Box upon us, and went away.

I found myself so highly transported at the drawing up of the Curtain, it would be very difficult to describe the many Objects which struck me at once. The Orchestra, the Decorations, the Actresses, the Spectators (who were that Night exceeding Brilliant) altogether enchanted me ; it even ravished me with Admiration. However, when I had a little recovered my first Enthusiasm, I could not help taking Notice what passed by the Side, or rather behind us. I heard them say, she's handsom ; but not in a Whisper——she is tall, and well shaped, said one——there's the finest Complexion

plexion in the World, and a Face made for Love, said another—a third, said almost as much of *Babet*—a fourth, who appeared to be very young, that is to say, very forward, thrust his Head into our Box, and after having surveyed us, with no small Share of Assurance, so as to make both of us blush, he asked, loud enough for us to hear him, who are they? they are certainly new Faces, for I don't remember to have seen them in any public Place before.

After these, came others, behaving pretty much in the same Manner, during the whole Time of the Opera, and with the like Sort of Discourse. More than thirty Beaux came successively to speculate upon us; though nobody spoke directly to us all this while. An old Lord (with the Ribband of some Order, which I did not then know) commanded our Box to be opened, and placed himself behind us, and was accompanied by an Officer, about forty, who examined me with great Attention. This old Lord, after he had survey'd us for some Time with his Glass, would have entered into Conversation with us. The Orders we had received to keep silent were observed to a Tittle. The old Courtier began to be impatient, and to think very ill of our ridiculous Behaviour, when M. de Mollecbair came very *a propos* to relieve us out of our Embarrassment. The old Lord asked him,
with

with an Air of Familiarity (which made me think they were intimate) if those beautiful Carthusians (as he was pleased to call us) were known to him. I could not tell what our Patron whispered in his Ear, but the Answer was, to bring us to Supper, he knew where, and they should see after a Quarter of an Hour's Conversation, what was to be done.

I interrupted *Madam de Geneval*, in this Part of her Story, to enquire, how it was possible, after meeting with *de Mollecbair* and his Behaviour with regard to her, she did not suspect the Danger she was running. Though very little experienced in such Affairs, I think, said I, by what you have been telling me, you was not fallen into very good Hands. Till the Moment the old Duke mentioned the Supper, pursued *Madam de Geneval*, nothing entered my Head to alarm me. As *M. de Mollecbair* had always behaved, from the first Day I knew him, with great Reserve; I looked upon him as a friendly Man, who, knowing I was greatly distressed, made a Merit of relieving me in my Despair. Far from drawing any bad Consequences from all his Care, in having new Cloaths made for me, and providing every Thing else that was necessary, it only confirmed me in my first Opinion (*viz*) that, perhaps, he had no Children of his own, was rich, and taking a
Fancy

Fancy to me, his Design was to adopt me, or to take the same Care of me, as if I was really related to him.

When I heard that Proposal of the Supper, continued *Madam de Geneval*, it gave me Pain, and I began to think. The Gentleman who came into our Box along with the old Lord, never took his Eyes off me; he perceived my Confusion, and made Use of that Opportunity while *de Mollecbair* was taken up with the Duke (to whom I question not, he was giving my History, as well as *Babet's*) and in my Ear, desired to know who I was, and if I had been long at *Mollecbair's*. The Uneasiness I was fallen into from the Mention of the Supper, emboldened me, though I did not well know the Nature of the Disorder which I felt. Before I resolve your Question, Sir, replied I, with a trembling Voice, will you do me the Favour to inform me, who *M. de Mollecbair* is? for I have known him but very few Days. With all my Heart, replied the unknown; I guess by your asking, you are newly come to *Paris*, and worthy my interesting myself in your Favour. *Mollecbair*, is an old Rascal, whom every Body likes, because, he makes himself necessary to every Body, though no one esteems him: Do you understand me now, continued this gallant Man? Not entirely, replied I with Concern; be so good to proceed, I can't help trembling.
Well

Well then! this Man we are talking about, added the unknown, makes Advances to such handsom young Women as you are, and when he meets with People of Fortune who like them, he trucks them away for a few Hundreds of Louis-d'Ors, and by this little Sort of Traffic, he has found the Secret of raising an Estate of about twenty thousand Livers *per Annum*, which, with a few casual Customers, he is in a Condition to live the happiest Life you can imagine.

Ah, Sir! interrupted I, without giving him Time to proceed, have Compassion upon my Innocence and Youth; I am a young Woman of noble Birth, who—— 'Tis sufficient, replied this worthy Man, endeavour to come to the Palais-Royal to morrow Morning at Seven o'Clock; there we may converse with Freedom; we cannot do it here; the Reason you will easily guess. What I particularly recommend, is, not to sup with the Duke *de Magnedan* on any Account whatsoever; you are inevitably lost, unless some Method can be contrived to avoid it; endeavour therefore to invent some Pretence——The Danger is certain——It behoves you to think of it.

He said no more, observing *de Mollecbair* began to watch our Motions. To prevent Suspicion, he very artfully changed the Discourse, and talked about the Opera, sometimes to *Babet*, and sometimes to me, by which

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which Behaviour, he made the old Pander
easy.

However, I had the wise Counsel he gave me too much at Heart, not to put it immediately in Practice. I got up, then I sat down, and seemed very restless; in short, I did every Thing I could to appear indisposed. *Mollecbaire* perceived it, and asked what it was made me so uneasy. I answered, I found myself very ill, that I was taken with a Shivering, as if an Ague-fit was coming upon me, and desired I might be carried Home, and put to Bed, where I impatiently longed to be. I play'd my Part so well, I deceived him. He excused himself to the Duke, that he could not be so good as his Word; and, as this old Lord had not particularly chose me before *Babet* for the Party proposed, moved for it's being put off till my Indisposition should be no Hindrance; and, when I was better, to appoint another Party.

Mollecbaire sent his Servants home with me, and staid himself at the Opera. I was no sooner alone, but I gave myself up to the most disagreeable Reflections; I then felt all the Imprudence of my Conduct, and it was so excessively severe, I spent the whole Night in Tears.

The appointed Hour had no sooner struck, but I repaired to the Assignment. The unknown was there before me; go through
the

the great Gate, said he, as he was passing by me——Get into the first Hackney-coach, and I will come to you.

I fancied, the Gardens being too near the House where I lived, he was fearful of running the Hazard of my being discovered. I did as he directed, and the Moment after I was got into the Coach, he opened the Door and came to me.

He ordered the Coachman to drive to the *Luxembourg*. There he asked me Question after Question; I answered him, with as much Sincerity as Confidence. He was extremely surprized, upon finding I was a Daughter of the Marquis *de Cognac*, being, not only very well acquainted with him; but he assured me, they were attached to each other in the strictest Bands of Friendship, and they had with Pleasure often made me the Subject of their Discourse.

However, because he would go upon sure Grounds, before he discovered his Intentions, or who he was, he told me, until he could see me again, to give me a more positive Account, with Regard to my future Situation, he was going to conduct me to a Convent, where he was known, and would recommend me as a Relation of his, that there might be no difficulty in receiving me into the Society.

I observed to him, how sensible I was of his prudent and generous Proceedings, and
so

so sincerely touched, my Tears explained my Gratitude. I saw he was pleased with this Mark of my perfect Satisfaction, which seemed to me a convincing Proof he thought I had not imposed upon him, and that my Virtue was a real Recommendation.

He conducted me the Moment after to the Convent he had mentioned; I was received with great Kindness — I judged, by the Regard paid to the Person who presented me, he must be a Man of Distinction. If I was prejudiced in his Favour before, this made me entirely so.

The next Morning, a Portmanteau, with a Direction and Key, were brought me; I found it filled with Linnen and other Necessaries; also a Letter, to inform me, that there might be no sort of Suspicion, he sent those Things as Effects belonging to me, which he hoped would be a proper Supply for the present; advising me to be circumspect in my Discourse, to remember what he had told me, if they should ask any Questions, that they might not, by their Inquisitiveness, take hold of my Words; a Thing too common in Convents.

I observed very punctually what he advised: Three Weeks entirely passed away without hearing one Word of this generous Benefactor. One Day, when I began to grow uneasy at so long a Silence on his Part, he sent for me into the Parlour. Here it

was

was he first explained himself, saying very frankly, he was greatly enamoured with me at first Sight, but seeing me under the Care of a Man, whose being barely known to a Woman, was the Ruin of her Reputation, it was then a little irksome to him to speak to me; yet nevertheless, judging from the Confusion he saw me in, when the Duke *de Magnedan* talked of making a Party, that I appeared shocked at it, he could not help being concerned for me, that the Manner in which I explained myself did the rest; but, because he would run no Risk in an Adventure, where the most subtle might be deceived, he took Post the Morning after he had placed me in the Convent, to be himself satisfied of the Truth, whether I imposed upon him or not; that he was thoroughly informed of every Thing that had happened to me till the very Moment of my Flight from my Uncle, who, notwithstanding the Passion he was in, did Justice to my Prudence and Modesty; in short, finding in me every Thing that he liked, and such a one as he desired, was come to offer me his Fortune, adding, his Name was *de Geneval*; that he enjoyed an Estate of twelve thousand Livers a Year, besides a Pension from the King as a Brigadier General of his Army; and, if I had no Objection, and would give him my Hand, he would be mine in a Fortnight; and I might

might depend upon his endeavouring, to the utmost of his Power, to make me as happy as I was deserving.

I found something so noble and generous in these Proceedings, I did not hesitate in the least what Answer to make. M. de *Geneval* appeared well satisfied with the candid Manner in which I accepted his Proposal. Not to make my Recital too prolix, he punctually performed his Word in every Respect, and our Marriage was celebrated sooner than he first proposed.

Never was Wife more happy than I with this Husband, whom I revered. Had we been blessed with an Offspring, nothing could have been wanting to make our Happiness complete. Though it was his great Desire to secure his Estate to me, he could not do it. I hardly found sufficient at his Death to support his Name, being tormented with a long Law-suit, and should have had nothing but the King's Pension, as the Widow of a Marechal de Camp, but for some Friends, who exerted their Interest in my Behalf, and took so much Pains, I gained my Cause, and by that Means got Possession of an Estate of six thousand Livers *per Annum*, with which I might have lived very agreeably, had I done like many other Women, who have not that Regard for the Memory of their Husbands, to do as I did, after the Misfortune of losing mine.

M. de

M. *de Geneval*, was twenty thousand Crowns in debt. I had too grateful a Sense of his Merit, not to do Honour to his Memory ; I therefore assembled all his Creditors, and gave them up half my Estate. You must think, Madam, so large a Substraction would straiten me very much. I also declare to you, that without the Assistance of my Friends, I should very often have found myself most cruelly embarrassed ; shocked to see it out of my Power to satisfy such Obligations as were justly due, I took a Resolution, never to think of a second Marriage, unless an honourable Opportunity offer'd, that I could extricate myself with Credit out of my troublesome Situation ; and, in such a Case, I ought not to hesitate. I was once so foolish as to imagine the Marquis *de Sberling* my Man, and I own to you, with the same Freedom as what I have been telling you, I attempted to bring it about ; but I soon gave up all Thoughts of him, from my Knowledge of his Passion for you ; after that, I had my Eye upon the Comte *de Villefarel*, whose Wife you know is lately dead, and my Design upon him succeeded. Although I am not young, his Eyes declared his Mind ; what shall I say more ? He is become perfectly enamoured. He has made me sensible, he is worth thirty thousand Livres a Year. I have not finessed with him, but have honestly told him the State of my Affairs,

Affairs, and how I regret my Inability to satisfy such Demands as are lawfully due. He has returned my Confidence with the same Sincerity — every Thing is agreed upon — he takes me as he finds me, and has engaged to set me clear in the World. Though I cannot love him with that Tenderneſs I did my late Huſband, (for when the Days of our Youth are paſt, the Heart is not ſo ſuſceptible of that Tenderneſs) but if the moſt perfect Eſteem will make Amends for a ſtronger Paſſion, he ſhall have no Cauſe to complain; and if he feels all he ſays in my Favour, we may depend upon infallible Happineſs.

This Hiſtory furniſhed me with freſh Reaſons to ſtrengthen my Prepoſſeſſion for *Madam de Geneval* more and more, inſomuch, ſhe became dearer to me than ever. I intreated her never to think of the little Aſſiſtance I had afforded her, but could not prevail upon her to accept it. However, by Dint of Perſuaſion it was at laſt agreed, if her Marriage did not take Place, it ſhould never more be mentioned; if it did, we would convert what ſhe owed me into a Bank, to try our Fortune at Play; and if we proved lucky, ſhe was to have Half, and the other, which by all kind of Right belonged to me, I agreed to take. I knew her Foible for playing at Hazard, which induced me to take this Method to end the
Diſpute,

Dispute, and it succeeded the happiest for me that could be.

After we had joked a little on this Subject, and anticipated our laying out the imaginary Sums we were to win, the Conversation turned on some particular Circumstances, which related personally to me. She protested, a Person she was unacquainted with, had found her out two Days before, and made a Proposal to her, on the Part of a Man of Quality, to give her fifty thousand Livers, if she would engage to prevail upon me to marry him. And what was your Answer! replied I, astonished at so extraordinary a Proposal. That I would not engage in such an Affair, answered *Madam de Geneval*, because I could not discover the anonymous Person, who was carefully concealed from me. But as the Man who made this Overture, pursued my good Friend, had nothing further to say, he left me, promising to return again in two Days. I expect him therefore To-morrow, and am determined, if I can, to find out who this generous Lover is. I think the Epithet is a little doubtful, interrupted I, smiling. Tell him to deposit the Sum, and I dare say you'll hear no more about him. How many People are there in the World like this Man, who promise what they have not, in order to put themselves in a Condition to have it. It is most certainly true, what

my Mother has often said to me on this Subject, *viz.* that whenever these Sort of People are so honest as to keep their Words, it is never at their own Expence.

Please to have done moralizing, Madam, replied Madam *de Geneval*, till I have acquitted myself of the Commissions I have to deliver. The Prince *de Tirliban* came to see me this Morning. Before I tell you his Errand, I shall give you his Picture. His Age, thirty, or thereabouts; he stutters, is squint-eyed, lame, and very poor; but, setting these Defects aside, he is a very good Sort of a Man in the Main. He has, at his Fingers Ends, all the little Ballads that were made and sung about in the last Reign, he has always a thousand droll Tricks, that are more entertaining the one than the other; for Instance, he acts the blind Man to Admiration——That ought to be no difficult Thing for him, interrupted I, with that Indication of his being so, and could not help laughing. If one may believe him, continued my Friend, he is very long-sighted; for he assured me, he could, from the Gardens of the Infanta, read an Advertisement on the *Pont-Neuf*; it is true indeed, he does it by the Help of a Pair of Spectacles, of his own making, as he says, and which he declares to be better than any that have been made these two Centuries on the *Quai-des-Morfondus*.

But

But pray give me Leave to finish, 'continued Madam *de Geneval*. The Prince *de Tirliban* cuts Paper exceeding neatly, and very dexterously, with a Pair of Taylor's Sheers; and, if you have never heard it, I must tell you, they are above half a Foot long, and weigh at least a Pound. He has found out the Art of singing all *Lully's* best Airs in a feigned Voice. He yawns so naturally, if there are thirty Persons in Company, he will set them all yawning. It would astonish you to hear him mimic the Tinker's Whistle. I should never have done, said she, were I to recount all the droll Tricks this Prince plays. As this is a meer Abridgement of him, I shall only add, that he counterfeits so perfectly well the Cries of all Sorts of Animals, whoever hears him, would think it the very Animal he imitates, if they were not told the contrary. After his Highness had given me a Specimen of these different Talents, he told me, that within about a Month, he had taken it into his Head to marry; that having heard say you was handsom, wise, and rich, he had formed a Scheme for the making you a Princess, that he once sent the Abbot *Flutelli* to your Convent, as his Ambassador to make you this Proposal on his Part; but as the Abbot could not gain Admittance, and hearing I was a Friend of your's, he should, in Point of Politeness, think himself obliged

to make me some Return for the Favour, in case I succeeded, and what should this favour be, but to take me down to *Tirliban*, which is an ancient Castle, as old, he said, as *Rome*, where Spirits walk at Noon Day; a Sight as curious, as it would be diverting. Upon my telling him, I believed you had no Thoughts of Matrimony; that signifies nothing, replied he, propose me every Day, the Delight of being Princess *de Tirliban*, will be sufficient to determine her.

I was about to make myself merry with these ridiculous Proposals, when Mess. *de St. Preuils* entered; they seemed overjoyed to meet Madam *de Geneval*, and said many polite Things to her; after the first Compliments were over, they informed us, they were just come from the Opera, and there has been a most charming Adventure, says *St. Clair*. The Marquis *de Beaufilet* is, as you know, a tall lath-back'd Fellow, who passes his Time in telling fiddle-faddle Stories; but, having a large Fortune, he makes great Use of it amongst certain Gentlewomen (as they are called by Courte(y) who admire his Fooleries, out of Respect to his Purse. Of late Days, the beautiful *Nidalise* has taken his Fancy. This Girl is always dressed in the high Taste, and in fine Weather goes regularly to all public Diversions; she gives elegant Entertainments, and in short lives very grand. She behaves so decently, most
People

People esteem her; even our Dutcheſſes, who meet her every Day, ſalute her with Friendſhip, and ſmile upon her from their Boxes at the Treatres. This Lady, has never lived but with great Lords, and, as nobody has, to this Day, complained of her Infidelity, or Conduct, ſhe has always found herſelf very happy in her Lovers. Her preſent Friend, is the Duke *de Melecœur*, who ſupports her in a magnificent Manner. A Pair of Ear-rings worth about fix thouſand Livers, and a golden Porringer fill'd with Louis, may make an Acquaintance with her; but this is not my Story, I ſhall return to the lath-back'd *Beauſilet*.

Not knowing how to introduce himſelf to the beautiful *Nidalife*, he this Day wrote to her; ſhe gave the Letter, ſealed as it was, to the Duke *de Melecœur*, he ſhew'd it to every Body. *Beauſilet* was no ſooner entered the Opera-houſe, but he was ſaluted with, you are more beautiful than the Faries, which was the Beginning of his Letter. Surprized his Secret had tranſpired ſo ſoon, he applied to one of his particular Friends to learn the Truth of this Adventure. Piqued to Death at *Nidalife*'s Behaviour, he ran to her in her Box, open-mouthed. Know, my little Miſs, when a Man of Quality, condeſcends to write to ſuch a Creature as you, it ought to be taken as an Honour, and, not turned into Ridicule. The Duke *de*

Meleceur's Mistress; instead of being intimidated by his Resentment. And you, my great Sir, said she, know! when a Man is so foolish as you are, he ought never to write, nor trouble any Woman with such a Figure—there's hardly a Woman in *Paris*, but has been plagued with your silly Douceurs; were they all of my Opinion, they would join in a Petition, to have you sent to *Holland*, or *Switzerland*, to be taught a little more Manners, which you are at present very deficient in. *Beaufilet*, quashed with this mortifying Reply, was so confounded, he had not one Word to say; very happy for him, that divine Actress *Made-moiselle de Maure* entered, which gave him an Opportunity to sneak off, or, in all Probability, he would have had more of these bitter Pills to swallow.

This Story amused us very much. *Madam de Geneval*, never at a Loss to keep up the Ball, related to us on this Occasion, that being one Night at the Opera in *Lyons*, with one of her Nieces; two Women, very well dressed, followed them close at their Heels, that they were hardly seated, when the Box was opened to place in some more Woman. One of these last, no sooner cast her Eyes upon the two that followed us, but stopping short, said to the Box-keeper, put me somewhere else. He answered, the House was full, he knew not where to place her; well, said

said the Lady, then turn those Women there out, they are not proper Company for a Woman of my Condition; know, they are Courtesans; hold there, replied one of them, loud enough, 'tis false, I keep no Man Company but your Husband, who is a very gallant Fellow, and you—are no better than a dirty Procureess, whom all the World know to be a wanton Jade.

This terrible Reproof thunderstruck the Lady, who was the Aggressor. Upon the sudden Appearance of the Person who had caused her Shame, the Red, which covered her Face before, turned to Pale. She was for some Moments doubtful what Course to take, while the Box-keeper, fearing her Resentment might occasion a Riot, was hurrying her away into another Place. We presently saw her in great Agitation, rallying her Husband, because he would not revenge her (as she insisted) on that Creature there.

Your Story is admirable, replied *M. de St. Preuil*, I know the Masks, and I know the Thing to be as true as the Account just before related, I was an Eye-witness of it. Being one Day, continued he, at the Noon Mass, in the great Church at *Bourdeaux*, it happened about four Steps from where I was, that a Woman came, followed by two tall Footmen, preceded by another, who carried a Velvet Stool in a Case, the Croud was so very great, there was not the least Elbow-

room. An Officer, whom I judged to be such, from his being a Knight of the Order of *St. Louis*, had a Chair by the Side of this Lady, and, upon her coming, took Pains to place himself, so as not to incommode her if he could help it. Notwithstanding his Care, this uneasy Woman was very troublesome. The Chevalier *de St. Louis* endeavour'd still to make her more Room, but, as he could not possibly do it, told her, he was greatly concerned it was not in his Power to incommode her less, that he was so crowded himself he could not move. Madam, instead of making an Answer, agreeable to this Politeness, said, to one of the People that let out the Chairs, who stood near her——why don't you let your Chairs at six Livers a-piece, we should not then be incommoded with such Mob, and it would be better, both for you and me. The Officer, piqued at such an impertinent Stroke, told her (loud enough for every one that was round about to hear) she must certainly be a Courtesan, or the Wife of some Scoundrel, to use such impertinent Language, and if she was, as he believed, she was made to be crush'd and squeez'd by the Mob, and ought not to be so impudent to grumble at it. Every Body applauded this Reply, and what made it very merry, was, that which the Chevalier *de St. Louis* had said only by Guess, he found to be really Fact in both
 Respects.

Respects. Madam de Buvarel was a Coquette, her Husband a Notary, and his Reputation not one Jot better than his Wife's. Word being brought that Supper was on the Table, it put an End to our Story-telling. They complimented me much about my Cook; and, to say the Truth, his Ragous were admirable, and we eat them with an excellent Appetite.

While I was undressing, I discoursed a good deal with Juliet about the new State of Life I was entering upon. I found myself so happy, I said, I would not, on any Account, run a Risk of losing it, for all the Advantages in the World. In Fact, was there at *Paris* a young Woman of Distinction happier than myself? My House was elegantly furnished with a large Quantity of Plate, and many Curiosities; I had besides, more than twelve thousand Livres before-hand, four fine Estates, my Plantations in the *Indies*, one hundred thousand Livres *per Annum*, at the same Time sovereign Mistress of all, and accountable to Heaven alone for my Actions; would it not be Madness to have a Lord and Master to controul me?

My Woman applauded all this, but I soon remarked an Air of Constraint in her Words, and at the Bottom a Sadness, which surprized me. I directly asked her the Reason; she would have eluded my Questions, had

tirely under his Management, and that he wanted to ask my Pardon; but I soon found my Mistake. I flatter myself Madam, said he, as I was raising him up, that my Services are as agreeable to you, as they were to your late Father, and my Lady your Mother; but it is impossible for me to continue them, unless you will please to grant me one Favour. O! what is it then, replied I, greatly perplexed at such a Speech, and much afraid of losing so useful a Man? If the Thing is in my Power, you need not doubt the Pleasure I shall have in obliging you.

This is the Case, continued he, with more Assurance; I am in Loye with Mademoiselle *Juliet* to Distraction, and having debated the Matter within my own Breast for a long Time, I am determined, if I can possibly prevail, to marry her; if not, to shut myself up in a Convent the rest of my Life. If you will do me the Happiness to persuade her to unite her Condition to mine, I will engage to serve you the rest of my Days. These are my Views, and my Resolutions, from which, nothing is capable of making me depart.

I knew my Steward's Temper so well, that it would be in vain for me to attempt curing him of this Frenzy, I therefore determined that Moment on a Scheme, but, before I set my Hand to the Business, I
asked,

asked, if he had ever dropped any Hints to *Juliet*, of his Inclination; he assured me, he had not given her any Room to suspect it in the least, that for Fear of setting out absurdly, he always avoided it, and should never disclose his Intentions to her, till he was certain of her Consent.

After being satisfied in this Point, I enquired next about his Circumstances. He answered, he ought to have been worth, at this Time, twenty thousand Livers a Year, his late dear Master having given him an Opportunity of making great Advantages; but by the Failure of one Person, and the Loss of three Vessels, which together was two Thirds of his Fortune, his Affairs were disconcerted for a Time. However, within this Year, the Benefactions he had received on the Death of the Marquis *de Breville*, putting him in a Condition to mend them, had brought him good Luck, having gained in the *Amsterdam* Lottery one hundred thousand Livers, and fifty thousand by other Lotteries, besides which, he might have about the Value of twenty thousand Livers in Effects, and as much in ready Money, which made him morally sure, his Fortune would increase every Day.

I asked him his Age; he affirmed, he was not Forty, though the Fatigues he had endured, by his great Pains and Assiduity, he was very sensible, gave him an older Aspect.

pect. He added, he was descended of a good Family at *Melun*, that he had finished his Studies, in order to take the Robe, that his Father, always enjoyed honourable Employments in different Bailiages, in the neighbouring Towns.

Satisfied with these Enquiries I dismissed him, with a Promise not to forget him. This Conference with my Steward, did not prevent me prosecuting my intended Scheme for *Juliet*. The Moment he was gone she appeared, and I thought looked handsomer than usual, though she had on, only a dark grey Gown of *St. Maur* for Mourning, but it was a Colour that rather became her. As she was going Abroad with me, was more particularly nice in her Dress, being very desirous, she said, of making the best Appearance she could, on that Account.

I ordered to be drove to *La Frenayés*, where I bought several rich Trinkets. From thence I went to my Brothers, and luckily found them at Home. They took this Visit exceeding kindly of me, when I told them I was come to wish them a happy New-Year, and the little Tokens of Friendship I joined to this Compliment, drew on me the most tender Caresses. I gave to each of them a Watch and Snuff-box, in the richest and most elegant Taste, and then parted from them in the perfectest Harmony.

From

From my Brothers I went to *Port-Royal*, to see my good Friend *Kelmader*, who did not expect me, and was overjoyed I had not forgot her. After saying a thousand affectionate Things to each other, I took my Leave, having a large Tour to make, and desirous of finishing it that Day.

When we were got into the Coach again, I bid *Juliet* give my Footman Directions to carry us to her Mother's. She turned pale, believing, no doubt, this Visit related to what I had been saying to her the Night before. I laughed at her Simplicity, and chid her for thinking so unjustly of me, with Assurances, that I never intended to part with her, unless she herself absolutely desired it.

This Promise made her perfectly easy, and recovered her Spirits. She kissed my Hands with an Affection that moved me. Her Mother was extremely surprized at the Honour I did her. Having got the better of that foolish Prejudice, she now knew who I was, and what I had in my Power, and therefore received me with all the Respect I could expect. Her Husband, whom she immediately sent to, came down, and made me so many Compliments upon my Beauty, Goodness, Generosity, and so forth, I was perplexed enough. The Report of my Riches, my Equipage at the Door, my Footmen in the Anti-chamber, altogether, made

made these good People very submissive, and *Juliet* felt the good Effects of it by a most gracious Reception, even those flatteringly Sisters (though they were ready to burst with Envy) affected an Air of great Friendship for her. *Juliet*, naturally good, was moved at it, and without considering, whether these outward Tokens of Friendship were sincere, or not, took out her Purse, unknown to me, and gave ten Louis to each of these Girls, who had so often abused her, and perhaps, at this Time, wished her no Good in their Hearts.

While she was conversing with her Sisters, I made my Agreement with her Father and Mother. I asked, if they would convey all their Right and Power over their Daughter to me, never to claim her again, but let me be absolute Mistress of her, to dispose of her in Marriage as I should think proper, and, upon these Considerations, I would present them with a thousand Crowns, provided they would Sign a Deed of Renunciation before a public Notary, of all Right and Authority over her. This Proposal was too tempting to be rejected by People who were not rich. They took me at my Word, and promised to bring me, at my Levee the next Morning, the Instrument which I required, and I assured them, on my Part, that as soon as I received it, my Steward should immediately pay them the Sum I promised.

This

This Affair was concluded, *Juliet* all the while confabulating with her Sisters, knew not a Word of the Matter. I was re-conducted to my Coach by the whole Family, and went directly to *Madam de Geneval's*, where I intended to dine.

I will not presume to finesse with your Highness, by pretending as if *Beauval* was not concerned in this Scheme; no, I chuse rather frankly to confess my own Weakness, than to dissemble with you; besides, I know your penetrating Judgment is such, if I should, in speaking about the Chevalier, pretend, that he came accidentally to *Madam de Geneval's* while I was there, your Understanding would certainly unfold the Mystery. I honestly own then, I made a Pretence of Dining there, in Hopes to have the Chance of meeting him. Well satisfied with my Lover's Submission to the strict Injunctions I had imposed upon him, was willing to reward him in a Way I knew would give him so much Pleasure, and, as he had sent me Word the Evening before, he intended to go for *Italy* very soon, would it not look like an Act of Cruelty, to suffer him to depart, without affording him an Opportunity of bidding me farewell.

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entered, but I stopped her. She is no longer, said I to my good Friend, in the Station you have seen her . . . I could not do better for her during the Life of my Mother, but now it is in my Power, I keep her for my Companion. She is of a good Family, is greatly attached to me, and I love her very much. I have a View of making her Fortune, and it will not be my Fault, if she is not as happy as I wish her.

Miss *de Severin*, who little expected so fortunate a Change, was sensibly affected, and kissed my Hands a thousand Times, in the tenderest and most affectionate manner. Madam *de Geneval*, ever polite and complaisant, embraced her, desired her to sit, and applauded very much my Goodness, and what she was please to term distinguishing Judgment. In short, she was no longer called *Juliet*, I would have her called by her Surname; and my domestics, who, perhaps, looked upon her with an envious Eye, and especially my new Woman, whom I shall have Occasion to speak of more than once, never mentioned her for the future, but by the Name of Miss *Severin*.

Upon this Change in her Condition, she appeared with more Freedom and Spirit, which both my Friend and I remarked. Every Thing she advanced was proper, and to the Purpose, preserving in her Behaviour the Respect she owed me, without any Mix-

ture

ture of Meanness, which might give the least Suspicion, but that she had always been brought up to the Station I now raised her to.

When Dinner was ordered, I began to think *Madam de Geneval* had forgot *Beauval*, or that she durst not give him Notice, for Fear of disobliging me; but Word was that Instant brought of his being come. The Colour immediately mounted into my Face; *Juliet* perceived it, and gave me a Smile, which seemed to say, why should you be troubled at the Approach of a Man you do not hate? *Madam de Geneval*, who affected not to discover my Confusion, said, the Chevalier was undoubtedly directed by his good Genius, which had brought him in the Nick of Time, the happy Minute of my being there. Every Thing concurs in his Favour, replied I, in a Joaking Way, I would advise him to put his Trust in Chance for the future. He entered the Moment I had finished these Words, with a Countenance all over Joy. I don't know a happier State in Life, said he, after Kissing my Hands, than the meeting an Object one adores so unexpectedly, when void of all Hopes, and on the Brinks of a long Separation. You are going then very soon, said I, unable to prevent my Eyes declaring my Concern? It is you alone, beautiful *de St. Preuil*, replied he, drawing close to my Ear,

Ear, can prevent my leaving *Paris*; you know what I must suffer, if forced upon this cruel Journey. Why will you not command me to think of it no more? since that alone can prolong a Life, which the Rigour of a Separation so shocking, will undoubtedly shorten. This is not the Question, continued I, giving him a Tap on the Knuckles with my Fan, but what Day do you intend to set out. There is a great deal of Cruelty in making me declare the Day, replied he, in a melancholy Tone. Well! inhuman Creature, since you insist upon it, let me tell you, I have made Preparations for my Departure in three Days. 'Tis very soon, added I with a Sigh, I could not contain, but, let us go join *Madam de Geneval*, and talk of this another Time.

We sat down to Table the Moment after. I expected the *Comte de Villefarel*, said *Madam de Geneval*, some extraordinary Affair must have prevented him. A Footman entered that very Instant with a Note from him, in which he told her he had received Letters from *Versailles* in the Morning, with Information, that the King had granted his Request, to retire with a Pension of four thousand Livers *per Annum*, he was therefore going to return his Thanks, and if *Madam de Geneval* should not rise from Dinner till Three o'Clock, he hoped she would be so good to save a Morsel for him, intending

tending to wait upon her about that Time. As it was near the Hour, we were not long in Expectation, the Soup was but just removed when he appeared. Upon my Word Madam, cried he, as he was entering, not seeing me at first, nothing now can prevent your disposing of your humble Servant as you please; then spying me, ah! Madam *de St. Preuil*, cry'd he, shewing an infinite deal of Joy at the Sight of me. And now M. *de Beauval*, the Compliment I shall make you, is, that I will venture a Wager, you prefer the Happiness you now enjoy, to all the Favours the Court can possibly bestow upon you. Most assuredly Cousin, replied the Chevalier, and I dare Wager also, that you have not the least Doubt about that Matter. Madam *de Geneval* interrupted this Discourse to place the Comte at Table, and order the Soup to be replaced. We were all in the best good Humour imaginable. The Comte *de Villefarel*, who was of a very gay Disposition, and privileged by the Superiority of his Age, to take more Liberty than we were entitled to, said a thousand humorous, agreeable Things, and during our Repast the Ball was kept up.

While we were drinking Coffee, a serious Turn insensibly succeeded our Mirth. The Comte and Madam *de Geneval* drew close to each other. *Beauval*, who was watching for such an Opportunity, seized it very eagerly.

eagerly. As for *Juliet*, being left alone, she, like a prudent Girl, took up a Romance which lay upon a Table, and retir'd into a Corner to read.

In short, charming *de St. Preuil*, said the Chevalier, after he had seated himself near enough to whisper me, I must then be speedily separated from you for a Season: — 'Tis your Commands, and I obey tho' it cost me my Life. — Is it possible you can be so inhuman, as to make a Lover, who adores you, miserable, merely for the Sake of a few trifling Scruples, which no Body has any Thing to do with but yourself? Suppose your Relations should hear of your condescending to admit my Visits now and then, what can they pretend to say? — O how I love you! But that is a natural Consequence, for what Mortal can behold you, and be insensible of the Love I feel, or ardently endeavouring after the Happiness of pleasing you? — Where's the Crime then? — To whom are you accountable? — Are you not absolutely your own Mistress? Can it possibly be, (continued *Beauval* more earnestly, observing I listened to him with a Sort of Concern) with that excellent Understanding of yours, you will sacrifice yourself, to keep up such frivolous Decencies, as every Body laughs at now-a-days, and were never regarded, but in the Days of *Cirus* and *Clelia*? Are you not your

own Mistress, I repeat it again, absolute, independent? Should your Relations disapprove it, what Pretence could they find for their Disapprobation, and of what Signification would it be? Nothing can disturb that Liberty and Independency which you enjoy, you alone lay yourself under this Restraint, and for why? To oppress a tender and submissive Lover, who knows no other Happiness in this Life, but that of seeing you, loving you, and hoping never to be separated from you.

I agree Sir, replied I, to the Reasonableness of every Thing you have urged, but you have forgot the most important Point, the dearer you are to me, the stronger Guard I set upon myself. I am of Opinion, the greatest Proof a young Woman can give of her Virtue, is to be always distrustful of herself. I love you but too well not to be extremely afraid of you. At your Return, I shall be more circumspect than ever. I give you this Notice, that you may not afflict yourself, for, besides *Juliet*, whom I have chose for my Companion, you will find two other Friends, they will help to support me against your Attacks. The more submissive and respectful, the more formidable I find you. After these Declarations, judge if you have Cause to complain of my Tenderness, or your not being beloved.

What

What, replied the Chevalier, in a suppliant Posture, would you persuade me that I am dear to you, and yet arming yourself against me with fresh Severity? Not only by driving me away, but, when my Exile is over, you make me foresee new Troubles. Can any one be so distrustful, cruel Creature! of what they love to such a Degree as you would have me believe? Alas! when will my Torments end, since you carry your inhuman Treatment so far, as to deprive me of all Hope?—What must I then resolve upon?—To love me no longer, if you can, interrupted I smartly—Believe me, Chevalier, it will be your best Resolution—I have taken mine. Ah! what is it pray? replied *Beauval*, with an Air of Desperation. To love you as long as I live, continued I, tenderly, but I shall do nothing more. I have already declared so many Times, however great my own Tenderness, and however strong your Love and Fidelity may be, nothing can possibly ever make me change. I am unalterably determined to continue independent the rest of my Life, if it is in the Power of a Woman who loves with that Sincerity I do—Yes, Chevalier, be you constant or ungrateful, I shall never marry you.

Though this Assurance was no new Thing to *Beauval*, he appeared quite confounded. Then nothing more remains for me, but to die,

die, replied he mournfully, since all my Hopes are vain. If you would oblige me, pursued I, looking kindly upon him, suppress a Language which terrifies me so much, and never present me with such frightful Images as that of your Dissolution. Preserve yourself to make me compleatly happy; I protest, you are essential to my Happiness. Had you but a small Share of that Delicacy with which my Passion is refined, you would very easily perceive to what a Degree you are beloved, and instead of despairing at my imaginary Severity, would acknowledge, that by not consenting to surrender myself up, according to the Maxims in Vogue, I at once secure both your Felicity and mine — You will find me always tender, with a strong Passion for you, and by your continuing to have a Desire for me, you will be always as loving, and as passionately fond as I could wish, and by that Means you will, on the other Hand, find me always new, and such as I ought, to charm you ever. Pray tell me, said I, pulling him by the Sleeve, for he seemed quite buried in a most profound Reverie, if Love affords any Blessings more precious than what I have mentioned? — Undoubtedly no, the Pleasures it procures are attended with a thousand Uneasinesses, instead of which, when treated with Indifference, two Lovers enjoy its Delights pure, without any Alloy from those

common Disagreements, which are inseparable Companions of what you call the real Happiness of Life, and, to speak of it with exact Truth, is nothing but the Grave of the Passion.

You may pretend to preach up this Doctrine for a hundred Years together, cried the Chevalier with a contradictory Air, which made him, I thought, look more amiable than usual. What! would you raise me, meer Mortal as I am, to the Dignity of an intelligent Being, transform me into a Spirit, and separate me from my Individuality. No, Madam, I am a Man, and as such endued with Instinct, if not with Reason. I love you with all my Might, and every Thing within me loves you. My Heart, my Eyes, my Mouth, my whole Person desires you; and if an Angel from Heaven, would persuade me to adopt the Sort of Love you pretend to teach, I should answer, I am not such as he is, and if he was composed of Flesh and Blood like me, he would certainly love you with that ardent Desire which necessarily attends such Love as mine; in short, I would tell him — Let the Angels alone, interrupted I laughing, fearful, in that Transport with which the Chevalier was then agitated, he should utter something to offend a chaste Ear. Answer me this, said I to him. Do you imagine that I love you with less Tenderness,

ness, than you love me? Yes, undoubtedly, replied my Lover, without the least Hesitation. Very well! thou art an Ingrate, replied I, for I am on the contrary, thoroughly persuaded, I am more attached to you, than you have ever been to me; the Proof I have given To-day, in coming to seek you here, in Spite of those Scruples you well know, besides, the Assurances I gave you of not seeing you during the whole Course of my Mourning, ought to have been sufficient to have convinced you, and, had you been more reasonable, you might have imagined, after breaking through this Part of my-Resolution, some one Scruple might help to get the better of others; but, by giving Way to your Passion, all your Ideas are fixed, which makes you become at the same Time both unjust and ungrateful. I don't know in what Sort of a Tone I pronounced these last Words, but my Lover was so sincerely alarmed at them, the Tears stood in his Eyes. Alas! when People are miserable, they know not what they say, or what they do. I tremble, for Fear some unguarded Expression in my Complaints, dropt from me unawares to your Displeasure. Assure yourself, dear Chevalier, replied I, moved to see him so docible, and in such a Condition, we should not have had this Contest had we understood each other. You think I don't love you enough, while, at the same

Time, I perhaps love you too much, and I call you ungrateful, because, I afflict myself on Account of your Incredulity; but, come, let us be ourselves again, and not chagrin one another unreasonably; the common Occurrences of Life will furnish us with too many Occasions, let us stick to our principal Point, let us love, and leave the rest to Time. But I go, I must leave thee, divine *de St. Preuil*; think, said the Chevalier, fetching a deep Sigh from the Bottom of his Heart, to what a deadly Sorrow I shall give myself up when absent from you, I tremble before hand. You believe then, replied I, very tenderly, a distant Retreat will give you great Pain? Oh! do I believe it, answered *Beauval*, with an Air as if he was pierced to the Heart, I am fully convinced of it, since the bare Idea of being in any other Climate, but that in which you breathe, gives me such an involuntary Trembling, I cannot get the better of. Oh! if you don't go, shall you have less Cause to complain? undoubtedly, my adorable Mistress, undoubtedly, pursued he eagerly, can I be unhappy while I am near what I love? A Ray of Joy which overspread the Chevalier's Countenance when he was repeating these Words, dissipated all that Cloud of Sadness he had been oppressed with during the Course of this Conversation. I could not think of plunging him again into the Affliction he had
had

had but just recovered. Since therefore this Journey gives you so much Uneasiness, replied I, what Necessity is there to undertake it? The Fear of disobeying you, answered my Lover (recovering his Spirits more and more) determined me upon it, and, when I had made a Merit of it, as I did, to prove my Submission, I never expected your Permission to alter it, however shocking I already felt the Apprehension of what I expected to suffer. Well! continued I, let us make an Agreement. You shall not go, but must promise me, that from this Moment, till my Doors are open, that is to say, until the Time of my Mourning is out, you will never attempt to come on any Pretence whatsoever. Observe this punctually, and I give you Leave to hope, as an Acknowledgment for your Regard, I will contrive now and then an Opportunity of meeting, as it has happened To-day. The Chevalier, transported at a Favour he had not the least Hopes of obtaining, without considering we were not alone in the Room, seized one of my Hands, and by the most eager and ardent Kisses, expressed very freely his Love and Gratitude.

Our Conference ended here, the Colour was got into my Face, and I drew back my Hand. Madam *de Geneval* and the Comte *de Villefarel* did not, or would not, seem to perceive what passed; as for Miss *Severin*,

she was so intent upon her Book, she protested to me (when I told her) she did not observe it.

This Condescension of mine to my Lover, put him into the best good Humour in the World, and he was charming Company while we continued at Madam *de Geneval's*, who informed us soon after, that her Marriage with the Comte *de Villefarel* was agreed upon, which himself confirmed with an Air of Satisfaction, which proved to us, his Happiness depended on this Engagement.

After we had made our sincere Compliments to each other, I went to pay two more Visits, which I was indispensibly obliged to make my two Aunts. Luckily one of them happened to be from Home, and I should have rejoiced greatly, to have been excused with leaving a Card at the other's Door, being the most disagreeable of the two; but we must not expect to have every Thing succeed to our Wish. Madam *de Barbafan*, and her formidable Husband, were both at Home. Inspire me with Resolution, *Juliet*, said I to her laughing, I never had more Occasion for it in my Life than I have this Moment.

My Aunt and her Husband received me with a Sort of cool Complaisance, a Mixture of Spite and Contempt at the same Time. After I had paid my Compliments to them upon my coming in, with an affected

fectd Air of Gravity, or Superiority, which you will, it was ridiculous enough to hear Madam *de Barbafan* (with more Ill-nature than she appeared to have at first) ask, if I had any Thing more to say. Surprised at such a Question, I replied, I did not know, after I had told them I was come to pay my Respects, and enquire in Person of the Health of my Uncle and herself, that they expected I should have any Thing else to say to them. That is, because you are a young Woman, vain, and unexperienced, continued Madam *de Barbafan*, or else the Business of this Visit ought to have been, an humble Request to take you into our House. Do you imagine, Miss, that M. *Barbafan*, or I think it proper, at your Age, to let you live by yourself, Mistress of your own Actions? Undoubtedly no. If you knew how to think, you would be sensible how ridiculous it is, and do what is right and convenient. Could I have foreseen Madam, replied I, very much piqued at this Discourse, that you would have received my Visit in this Manner, I assure you, I should not willingly have made it. With Regard to your thinking it ridiculous, I should take this Method of being independent; it is not worth my while to return you any Answer. You are not ignorant that I am no longer a Minor, and that the Law impowers me to live in my own House. Niece, you interpret this according

O 4

according to your own Fancy, interrupted *M. de Barbafan*. It is true, at five and twenty Years of Age, a Woman may take Possession of her Estate, *Concedo*; but, to be Mistress of it, to squander it away upon such a Crew as you do—to refuse that Submission which is due to Relations you ought to respect, to contract Marriage without their Consent—in short, to attempt to make yourself independent, *Nego*. All this is acting like the Daughter of an ordinary Person. Again, if you find in any Family of your Acquaintance, one that has a Head like your Uncle's, be assured, my dear little Niece, they will teach you, that one of your Sex is always a Minor, let her Age be what it will, and that she cannot dispose of a Pin, without the Consent of her Relations.

This Discourse seem'd so improper (to use no worse a Phrase) that instead of making him an Answer, as there is a certain Respect due to an Uncle, I was getting up to take my Leave. You are in a great Hurry, Miss, cried *Madam de Barbafan*, sit down again, if you please, I have something more to say. As for you, Child, continued she, addressing herself to Miss *Severin*, whom she had just recollected as the Candles were brought, pray wait for your Mistress in the next Room, we are not used, *M. Barbafan* and I, to have our Domesticks in our Apartment, at least, unless they are called to attend upon

on us ; let this be a Warning to you, Sweet-heart, that you do not do so another Time, —do you understand me ?

Indeed Madam, replied I (as I was getting up) full of Indignation, I can bear this Treatment no longer. Miss *Severin* is no longer in that Station you would place her, nor is she used to be treated with such Contempt. What ! replied my Aunt, reddening with Rage, have not I seen that Girl attending upon you as your Chamber-maid ? She was my Companion, and lives with me now upon that Footing. That's enough Madam, interrupted M. *de Barbasan*, directing his Discourse to his Wife ; be it so or not, talk no more about it, tell my Niece what you have to say to her, I am not accustomed to such Behaviour, it amazes me.

To cut short these Freedoms, which piqued me more and more, and for Fear my Resentment should make me break through the Bounds my Prudence had prescribed, I made Signs for *Juliet* to follow me, and went directly to the Door. Let Madam *de Barbasan* do ever so much to detain me, I would not even deign to turn about. Her Rage had at last irritated her to such a Degree, she followed me to the Anti-chamber, threatening to make me sensible of my Impertinence before it was long, and likewise my Want of Respect towards her.

Juliet, who was more dead than alive, asked me the Moment we were seated in the

Coach, how I found myself. I fell a laughing at this Question, and assured her I was not at all angry at my Aunt's Impertinencies, but upon her Account. As for the rest, I knew her so well, I troubled my Head very little about her Threats, and that I was overjoyed, she had furnished me with Motives sufficient to determine me never to see her more so long as I lived.

Upon my coming Home, my Porter gave me a Letter, which astonished me much. It was from the Abbot *Trainasseau*, who earnestly intreated of me a Moment's Audience the next Day. It greatly embarrassed me at first, in what Manner to behave; I directly thought, it would not be proper to write to him, and yet, when I reflected, it would be treating him with too great Contempt, as it was in his Power to create me a great deal of Trouble, by Means of those Secrets which were come to his Knowledge, I took the Method of answering by Word of Mouth to his Footman, that I should expect him the next Day about Noon, and I added to it to give him my Compliments.

I intended talking with *Juliet* after Supper about her Affair, but the Visit I expected to receive from the Abbot *Trainasseau* the next Day disturbed me, and made me so uneasy in my Mind, I could not consider seriously about that Scheme, I therefore deferred it to the following Day.

Juliet

Juliet finding me more pensive than usual, would have amused me with some of her agreeable Tales to divert it. But, as I was unwilling to let her perceive my Uneasiness, or intrust her with the Cause, I told her, I was wearied with the meer Apprehension of the Head-ach, and to prevent it would go to Bed, which, according to the Observations I had made on my own Constitution, was an infallible Way not to be incommoded as I had Reason to apprehend.

We may pretend to lay down what wise Maxims we please, Prejudice most commonly gets the better of them. I had been brought up with a Noxion, that there are certain Physiognomies which portend Misfortunes. Having endured so much Uneasiness in the last Interview with the Abbot, I was fearful, this Visit, I expected, foretold some fresh Troubles. In vain did I attempt to discard this dismal Idea. I passed Part of the Night in recollecting the first Sorrows of my Youth, how I had been a Prey to so many different Sorts of Troubles. The more strongly they were retraced in my frightened Imagination, the more disturbed was I about seeing the Abbot. When I considered this Priest had contrived my Ruin, and, that I was on the Brinks of loving him, I trembled with Indignation and Fear, I fancied I had every Thing to dread from so dangerous a Man.

I alarm'd myself in this Manner, till the very Moment Word was brought me of his being come. As soon as he was alone with me in my Closet, and seated at my Request. I am not come here, Madam, said he, to justify a Conduct which ought to make you think every Thing of me to my Disadvantage. I come to throw myself at your Feet (which he did) unworthy of that Pardon I now beg—I am the most Guilty of Mankind. It would be in vain to excuse my Crimes, they are innumerable, and all I can ever do to expiate them, will hardly be sufficient, without the Divine Mercy (which is become my only Hope) I must have abandoned myself entirely to Despair. Before I go, and immure myself the rest of my Days in an austere Cloister, whereto I am called thro' Grace, and where I am going to endeavour to move the Powers above, by my Tears and Repentance, I thought it a Duty incumbent upon me, to appear before you, and humble myself at your Feet, acknowledging my Offences, and for Fear that impious Sophistry, dictated by Satan himself, should have left any fatal Impressions on your Mind, so as to stagger your Faith, I judged myself indispensibly obliged to own, that I had no other Design in View, by corrupting you with those pernicious Principles, but to seduce and plunge you along with myself into the Abyss, which my Errors had prepared

pared for me. After this Declaration, I have nothing more to add, but to intreat your Prayers to Heaven for me, and to think sometimes, if I have been to you a Stumbling-block of Offence, I am going to perform so bitter a Penance, that when you are reflecting on the many Crimes I have been guilty of, you will at the same Time remember, Heaven has been graciously pleased to give me Grace to repent, that I detest them, and should have been glad I had not been guilty of them, at the Price of my Blood; and that, in short, I shall, by Fastings, and painful Macerations, punish myself the rest of my Days, for the Abuse and Profanation of the Ministry, of which I was not worthy.

In finishing these Words (with that profound Humility, I could no help being moved) this converted Sinner, made me a profound Reverence and retired. I was so astonished at this unexpected Adventure, I was unable to utter a single Word to him at parting. Having recovered my Surprise, I made some Christian Reflections on the Miracle Heaven had worked in Favour of the Abbot *Trainasseau*, and it confirmed me, that we ought to think it the most important Thing in Life, to set a Watch over our Actions, and persevere in virtuous Sentiments. After I had petitioned Heaven that I might ever think in this Manner, I recovered

vered my Tranquillity, with a Belief, since what just happened, I need no longer apprehend, the Secrets which related to myself would ever transpire.

This Day seemed destined for extraordinary Visits. The Abbot *Trainasseau* had no sooner left me, but I was told of my Mother's Confessor being at the Door. That Jacobin I spoke of, who was sent to me when I was confined, to preach up Submission to me, he that changed his Tone so soon, upon my telling him, I should not marry. I imagined he had not forgot what he said to me about the Wants of his Convent, and, having found some Pretence, was come to offer me an honourable Station amongst the List of their Benefactresses. As my Mother had left nothing in her Will to her Confessor, I thought proper to make him a Present myself, not so much out of Charity, I honestly confess, as out of a Desire of being for ever rid of this Father *Bondevino*, which was the Name of the Jacobin. I never approved of these Monks, and for fear I should by Chance be troubled with any other, after I was quit of this, I forbid my Porter very strictly, suffering any one of them to enter my Doors without a particular Order from me.

A Rouleau of a hundred Louis's, which I put into Father *Bondevino*'s Hand, interrupted a Speech he had premeditated, to express

express his Gratitude for what he never expected. I did not give him Time to finish one Period, but pretended I was engaged in Business, and believed, as he had put me to that Expence, I might venture to dismiss him, without further Ceremony.

Juliet and I dined *Tete-a-Tete*. When the Desert was served, I entered upon her Affair. Suppose you was to find yourself your own Mistress, as I am, said I to her, what would you do, would you remain always single? Why, according to the Circumstance of my Affairs, replied Miss *Severin*, smiling, was I rich enough to be independent, I think I should prefer Celibacy; provided nevertheless, added she, with a Blush, I was not prejudiced in Favour of some one particularly, and in that Case I could not answer for myself——That is as much as to say, interrupted I jokingly, for a Husband, you could soon forget your Resolutions. If so, my dear *Juliet*, you must think very oddly of me, knowing how tenderly I love, that I am absolute Mistress to do as I please, and yet deprive myself of a Happiness most Girls covet. You have told me so many Times, replied *Juliet*, that I must deal sincerely with you, I believe it would displease you, did I not honestly declare my Sentiments. Very well, continued I, do not disguise them in the least. Do you disapprove the Resolution I have taken, never

never to engage myself? Yes Madam, answered *Juliet*, I cannot help telling you so. I think, if I was in your Place, I should make happy the Man who adores me, and whom I love, and I should pass over all those contrary Motives, which you make Impediments, being of Opinion, by making my Lover happy, I make myself so at the same Time. Without entering into the Merits of the Cause, whose Thoughts are best, yours or mine, continued I, tell me, since we are upon the Strain of mutual Confidence, how you would act with a scanty Fortune, supposing yourself your own Mistress, would you marry? Certainly, answered *Juliet*, rather than live uncomfortably. But if two Persons offered, and one of them, whom you liked, had it not in his Power to make you easy, with regard to Circumstances; and another, who would make your Fortune, which of the two would you chuse? The Question is perplexing, replied Miss *Severin*, the first is most flattering, the latter most solid. That is no Answer at all, replied I, laughing, you must absolutely tell me, to which of the two you would give the Preference. Really Madam, continued *Juliet*, would you not think me unreasonable, I should chuse the Man that could enable me to live the rest of my Days at my Ease. I have experienced all the Difficulties of Indigence, which is sufficient to determine me.

You

You talk like a sensible Girl, replied I, and I value you still the more for it. The Happiness of two Lovers, who tenderly love each other, when they come to be married, will not subsist any longer than while they have wherewithal to live comfortably; for, as soon as they begin to feel the Force of Want, those Fondnesses vanish, and give Way to Trouble, and most commonly bring Repentance. We every Day see so many Examples, there is no Occasion for further Proofs.

I did not think it proper to open my Design all at once. I was very desirous, first to sound *Juliet's* Disposition towards the Person I had destined for her. In order to bring it about, without any Suspicion of my Intention, I entered into Discourse with her concerning my new Servants. I began with my new Woman, who was recommended to me by my good Friend *de Geneval*, and pleased me well enough; we went through them all, from my House-steward to the Cook; at last, what think you of *Brabançon*, said I to *Juliet*, do you find his Phiz as crabbed and suspicious as *Surmain's*? Which was the Name of my House-steward, whom she had been jesting upon. O! Madam! interrupted *Juliet*, putting on a more serious Air, is it possible you can make a Comparison between such a one as he and M. *Brabançon*, whom all the World speaks well of,
even

even his Looks prepossess one in his Favour, that without knowing him, I am persuaded, every Body must esteem him. I was very glad to find *Juliet* thought thus favourably of *Brabançon*, which gave me an Opinion my Project would succeed. To confirm her in this happy Disposition, I boasted of the Probity of my Steward, of his Disinterestedness, besides many other excellent Qualities, to promote her good Opinion of him. But for all this, pursued I, there is an Affair I can tell you of, which is very ridiculous, and a great Lessening of that high Esteem I had conceived for him. *Juliet* seemed greatly astonished when I said this, and opened her Mouth, no doubt, to ask me what Whim had possessed me, that could give me any Cause of Dislike to him; but, without giving her Time to speak, is it not amazing, continued I, that at the Age of Forty (for he is no more) he should be Fool enough to love a Girl of about Fifteen, who has, if I may be allowed to say so, nothing, and to compleat all, he, who is rich, would marry her for the sole Pleasure of making her Fortune. I don't see, replied *Juliet*, there is any great Crime in all this, perhaps, the Person is discreet, of a good Family, and *M. Brabançon*, not making the Happiness of his Life, to consist in more or less Riches, is so tenderly fond of this young Woman, as to sacrifice his Interest to his Love. Stop
a little,

a little, continued I, this is not all, his Extravagance is got to such a Pitch, that though he has been desperately in love with her for more than a Year, and in the same House almost every Day, he has not as yet had Courage enough to break his Mind to her, and is determined to quit every Thing, and even shut himself up in a Convent the rest of his Days, if he cannot accomplish his Designs of marrying this Mistress, which would only help to increase his Expences, and make him live less at his Ease than he does at present. Here's the Difference, replied *Juliet*, with an ingenuous Air, which charmed me. All you have been so free as to tell me concerning your Steward, seems to you ridiculous, because you are well born and opulent; but I, who am born a Cit, to no Fortune, I think it incomparable. Upon that Footing then, continued I, was you to meet with a Man that thought of you as *Brabançon* does of his Mistress, you would not be ungrateful? I must have a very bad Heart, replied Miss *Severin*, to be ungrateful, after such generous Proceedings, and so convincing of the Sincerity of his Love. Pull the String of the Bell *Juliet*, said I to her, embracing her, you charm me, I joy to see you so reasonable. I am certain now, nothing can obstruct your Happiness.

When

When the Footman came, I ordered him, without *Juliet's* hearing me, to bid the Steward attend me, and retired into my own Apartment. *Brabançon* made his Appearance directly. Confirm Miss *Severin* in those good Dispositions she has confessed to me, with regard to you, said I to him, smiling. I have informed her, how much you are enamour'd, and the earnest Desire you have to marry her; she does not take it unkindly, but gives her Consent—I, Madam! replied *Juliet*, with a Blush? Yes, my dear *Severin*, said I again, embracing her, there's no dissembling the Matter now. M. *Brabançon* loves you, and will share his Fortune with you. You was the Person meant, in the Tale I just now related, with which you was not only affected, but assured me also, was you in the Place of that Person, whose Name I concealed, on Purpose to sound your Sentiments, you should gratefully acknowledge the Procedure, which you admired — Now's the Time, you are too sincere to deny it, and I am overjoyed at being the lucky Instrument for promoting the Happiness both of the one and the other. What, Madam! added *Juliet* again, think not I would leave you, for the most splendid Fortune in the Universe, you, to whom I am bound by numberless Obligations? No! I will never Part with my dear *Severin*, said I, hugging her in my Arms, moved with her
her

her Gratitude, and Good-nature, it is a Preliminary M. *Brabançon* and I have agreed upon, without which the Marriage could not take Effect. And I insist likewise, that it shall be mentioned in the Contract, and that he promises me this upon his Word of Honour. I know him to be so honest a Man, he certainly will not forfeit it; besides, I am well satisfied of his Zeal and Attachment to me, and, I engage on my Part to give (provided he Ends his Days with me) to your Children, one hundred thousand Livers.

These Assurances put my *Juliet* out of her Pain, and made her look upon my Steward again with a serene Countenance. He was prostrate at our Feet, expressing his Joy and Gratitude, as well as he was able; I say, as he was able, being overwhelmed with Transport at the Thoughts of his approaching Happiness, having (if I may be allowed to say so) almost despaired, and could not at this Time recollect any Idea capable of demonstrating his Extasy. We raised him up, with a Confirmation of it. Miss *Severin* conducted herself with so much Modesty on this Occasion, her Lover was more enamour'd with her than ever. They each of them said very sensible Things on the Occasion, which would be of very little Signification for me to repeat here. To make short, I took *Juliet* into my Closet, to let her

her know I had the Power of marrying her, whenever I pleased. I shewed them both the Consent I had obtained from her Father and Mother. My Steward found the Deed to be drawn up in a proper Form. *Juliet* appeared greatly surprized while it was reading, and said, it must be the Will of Heaven she should be married, since I had brought about so many Miracles the same Day.

Nevertheless, however eagerly desirous my Steward was, to have this Affair consummated, we were determined it should not take Place, till the Year of my Mourning expired. Notwithstanding all he could say, and all the Expedients he could invent, he found it impossible to remove my Scruples. I was always a Slave to the minutest Decorums, and seldom or ever departed from them.

I passed the rest of the Day in taking a general Review of my Estate and Effects. My Linnen, I gave in charge to my Woman, whose Name was *Beauvillers*, the Daughter of a Fencing-Master, who was killed by a Youth of seventeen Years of Age, whom he had insulted, which proved, that in Fencing, Courage sometimes got the better of Skill. This Girl, was about Twenty-five, and fancied herself handsomer than she really was, a little of the Coquette in her Constitution, but otherwise, prudent, full of Zeal, and greatly attached to me.

With

With Regard to my Plate, the House-steward had that in Charge. He was Five-and thirty, well-made, with a Phiz that was very crabbed and grim, as I said before, and of a grave Deportment. He had served the Widow of an Officer in the Guards, who turned him away for Neglect of her Orders, in not getting her some green Pease (cost what they would) before a Lady of the Neighbourhood, who piqued herself upon having Things at her Table before any one else, especially the first of the Season. Being jealous of this Neighbour, for having inveigled one of her Lovers, she took a Pleasure in mortifying her this Way, out of Revenge. Unfortunately for *Surmain*, he scrupled giving thirty Louis for a Pint of Pease, without previously informing his Mistress. She treated him like a Negro, for daring to doubt her giving that Sum, and dispatched him back, as fast as possible, to purchase the Pease. When People are out of Luck, nothing succeeds with them. *Surmain* came so late, the Pease were just sold to the other Lady. In vain did poor *Surmain* endeavour to justify himself; his Mistress was so irritated, he should, by his stupid Doubtfulness, furnish her Rival with an Opportunity to laugh at her, she dismissed him without a Hearing. This unfortunate Fellow was ready to hang himself. Happily for him, he came to make his Complaints to my Steward,

Steward, who knew him, and recommended him to me, as a good Servant I should approve, and one that would serve me with as much Zeal as Fidelity.

Juliet made it her Business to be watchful for my Interest, and once a Month to take an Account of what the other Domestics had in Charge, to guard as much as possible against Accidents. *Brabançon* made a general Schedule of all my Effects, which he gave to me, and a Copy of it to his Intended. In this Manner we passed the Day. The next Morning, after I was up, I went and took a View of the second Floor, consisting of six Rooms, which I judged sufficient to lodge *Madam de Zarzagan* and *Mademoiselle de Kelmader* in, proposing to myself infinite Pleasure in having them with me. I regulated these Apartments according to my own Taste, and disposed them in such a Manner, by running up a Partition, they would serve two Persons very commodiously, without either of them being incommoded in the least, and furnished them very elegantly.

Madam de Geneval came to dine with me, and informed me, at the same Time, her Marriage with the *Comte de Villefarel* was to be celebrated in four Days. Greatly rejoiced at this News, I wished her Joy with all my Heart. By her marrying a Lieutenant-General of the King's Army, I had Reason

to

to believe myself, by that Means, safe from the evil Designs of *Madam de Barbazan*, who, prejudiced by my Mother against *Madam de Geneval*, had given me to understand, that my Intimacy with her, might be interpreted in such a Way, as to be hurtful to my Reputation, and a sufficient Pretence, to disturb that Independency I regarded as my chiefest Happiness.

One charming Qualification of *Madam de Geneval*, which pleased me wherever I found it, was, a Mind free from Suspicion, or Envy. Far from discovering any Sort of Disapprobation at the Inclination I so suddenly shewed for *Mademoiselle de Kelmader*, she applauded it, and accidentally hearing me say, she was not very happy in her Affairs, and nothing more, solicited me to give her some substantial Proof of my Compassion. If a young Woman wanted Beauty, she would prize her Merit, and always find something to say in Praise of her. The Generality of our Sex are not so indulgent; it is very seldom they shew any Favour to their Equals; on the contrary, they study to find out Defects, which are hardly perceptible, and, when they find them, not sufficiently apparent to make their Malice approved, they accuse them of certain Vices, upon meer Supposition only. Happy, if these Victims of their Envy can save at least their Reputation.

After Dinner was over, Madam *de Geneval* proposed going to *Port-Royal*, which I took very kindly of her, and immediately ordered the Horses to the Coach. We were ready to depart, when M. *de St. Preuil* came in. As soon as he knew how we intended to dispose of the Afternoon, he offered to accompany us, which we gladly accepted; he was so valuable a Man, and so delicate in his Conversation, always highly entertaining, where he liked to be free and familiar, which he never could, amongst People that were indifferent to him.

Whilst we were upon the Road, Madam *de Geneval* joked with him about his Wisdom and serious Speculations, telling him, he was so attached to them, instead of giving himself up to his Pleasures, as most young Gentlemen of his Age do, he truly, murdered most of his Time in poring over Books.

I won't pretend to blame, said he, my Companions following, with that Impetuosity, the Torrent of their Passions, which hurries them away, they, to be sure, find their Happiness in it. As for myself, I am, either not so happy as they, or more difficult. I can't amuse myself with what seems to enchant them. To me, there's nothing solid in them, wherewith to satisfy my Heart and my Reason. In reading ingenious Books, and studying Nature, I find a true and useful Pleasure.

Pleasure. I have attempted several Times, to make a Trial of those pretended Delights, which I have so often heard our young People boast of. I got introduced into a Society once, where Love and Wine were celebrated round by Turns. I was hardly two Hours at Table, before I was tired to Death. Some of them sung very fine Airs, but in so vile a Manner, one's Ears and one's Taste were put to the Torture. Others talked of War, Politics, Sentiments, with so little Order or Skill, good Sense groaned at being treated in that Manner. One, out of his Senses, boasted of his good Fortune, and assured us, without a Blush, he had never attacked a Heart, however rebellious, that did not surrender in eight Days. A senseless Petit-maitre, on the other Hand, bragged of his Cook, his Horses, and his Hunting Equipage. This the Fineness of his Taste, the Justness of his Thoughts, and the Beauty of his Verses. That, of his Interest, Quality, and Courage. In short, the more the Liquor fermented, the more my foolish Companions raved. Tired with Pleasures so very irksome to me, I examined next into their Amours. Good Heaven! this was ten Times worse, I every where met with nothing but foolish, extravagant, hypocritical, passionate, false, impious, deceitful Wretches. I thought in quitting my Male Companions, I had left all Vices with them. But, I was scarcely enter'd

amongst the Divinities, to whom most of our young People of Fashion sacrifice without Shame, than I found those very Vices they are generally accustomed to; all the Difference I discovered, was, these appeared more dissolute at Table, and displayed them with more Gravity; instead of which, the Priestesses pretended to pass them upon the World for shining Qualifications, tho', in Reality, they only rendered them less contemptible than those that affected them.

We could not help laughing at the Heat *M. de St. Preuil* seemed to be in, while he was characterizing these Sort of Women. Should a Person of Merit happen to strike your Fancy, cry'd *Madam de Geneval*, you would very quickly change your Tone, and the more indifferent you have been, the more fond and amorous you would become. There is no Doubt, replied my Brother, of my doing Justice to any Lady's Merit that should impress me to a certain Degree, but to fall desperately in Love at first Sight, I believe it not so very clear. For, when the Heart is possessed with certain Maxims, little known in this pusillanimous Age, it finds itself (if I may be allowed the Expression) so well fortified, the so much boasted Darts of *Cupid* would be blunted, or make but faint Scratches. Don't mistake yourself, pursued my good Friend, it is, because the fatal Minute is not yet come. Whenever you
love,

love, it will be with all the Power of your Soul. I have known more than one *Cato* surrender. When a wise Man submits to the Laws of Love, he often becomes more simple than those he formerly laughed at.

We entertained ourselves with such Discourse as this till we came to *Port-Royal*. *M. de St. Preuil* had never seen *Mademoiselle de Kelmader*. In extolling this dear Friend, I only spoke of her Merit. He presently appeared to be smitten with her Beauty, and she actually never looked so charmingly since I knew her, as that Day. The Consolation I was so happy to procure her, put an End to her Uneasiness, and restored her Complexion. She had the finest Skin in the World, a certain Tenderness in her Air, and such languishing in her Eyes, sufficient to captivate the most rebellious Heart. *Madam de Geneval* and I both discovered the Effect it immediately had on the philosophical *M. de St. Preuil*——we smiled——he perceived it, and blushed, like a young Person the first Time she is spoke to about Love and Marriage.

My good Friend, being ignorant of the secret Motives which occasioned *Madam de Geneval* and I to cast a Look at each other, appeared confused; I pulled her by the little Finger, and whispered, I would explain the Mystery another Time. She recovered herself upon this, and testified the Joy she

had to see me; and said, she hoped to receive Letters the next Day, I knew from whence, that she would come and dine with me, to communicate the Contents, provided I would speak a Word to Madam. This Discourse, I perceived, interested my Brother, though he did his utmost to appear indifferent.

I maliciously made my Visit much longer than I at first intended, on Purpose to have my Brother more and more entangled. Mademoiselle *de Kelmader* had an Opportunity of shewing her Wit, and said so many delicate Things, and so *a propôs*, to confirm those Sentiments the first Sight of her had inspired, that M. *de St. Preuil* went away, as deeply smitten, as so wise a Man possibly could be at a first Interview.

We were hardly seated in the Coach, before he asked me, who Mademoiselle *de Kelmader* was. A Person, as greatly to be esteemed for her Virtues, as her Misfortunes, answered I, but the best Proof I can give for my Opinion, is, she will shortly live along with me. *St. Preuil* seemed overjoyed at this Piece of News, and praised me much, for what he called Discernment and Sensibility. In leaving me, he whispered in my Ear, that he reckoned I would give him a Dinner the next Day. Half a Word was enough, I understood what he wanted me to comprehend, and let him know I should
never

never be against it; I assured him, the oftener he came to see me, the more I should be obliged to him.

We found at my House the Comte *de Villefaral*, who was waiting for us. He came to desire my Company at his Wedding; and, because I should have no Motives of Decency to object, he promised to have it celebrated in the Country, without Ceremony, the Death of his Wife being so recent, it would be improper to observe any. My Brother joined very earnestly in the Intreaties that were made on this Occasion. I remained unmoveable, assuring them, however, excepting the Ceremony in Question, the Situation I was in, should not prevent my seeing and eating with them as often as they pleased.

My Company were but just gone, when I was told, the Abbot *de Hautcœur* attended. I was afraid, this second Visit was to make some fresh Proposal, that would affect my Liberty, as he had already done, by undertaking to engage me into the Service of a Princess, as I before-mentioned, which was, to say the Truth, creating me Enemies, who might upon Occasion, though I did not deserve it, do me a Prejudice; for People above us, take a Refusal of this Kind much amiss, and rarely pardon it; they imagine, every one that is inferior to them in Dignity, ought to submit to the least of their Desires,

without troubling their Heads about the Inconveniency of it, or whether the Acquaintance they would honour us with, is agreeable or not. *Madam de Geneval*, who knew *Paris* from one End to the other, let me into the History of this Princess in Question. Her Finances were in great Disorder, and when I was mentioned to her, my Fortune was exaggerated, which generally happens in such Cases; she imagined me much richer than I really was, and that I had a great deal more ready Money, and did not doubt, if I became what she wanted to have me about her, my Cash would be in her Disposal, to make use of according to her own Views, and to support her Wants and Extravagancies. The Abbot *de Hautcœur* could not be ignorant, this was no Secret in *Paris*, which, upon my discovering, notwithstanding the Regard I had for him, I could not help taking very ill, he should endeavour to procure a Bishoprick at my Expence, which was promised him, in Case he could engage me, which I was informed of some Time after.

I received him very coolly, which he did not mind, or made as if he did not perceive it. The Friendship I was honoured with by the late *Madam de Breuille*, said he to me, as soon as we were seated, and the Request she made upon her Death-bed, that I would do myself the Honour, frequently to
visit

visit you, Madam, and give you my Advice, as Occasion should require, are sufficient Motives for me always to interest myself warmly in whatever may concern you. There is, at this Time, so honourable an Opportunity, and so advantageous to provide suitably for you, that I did not hesitate to undertake making the Proposal, tho' I am not used to meddle in such Sort of Affairs.

His Highness the Prince *de S. T.* intends to marry. It would only be losing Time to tell you of his high Birth, high and low, rich and poor, none are ignorant of his being descended from a Sovereign House, and that he has a very fair Prospect of being, one Day, himself the Sovereign of one of the best Courts in *Germany*, as he is presumptive Heir to the Prince *de S——g*, who has only one Son, of whom there are very little Hopes from the Weakness of his Constitution. Indeed, he is not very rich at present, and my Ministry will not allow me to dissemble with you; his Estate is under Sequestration, and in order to do Justice to all his Creditors, he is looking out for a rich Heiress, to put him in a Condition to support his Dignity, till his Debts are liquidated; I thought the Party would infallibly be agreeable to you, for, tho' a Gentlewoman is rich, that however is not to be put in Competition with the Honour of being a Princess, and it seems to me, so charming a

Thing to be made one, every Consideration ought, in my Opinion, to be sacrificed to so desirable a Rank.

I answered the Grand Vicar, I was surprized, he should, after the Scene he was Witness of, between me and my late Mother, because I would not marry the Marquis *de Sberling*, undertake to talk to me about Marriage. O Heavens! I have not forgot it, replied the Abbot, but there is a wide Difference between the Marquis *de Sberling*, and the Prince *de S. T.* I am certain, if, at that Time, this last had been proposed, Madam *de Breville* would have had no Reason to complain of your Submission. You are still in an Error, interrupted I, tired with this Man's Obstinacy. Whatever would subject me to a State of Dependency was alike disagreeable, the Rank would not have the least Influence to determine me, Merit, and personal Qualities, were what I regarded more than any Thing else. In short, Sir, added I, if People do not marry out of Necessity, they are always glad to chuse him, on whom their Happiness entirely depends. But this is not the Question, since I have the Honour to repeat to you, that unless there should happen a prodigious Alteration in my present Way of Thinking, I have made a Resolution never to marry; and as I am my own Mistress, I can assure you, without considering

ing at all about the Matter, I am confirmed in it more and more every Day, and that you may depend upon.

Though the Abbot was very circumspect, I easily discovered his Indignation. I could have nothing to answer, replied he, looking stedfastly upon me, was I not well assured this pretended Resolution, of being determined always to remain single, was only a modest Pretence, Madam, to elude all the reasonable Proposals which may be made to you. But, you are yet too young, to think of flattering yourself with the Hopes of being able to deceive a Man of my Age and Experience, and who has, besides, been too well instructed about what relates to you, by the late Lady your Mother. Piqued in my Turn at such offensive Words, the Colour mounted into my Face. I don't know Sir, pursued I, with some warmth, what Madam *de Breville* could tell you about me. I respect her Memory too much to contradict it willingly, but, the Sufferings she was loaded with the latter Part of her Life, shocked her Reason, and made her too easily credit all those wicked People about her said, in Prejudice of me. That has nothing to do with the Question in hand, Madam, interrupted the Abbot. I should have been the first, to have revoked any Thing doubtful they could have supposed against you; but in good Earnest, what

Answer can you make to Matters of Fact? Have I not, with my own Eyes, seen a Fragment of a Letter, the clearest Proof imaginable of your Inclination for *M. de Beauval*. Well! suppose it so, what can you conclude against me, replied I, eagerly? That you love him, that you would not marry the *Marquis de Sberling*, because you reserved yourself for him, continued the grand Vicar, in a peremptory Tone, and refuse every Body else, as you have now done the Prince *S. T.* and all this, to indulge a scandalous Passion, in as much as the Match is no ways suitable. And further, I must tell you, your contracting it will be a Sin, since the Lady, your late Mother, expressly refused her Consent.

I should never finish, were I to repeat all that was said *pro* and *con* in this Debate. But perceiving, the smarter my Answers, the louder he grew, and likewise, more arrogant and imperious in his Behaviour, I therefore cut him off short, and desired he would give himself no farther Trouble, nor never meddle more in any Affair that related to me; giving him to understand, if I had listened to his Advice, with Regard to a former Proposal he made me, I might possibly have repented it for ever after.

This last Stroke compleatly provoked the Abbot. I thought you a little head-strong in your Nature, Madam, said he to me, I have

have seen some Instances of it, but I never could have been persuaded, you was capable of Ingratitude. Do you reproach me? What! because I would have procured you the good Graces of a great Princess; do you know, continued the Priest, talking to me without Caution or Discretion, that by giving you this noble Acquaintance, I should have secured your Estate, which is very precarious? How! replied I, piqued to Death at this Hint. Ah! who dares dispute it? The collateral Branches of the Marquis *de Breville's* Family, replied the grand Vicar, with an Air of Satisfaction, which made me conceive the Pleasure he took in being revenged; they will sooner or later know, you was not born in lawful Wedlock, and those great Riches, which makes you carry your Head so high, will be dissipated like the Dew, by the first Rays of the Sun.

I was born, my Princess, with a Presence of Mind, and a Softness in my Nature, which I should have preserved on the like Occasion, before a Mother, or a Husband; but, how different the Case, with Regard to one who had no Authority over me? There is a great deal of Wickedness, Sir, replied I (without shewing any Surprise) in the Reproach you have now advanced; give me Leave to tell you plainly, it is an outrageous Imprudence in you. Were there a Probability of proving what

what you suppose, added I, it never could have come to your Ears, but in the Confessional. Be it how it will, judge if your Menaces ought to intimidate me; they will serve to teach me, at least, that you are as dangerous, as I once thought you worthy of Respect; and to prevent my ever hearing so shocking a Thing again, you will do well, always to avoid me.

When I had said this, I turned my Back upon him, and went into my Closet. The Abbot, did not expect to find me so peremptory in my Resolutions, nor would he, probably, have put this ungenerous Method in Practice, but to bring me under Subjection, or out of Revenge; and would have changed his Tone, I doubt not, and tried to soften me, but I stuck to my Text. I told him, before I shut my Door, I should have so much Consideration, with Respect to his Character, and the Acquaintance he formerly had with my late Mother, as never to mention his Name; but that should only be, so long as he observed to behave prudently in what concerned me; being fully resolved, if I ever heard, or had the least Reason to suspect his Indiscretion, with Regard to that scandalous Article, to go, and throw myself at the Feet of his Superiour, to whom, he would be obliged to give an Account of his Conduct; and, that I should charge

charge him home with it, All-powerful as he thought himself.

But, in Spite of this apparent Resolution, I was no sooner alone, than I fell a crying most bitterly. I apprehended, as my Secret was come to the Knowledge of the Abbot *de Hautcœur*, he might very probably disclose it some Time or other. This Reflection afflicted me to the last Degree, it made me imagine I could be no longer happy, as my Tranquillity depended upon Chance, and the Caprice of Events.

This unfortunate Visit of the grand Vicar, threw me into such an Agitation for the rest of the Day, that I excused myself sitting down to Table, the better to conceal my Trouble. *Juliet*, who now knew me perfectly well, discovered my being chagrin'd; but as I attributed the Cause of my Uneasiness to the Head-ach, she was afraid to ask me any Questions; imagining, that since I did not, according to Custom, intrust her with the Secret of my Sadness, I desired to hide it.

I pass a most cruel Night, unable to close my Eyes till Morning. Those collateral Branches of the Family, this wicked Abbot had threatened me with, were perpetually coming into my Mind. There were two of them, the one a Counsellor, in the great Chamber; and the other, Master of the Accomptants-Office, both exceeding letigious,

ous, not rich, and likely to cut out a very troublesome Jobb for me. After I had considered the best Part of the Morning about this Affair, I took a Resolution, which will appear to your Highness a little surprizing. I was too greatly agitated, to think of passing my Life in a State of Uncertainty, absolutely determined to strike at the Root, but that could not be done, without confiding the Trouble of Mind I was in, to some able Person; but, who could I have Recourse to? Address myself to a Lawyer, that would be risking every Thing, by bringing in Question a Secret, which I had so much Reason to draw an eternal Veil over. The Comte *de Villefarel* was a perfect honest Man, but I did not know him sufficiently to risk any Thing there; one Indiscretion, an imprudent Confidence in his Wife, whom he loved, was sufficient to ruin me. Though now my intimate Friend, I might happen to quarrel with her To-morrow, which did fall out afterwards; besides, it would give him a Power over me, and might be attended with disagreeable Consequences, with Respect to that Independency I made such a Point of. On the other Hand, the abominable Treatment I had met with from my Director, and the recent Examples of those, who, instead of being more circumspect than we, are often found more dissolute, I could not even think of consulting him
who

who then directed my Conscience. After weighing all the Inconveniencies in taking such a Step, I was unable to recollect any Person, whose Prudence might be depended on in so hazardous a Case. But, while I was taking a Resolution (though with Regret) to let my Affairs remain in the Posture they were, and to keep my Uneasiness to myself, the Marquis *de Sberling* came into my Mind. I did not hesitate a Moment, whether I should make Choice of him, or not. I had such convincing Proofs of his perfect Probity, at the Time of our Rupture, when, had he been capable of acting otherwise, his Resentment would undoubtedly have prompted him to make me sensible of the Reasons I had to be afraid of him, that I began to be more easy, after maturely deliberating, how proper it was to consult him. Since the Time of his Marriage we never happened to meet. I knew he was piqued to death at me, but that did not stagger my Resolution in the least; I deferred only till I was at Leisure, to take proper Measures for procuring this Interview, I so much wanted.

I was meditating again on this Affair, when *Juliet* came running to tell me, she had just seen, from a Window, the Arrival of *Mademoiselle de Kelmader*; her Eagerness to give me this Information, proceeded from a Desire she had to dispel those Reveries she
saw

saw me plunged into, which I took very kindly of her. I flew to meet this dear Friend, imagining she had some good News to impart, by her coming an Hour before the Time I expected her. My Conjectures proved true, for she said, while she embraced me, that her dear Mamma was on the Road; and put into my Hands the Letter she had received from her. I read it with much Pleasure. Madam *de Zarzagan*, observed to her adopted Daughter, that the charming News she received from her, restored her to Life, that she should defer, till her Arrival at *Paris*, describing the transporting Joy she felt at the News of my Bounty, that she now reckoned upon a durable Happiness, since she should soon behold a Benefactress so worthy her Attachment and Veneration, that the first Thing she did, the Moment after receiving my Present, was to send for a Chaise, into which she was getting, eager to enjoy the charming Pleasure of seeing me, and to embrace a Daughter she loved so tenderly, finding every Day fresh Motives for her Fondness.

I could not help chiding Mademoiselle *de Kelmader* for having mentioned me, notwithstanding my Injunction; but she excused herself so ingeniously, in Terms so powerful, to persuade me of the Sincerity of her Friendship, I very easily pardoned her. I desired she would, in the first Place, see the
 Apartments

Apartment I had prepared for them. They seem'd to delight her much, and she modestly moved for her dear Mamma to take her Choice, which I thought highly reasonable. As *Madam de Zarzagan* could not arrive in less than two Days, I propos'd to my good Friend, her taking immediate Possession of her new Lodgings, promising to go with her in the Afternoon, and bid Adieu to the Abbess both together. She begged to be excus'd; for, though she should esteem it the greatest Happiness to stay with me, she thought it most prudent to have *Madam de Zarzagan* take her out of the Convent. I left it therefore to her own Option, to act as she thought proper; but, we would however go with our Party to meet this dear Mamma, at the Place where she propos'd dining the last Day of her Journey.

The Appearance of *St. Preuil* interrupted our Discourse on this Subject. He was followed by *St. Clair*, which I was not sorry for; his chearful Disposition, I knew, would prevent our being dull, and he began with his usual Pleasantry. Upon my Word *St. Preuil*, said he to his Brother, after having examined *Mademoiselle de Kelmader* with a Sort of Delight, you have done very discreetly, to make me the Confident of your Love for this handsom Lady; it is one Reason indeed, why I ought not to follow entirely the Inclination she has inspired. But,
however

however religiously I may pique myself upon my Honour, and the very great Friendship I bear you, let me advise you, not to trust to this Method, for Fear of running too great a Hazard. I don't find my Heart is strong enough to sustain such powerful Strokes. I have seen a thousand fine Women in my Time, but actually, I do not remember to have met with any one comparable to this delicious Lady, she is a Miracle of Beauty. I speak with Freedom, and I hope without Offence; as for any Thing else take Courage *St. Preuil*, take Courage, you have turned pale ten Times within this Minute. Can you be such an Enemy to yourself, to suffer the least Spark of Jealousy to enter your Breast? I wish I knew how to counsel you; because, you must expect, as many Men as see your Mistress, will become so many Rivals. O! how is it possible it should be otherwise? who can behold that beautiful Face, without falling in Love that very Instant.

If *St. Clair's* sprightly Freedom amused us, it greatly disconcerted my good Friend, whose Colour came into her Face a dozen Times. The Appearance of *Madam de Geneval* composed her Countenance. With Regard to *St. Preuil*, he was enraged at his Brother's Mirth, and made a thousand Excuses to *Mademoiselle de Kelmader*; she received them, as if she knew the World; and

and being soon after informed, by me, and Madam *de Geneval*, the Character of *St. Clair*, that he was frank and droll, she was the readiest to attack him in his own jocular Way, which brought *St. Preuil* entirely to himself, and gave such a sprightly Turn to the Conversation, it made us all quite happy, and proved delightfully entertaining during Dinner, which was served up directly.

At Five o'Clock Madam *de Geneval* got into her Coach, which the Comte *de Villefarel* brought to carry her into the City about Business. My Brothers and I reconducted Mademoiselle *de Kelmader* to *Port-Royal*; and agreed before we parted, I should take her on the *Friday* following, to meet Madam *de Zarzagan*, who was to be in *Paris* that Day. *St. Preuil*, in returning back with me, talked of nothing but the Happiness of my having made so amiable an Acquaintance. *St. Clair* and I agreed, he was fallen over Head and Ears in Love, on which we took the Liberty to joke him; he did not deny it, but frankly owned, Mademoiselle *de Kelmader*, was the only one had ever inspired him with a Desire to please, and make himself beloved.

After about half an Hour's Chit-chat at my House, my Brothers left me, imagining I had got the Vapours, for Want of Rest. I owned freely, my Mind was not
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in its usual Frame, without discovering the real Uneasiness which occasioned it. *St. Clair* said, in his merry Way, as he was going, I need only permit *Beauval* to come, and make his Court, and he would be bound, that in less than four Minutes I should be cured of my Vapours.

Princess, he was mistaken—— however dear *Beauval* was to me, his Company, at that Time, would have been very burdensome. Those wicked Words of the Abbot *de Hautcœur*, never went out of my Mind, and I longed to be at Liberty, that I might accomplish the Project I had in my Head. I retired into my Closet, the Moment I was alone, and wrote the Marquis *de Sherling* three or four Lines, requesting his Presence at my House immediately. My Footman was no sooner gone with my Letter, but I felt my anxious Heart in some Measure relieved. I knew the Marquis too well, to be the least doubtful of his giving me proper Advice, and the Confidence I had in him, I verily believed, would soon put an End to my Inquietude, and secure my Repose for the future.

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End of the SECOND VOLUME.

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